Chapter 801 Pretending

801 Pretending

Seeing Julie remain silent, the black-robed female enforcer led her team across the square, continuing their patrol of Morora.

Julie stood there, staring at her back, as if turned to stone.

Hidden in the shadows, Lumian watched silently, musing to himself, An old lover?

That enforcer had a certain Demoness-like charm...

Was she the last Demoness to infiltrate Morora, Julie's lover, but ultimately became an experimental subject and forgot her past?

Yes, the Knowledge Cathedral's Heraberg mentioned that in Morora, the past isn't important, only the present and future matter. Is this implying that after becoming an experimental subject or spending enough time here, ties to the past will gradually disappear, even memories can't be retained?

This is somewhat like the people who disappeared in the Trier's catacombs, who were forgotten by everyone who knew them, but the effect is opposite and not as strong...

Lumian felt he understood Julie's emotions better now.

She might have willingly taken on the task of infiltrating Morora, hoping to find and rescue her lover, only to discover her lover had completely forgotten her, not betraying her but simply not remembering who she is...

Besides the two untainted Demonesses around me, there's actually another who believes in true love... Julie must have another purpose in seeking Celeste, confirming her situation, obtaining untransmitted information, and perhaps items prepared for seizing 0-01... Lumian seriously considered the feasibility of attacking the enforcers without facing punitive consequences.

After a while, Julie trudged back towards the Carnivore bar, her face plain and her expression sorrowful, like a white Jimsonweed swaying gently in the cold night wind.

Lumian stayed vigilant, following Julie until she reached the Carnivore bar before reappearing in his room using the shadows.

A while later, lying in bed listening to the wind, Lumian's thoughts wandered aimlessly.

Suddenly, he opened his eyes, noticing a troubling detail.

Having become an experimental subject, Celeste's reaction just now was wrong!

From previous tests, Lumian knew the enforcers strangely recognized every resident of Morora. Celeste should have asked "Who are you calling?" or "What do you want?" instead of "Who are you?"

Whether in a normal state or not, she most likely still recognized Julie but pretended not to.

Lumian sat up, narrowing his eyes.

ls Celeste not a complete experimental subject yet?

Is she pretending not to recognize Julie to protect her or to keep her secrets safe, ensuring the plan continues?

What is she using to maintain some clarity and self-awareness, not becoming a complete puppet-like experimental subject?

Is it something the Demoness Sect prepared based on previous infiltrators' experiences, or has Celeste had some fortuitous encounter, discovering part of the secret?

Lumian decided it was necessary to "contact" Celeste.

Of course, he would first see if Celeste would secretly approach Julie.

...

In Trier's arts district, Franca waited outside an art gallery, as agreed, for the Demoness of Black.

Before long, a four-seater carriage pulled up, and Clarice, wearing a black hat and thin veil over a dark court dress, looked out from the window and nodded at her.

Franca opened the door, stepped lightly up, and sat opposite her.

As the carriage moved slowly through the bustling city, she smiled at the Demoness of Black.

"Madame, I've ascended to Affliction."

"Faster than I expected," Clarice said, her doubt evident.

Franca smiled slyly. "Because Ciel became a Reaper."

"He's Sequence 5 too? His advancement seems even quicker than yours..." Clarice slightly raised her head, her eyes seeming to shift. "After Gardner Martin's death, he should have left the Iron and Blood Cross Order, right?"

Franca spoke the absolute truth.

"Yes, he used Gardner Martin's Beyonder characteristics to concoct the potion, so he owes him for the quick advancement."

The Demoness of Black smiled in understanding, her demeanor much warmer than usual.

"Even in death, Gardner Martin helps you."

That was a hell of a joke... Franca felt slightly awkward.

She quickly changed the subject.

"Madame, you said you'd tell me some secrets of the sect once I became a Demoness of Affliction."

Clarice, with a slight smile behind her thin black veil, replied, "Yes, you're now considered a core member of our sect. Hmm, where should I start..."

Seeing the Demoness of Black unconsciously reveal a hint of innocent girlishness, Franca couldn't help but be momentarily moved, marveling at the high-level Demoness's overwhelming charm.

After a few seconds, Clarice's expression turned serious and a bit melancholic as she began, "I'll start with the specifics of our sect.

"We originally were a family, all members descendants of the Primordial One, but since the Fifth Epoch, such an organizational structure couldn't sustain our influence. We began to incorporate Beyonders of the Assassin pathway who also believed in the Primordial One as members."

"Are you also a descendant of the Primordial One?" Franca, having learned this from the Tarot Club, still showed appropriate surprise and curiosity.

This was a performance learned from Jenna, honed with a Spectator's feedback.

The Demoness of Black nodded slightly.

"My mother is a descendant of the Primordial One."

Wait, according to our deductions, you should have Sauron and Tamara blood... Does this mean your mother was of Primordial One and Tamara bloodlines? Franca hesitated, then pitifully asked, "Does that mean I can never join the brass in the sect? I'm not a descendant of the Primordial One..."

"It doesn't matter. You can marry a descendant, and your spouse will count as a family member," Clarice smiled again. "Moreover, in the future, you might truly become a child of the Primordial One. We are always getting closer to the Primordial One."

"What do you mean?" Franca expressed her confusion.

She felt a sudden inexplicable fear.

"You'll understand in time," the Demoness of Black did not elaborate.

I hate people who speak unclearly... Franca silently grumbled, waiting for the Demoness of Black to continue.

Clarice returned to the previous topic.

"After the Pale-White War, the Primordial One fell into slumber, occasionally waking. All sect affairs are handled by high-ranking Demonesses titled by color. Currently, there are thirteen, including myself, some of whom are Angels, others powerful Saints."

"Is there a pope, a pontiff, or a matriarch?" Franca asked.

Clarice nodded.

"Yes, the Primordial One's child, our Matriarch, the Demoness of Gray.

She likes to be called the Saintess of Gray."

"The Primordial One's child... What is Her relation to Krismona? Browns told me Krismona is also a child of the Primordial One," Franca openly expressed her curiosity.

The Demoness of Black replied emotionlessly, "They are twins, but our Matriarch was born as a male Sequence 9 and later became a Demoness."

Twins... It seems the Demoness of Gray might know some secrets of the Krismona Night Pillar... Franca felt a strange sense of history merging with reality.

The Demoness of Gray must have witnessed the Fourth Epoch.

Clarice continued, "Each high-ranking Demoness titled by color handles specific affairs, directly reporting to our Matriarch. They do not have clear subordination among themselves, and we sometimes receive revelations from the Primordial One, allowing us considerable autonomy.

"I came to Trier to manage sect members here, maintain contact with local collaborators, and clean up the Mirror People."

Franca seized the opportunity to ask, "Is our approach to the Mirror People complete eradication? No intention to use them?"

The Demoness of Black smiled sadly. "How do you plan to use them?"

If I knew, why would I ask you? Franca awkwardly smiled. "To help us control that special mirror world. I think it's quite useful."

The Demoness of Black glanced at Franca, her eyes shimmering, and laughed softly.

"Why do you think we haven't mastered that special mirror world?"

"Uh..." Franca was genuinely confused.

It wasn't an act.

The Demoness of Black resumed her melancholy, elegant demeanor, smiling faintly.

"All mirror worlds are under our Demoness control. That special mirror world was originally used to fight the Primordial One, but ultimately, the Primordial One took control of it.

"Of course, after the War of the Four Emperors, we lost partial control of that special mirror world. After the Pale-White War, we could only exert limited influence."

"Why?" Franca felt there must be a significant secret.

The Demoness of Black smiled.

"Perhaps the Matriarch and other high-ranking Demonesses who survived the Fourth Epoch know, but not me.

"From the Mirror People's state and their confessions, I guess the Primordial One's projection in the mirror experienced some changes or, the Primordial One's projection separated part of Her characteristics, affected by the Fourth Epoch Trier's seal, unable to return, unable to reunite with the Primordial One.

"But this doesn't explain why we lost further control after the Pale-White War. Fourth Epoch Trier's seal hasn't strengthened.

"Moreover, a true god is unique."

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Chapter 802 The Most Special Point

802 The Most Special Point

A true god is unique... What does that mean? Is it impossible for another Primordial Demoness to exist, whether in a mirror or a painting? Franca pondered over the Demoness of Black's final words, sensing they held critical mysticism knowledge.

As for Clarice's speculation about the Primordial Demoness's projection in the mirror undergoing some changes, Franca had thought the same before. When the Demoness of Black obtained the black Primordial Demoness figurine, she had nonchalantly mentioned, "The Mirror People believe in the mirrored Primordial One, but it's actually just a projection of the Primordial One in the mirror." She didn't explain further, and at that time, Franca had already guessed that perhaps the projection had undergone some changes.

But the problem was that if one continued this line of reasoning, it could explain why the Demonesses lost further control over the special mirror world after the Pale-White War. According to Franca's limited knowledge, in the Pale Disaster, Death fell, and the Primordial Demoness was heavily injured. Such a weakened Primordial Demoness couldn't prevent the projection in the mirror from changing further, thus losing control over that special mirror world and failing to recover from the injuries for millennia.

Franca thought that if she, with her limited understanding of the Pale Disaster, could come to such a conclusion, the Demoness of Black wouldn't say it couldn't be explained. Unless she was completely unaware of the outcomes of the Pale Disaster or had already obtained other strong evidence that ruled out the possibility that the Primordial Demoness's injuries during the divine war led to the Demonesses' further loss of control over the special mirror world.

After some thought, Franca carefully asked, "Is the black figurine I handed over evidence of the Primordial One's projection changing in the mirror?"

The Demoness of Black neither nodded nor shook her head. Instead, she explained mysticism, "Our Assassin pathway's most unique node is Sequence 7, Witch. This isn't just because it changes our gender but also because it leaves a strong, distinct imprint in the mirror world. This imprint is what allows us to use mirror magic."

This is about the Mirror Person for each Demoness... Franca suddenly had an epiphany and took the opportunity to say, "Previously, Moran Avigny said the one in the mirror is our true self, our exiled and sealed self..."

Clarice shook her head with a hint of melancholy.

"I believe Moran Avigny didn't lie to you. The Mirror People indeed believe they are the true selves, but can you completely trust conclusions made from their own perspective?

"Have you ever forgotten your past self, that indelible pain?"

"No," Franca answered sincerely, "I often think back to my past self and life, imagining if I hadn't chosen the Assassin potion, would things have turned out differently."

The Demoness of Black nodded sympathetically.

"We still remember, we haven't forgotten, so it's impossible for our true self to be exiled. If one day, we no longer feel pain from our losses, forget the past, and immerse ourselves in the present state, the strong imprint we left in the mirror might activate in a mystical sense, leading to cognitive confusion and gradual loss of control.

"In this regard, having once been male and constantly reminiscing about our male self is a major advantage in maintaining our identity and avoiding loss of control."

"Then purely female Demonesses must be very dangerous?" Franca feigned sudden realization; in truth, she was worried about Jenna.

"There won't be purely female Demonesses," Clarice coldly replied.

If you encountered one, you would kill her? Without the sacrificial square in the catacombs, Jenna would have lost control and died when ascending to Witch... Franca didn't delve further, fearing to arouse the Demoness of Black's suspicion.

Clarice continued, "Aside from the product of the special mirror world, everyone has a Mirror Person. Each time we look into a mirror, a Mirror Person is created. For non-Demoness pathway individuals, these Mirror People are temporary projections, quickly dissipating after the person leaves the mirror.

"But we Demonesses are different. The strong imprint creates a Mirror Person that always exists and grows stronger as we advance in Sequence. At the divine stage, because a true god is unique, the imprint returns to the body, merging with the self. From then on, one exists both in reality and in the mirror, embodying both states."

There's some similarity to what Moran Avigny said. The Demoness of Black didn't deny our strong imprint in the mirror could be called Mirror People... Both their words likely contain parts of the truth but not the whole truth. Perhaps piecing them together could reveal some reliable facts... Franca nodded thoughtfully. "So the appearance of the black figurine is abnormal. It should have merged with the self?"

"That's why we suspect the Primordial One lost part of Her characteristics, causing changes in the mirror projection," Clarice confirmed Franca's statement.

But according to this logic, the white figurines each sect member carries shouldn't exist either... The Primordial Demoness, also known as the Chaos Demoness, shouldn't be purely black or white. Unless the white and black figurines represent something other than the real and mirror selves... Franca didn't dare voice these emerging thoughts.

The Demoness of Black further explained, "Black figurines are rare. Not every special Mirror Person has one, not even someone as significant as Moran Avigny.

"Which specific ones possess it is currently unknown."

That's right... Franca felt a pang of regret for not asking Moran Avigny about the black Primordial Demoness figurine back then.

She and Lumian had previously thought it didn't warrant further investigation: wasn't it just a special entity the Mirror People worshiped?

Asking directly for the deity's honorific name and related information seemed enough, with no need to focus on the figurine's origin...

Franca showed her frustration, then tentatively asked, "Shouldn't we be trying to destroy the Fourth Epoch Trier's seal to lift the restrictions on that special mirror world, letting the Primordial One regain control and complete the fusion?

"Why are we still cleaning up Mirror People?"

The Demoness of Black replied seriously, "Opening it ourselves and them opening it are completely different."

Which one dominates the white or black figurines? Franca, a voracious reader and imaginative transmigrator, had a vivid imagination.

The Demoness of Black didn't give her a chance to ask further.

"What we need to do now is clean up the Mirror People in Trier, disrupt their plans, and, if possible, collect vital information from the deepest Darts of the special mirror world."

Yes, Madame," Franca seized the moment to request, "I'm tracking a Mirror Person and need items that can traverse the mirror world and send messages through mirrors. My Mirror Cufflink is running out of uses," Demoness of Black Clarice nodded lightly.

"Alright, I'll prepare it for you."

She paused for a moment before adding, "Remember, the mirror world is both mysterious and dangerous. It is also a source of our strength as Demonesses. Don't resist approaching it, but don't underestimate it either.

"Compared to the Hunter pathway, the mirror world is our most unique feature."

The most unique feature... Franca suddenly felt that the Demoness of Black was hinting at the mirror world's importance far beyond what she imagined.

After exchanging more mysticism knowledge about the sect and the Assassin pathway, Franca asked one last question, "Madame, can the Plague of an Affliction Witch expand the types of pathogens?"

"What do you mean?" The Demoness of Black frowned slightly, evoking pity.

"I mean, can we find special pathogens and incorporate them into our Plague ability? Simple illnesses like pneumonia, strokes, and heart attacks are powerful but lack imagination. I remember some pathogens cause narcolepsy or complete muscle weakness..." Franca elaborated on her idea.

The Demoness of Black was silent for several seconds before saying, "When you become a Demoness of Despair, you can create mystical pathogens with different effects. For now, the range of Plague is fixed by the Beyonder characteristics unless..."

"Unless what?" Franca asked curiously.

The Demoness of Black spoke with longing and admiration, "Unless the Primordial One modifies the scope of Plague as a true god of the Demoness pathway."

So that's possible? This is what being a deity means, influencing one's pathway... Franca was genuinely shocked, realizing the true meaning of the word "true god."

...

Morora, in the Carnivore bar.

Lumian lay on the bed, eyes closed, appearing asleep but actually closely monitoring Julie's movements.

He suspected that Celeste, the seemingly fully converted experimental subject, might secretly visit Julie at night to share vital information about Morora.

As the night deepened, Lumian felt a sudden restlessness, as if the air was filled with amorous energy.

His mind couldn't help but recall scenes of temptation he'd witnessed before.

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Chapter 803 Transmitting Information

803 Transmitting Information

Similar experiences were not new to Lumian; he had felt this way before.

Whenever Franca prayed to the Primordial Demoness figurine made of bone, Lumian would sometimes be nearby. Even through doors and walls, through the wall of spirituality, he couldn't help but feel sensations.

Is Julie praying to the Primordial Demoness figurine? Lumian, still with his eyes closed, made a guess about the current situation.

It wasn't necessarily due to Julie's extreme piety; it was a daily ritual for members of the Demoness Sect. Even a believer of Mr. Fool, like Franca, had to do it regularly.

Before long, the amorous energy in the air dissipated, and Lumian's state returned to normal.

Suddenly, he remembered something: Where did Julie get a Primordial Demoness figurine?

During the exile to Morora, Lumian noticed that neither Lez nor Julie seemed to carry personal belongings. This meant that, except for Lumian, who had special treatment and wasn't searched, all other exiles were handled by the standard procedure.

So, Julie shouldn't have a standard-issue figurine from the Demoness sect. Even if she wanted to make one herself, she would need to buy materials and set up a ritual, and Lumian's tracking today showed she hadn't done any preparations.

So, where did her Primordial Demoness figurine come from? Or did she directly use the language that can invoke natural forces to recite the Primordial Demoness's honorific name? But if that were the case, the influence of the power overflow on me would be too weak. Even if it was not as strong as the residual divine power Franca experienced, it shouldn't be just a bit of restlessness... Lumian became extremely alert.

He quickly had a hypothesis.

Celeste had visited!

It must have been this Demoness, who had become an experimental subject, who gave Julie the Primordial Demoness figurine or something similar!

Why didn't I notice?

II was monitoring the room Julie was in all along...

With that thought, Lumian suddenly sat up and looked at the full-length mirror in his bedroom.

Yes!

Celeste must have come through the mirror world!

She must have communicated with Julie through the mirror, which is why I didn't detect anything unusual until Julie started praying!

It's normal for the Demoness Sect to have items like the Mirror Cufflink!

Silently, Lumian got out of bed and walked to the full-length mirror in his room.

He felt it was time to use the Mirror Cufflink.

He put on the glass-like cufflink and pressed his hand against the mirror surface.

The button-like accessory lit up with a faint glow, and Lumian's figure immediately penetrated the mirror's surface, entering the deep, dark mirror world.

Before the dark, web-like tunnels spread out before him, Lumian clearly sensed the three mirror imprints he had left in the outside world and the few he had set up in Julie's and Lez's rooms.

He didn't rush to the mirror in Julie's room. Instead, he took out an unfinished letter from the Traveler's Bag.

It was a letter to Franca, Jenna, and Anthony.

Lumian then activated the black mark on his right shoulder, attempting to teleport to the full-length mirror in Franca and Jenna's apartment.

It felt distant and had an invisible barrier. Even if he penetrated the barrier, there was a vast, silent void of darkness that Lumian instinctively believed contained indescribable danger and terror.

Does this represent that special mirror world?

To leave Morora and return to the outside world, I must pass through it?

Even Angels would find it dangerous...

With these thoughts, Lumian stretched out his right hand, holding the letter, using the already activated Mirror Cufflink to give the paper a reflective, glass-like hue, and sent it out.

The light stuck to the invisible barrier's surface, slowly permeating it, falling into the dead silence, and heading toward the distant target mirror.

It works... Lumian breathed a sigh of relief and used the contracted ability of Spirit World Traversal to shift to the mirror in Julie's room.

The mirror was pitch black with no traces left.

Lumian sniffed slightly, catching a lingering scent.

It smelled like a human hormone, coupled with the influence of mystical power, faintly sweet, amorous, and warm.

Not Julie's scent... Lumian nodded slightly. Celeste indeed visited.

Now the question was, did Celeste use an item to traverse the mirror world and reach Julie's room, an item that escaped the Church of Knowledge's search, or did she use the special connection of the mirror world to send it through a ritual?

Or, did she conduct a ritual to ask the Primordial Demoness for it? Or is she no longer the original Celeste but her corresponding special Mirror Person? This could explain why she retained some self-awareness after becoming an experimental subject, but it's not the only explanation...

Lumian, an experienced handler of mystical events with much knowledge, naturally linked it to the special Mirror People.

He didn't peek into Julie's current situation through the mirror, fearing Celeste had given Julie some mirror-related items, making her more sensitive to the gaze from the mirror.

Moreover, Julie had just finished praying, and the Primordial Demoness figurine's residual effects lingered. Lumian didn't know if this would affect his spying.

Of course, he could roughly guess what Julie was doing.

Because he could hear Julie's suppressed, soft moans through the mirror.

Lovers reunited, getting what they wanted, relaxing and celebrating. Yes, and the sensations brought by praying to the Primordial Demoness figurine. She hasn't gone out to add to her collection, which is already quite restrained. Lumian silently chuckled.

He teleported back to his bedroom mirror, stepped out of the glass surface, and lay back on the bed.

...

Trier.

Lonely, empty, cold... Franca, used to go early to bed and early to rise, sighed, lying in bed, unable to sleep.

She felt she needed a few more days to adapt.

At this moment, she sensed something, sat up, walked out of the room, and went to the living room.

She looked at the full-length mirror in the living room and saw a water-like light wave on the glass surface, reflecting a neatly folded letter.

Is it from Lumian or the Demoness of Black? Franca walked over and pressed her hand against the mirror's surface.

Her right hand felt slightly cold, as if penetrating a lake mixed with ice, touching the now ethereal, intangible paper.

The paper quickly "dispersed," forming lines of Intisian words on the mirror surface: "I have arrived in Morora..."

Lumian briefly described his experiences and the results of the experiment but didn't mention the specific situation in Morora.

It was a kind of corruption!

A corruption Franca and the others might not withstand!

At the end of the letter, Lumian reminded: "I've already told my messenger and Madame Hela that if anyone writes to me but can't find me, they should send it to you to handle. Yes, I'm talking about you, Franca. Now you temporarily have a messenger."

Dammit, he still has to mock me in the end! Franca cursed in a mix of anger and amusement, grinding her teeth.

She thought for a moment and began writing a reply: "Nothing much to say, just a reminder: The Demoness of Black told me that Demonesses with color titles occasionally receive revelations from the Primordial One and have strong autonomy. If they are like this, won't the Demonesses of Affliction sent to Morora for important tasks also receive revelations, or even some divine power from the figurine?

"You should take this issue seriously. Also, it's time to test your Ascetic endurance. If you get bewitched and lose your manhood, even if it grows back every morning, I'll laugh at you for the rest of your life."

After finishing, Franca folded the paper and took out a rectangular amulet from the Traveler's Bag that looked like it was made of ice.

The amulet was entirely transparent, with patterns and motifs like bubbles inside, flowing and gathering continuously.

It was the Ice Amulet given to Franca by the Demoness of Black, allowing seven traversals through the mirror world or fourteen transmissions of information.

Franca put on the amulet, held the letter, and returned to the full-length mirror.

With a flash of cold light, she pressed the letter into the mirror surface, letting it fall toward the place the previous message came from.

...

Morora.

After reading the letter on the mirror's surface, Lumian lay back on the bed again.

He anticipated possible surprises.

Like Wanak, the owner of Dades Agricultural Company, coming to kill him at night.

This most dangerous criminal in Morora should soon figure out who the exile he confronted in the afternoon was. He must already know that Lumian killed the Carnivore bar owner and took over the place.

Given his attitude, he couldn't wait to kill Lumian on the spot. Now that he had identified his target and locked in his whereabouts, he would act quickly.

Lumian hadn't slept all night, only pretending to, not just to monitor Julie but also for this reason.

Now, he hoped Wanak would come soon. Then, he would teleport away, leaving Julie, the Demoness, for Wanak, letting them have an intense duel. That way, he could see what cards Julie had, what items she got from Celeste, and whether Wanak could further use the power of 0-01.

To Lumian's disappointment, Wanak didn't show up all night.

Is there a need to be this cautious? Just come straight here... Lumian muttered, getting out of bed and heading downstairs.

Chef Lez was already up, preparing breakfast with the kitchen ingredients.

"We can resume operations by noon today," Lez said, glancing at Lumian. "But we don't have any beef, lamb, or pork in stock."

"I'll give you some startup funds," Lumian replied, just about to leave the kitchen when he suddenly heard Julie's footsteps coming down the stairs.

An idea crossed his mind, and he casually said to Lez, "By the way, let me tell you about a few people you need to be cautious of. Whatever you do, don't provoke them.

"First, there's Wanak, the owner of Dades Agricultural Company..."

Lumian relayed all of Gusain's warnings to Lez and then added, "And another one, named Albus Medici..."

As soon as he mentioned the name, Lumian heard Julie's footsteps pause momentarily.

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Chapter 804 Consultation

804 Consultation

"He might not use that name in Morora. I knew him before and saw him again yesterday when he came to the bar to duel with the owner. He has red hair. In Morora, anyone with red hair, no matter the shade, is trouble..." Lumian described Albus Medici's appearance in detail.

Chef Lez nodded. "I'll keep that in mind."

"Are you sure? Do you need me to sketch them for you?" Lumian asked earnestly.

He wasn't just asking Lez but also Julie, who was coming down the stairs slowly.

He wanted to give the Demoness something to focus on, hoping she'd be aware of Wanak and Albus Medici soon enough, letting trouble collide with trouble to see who was the bigger problem.

Lez shook his head slowly. "No need. I'll remember them like different ingredients with distinct features."

"Different ingredients, like a turkey?" Lumian imagined Albus Medici looking like a turkey and laughed.

He then handed Lez 200 sassen gold coins to restock the bar with meat and drinks.

As he turned to leave the kitchen, he saw Julie reaching the bottom of the stairs.

The Demoness had changed into fresh, clean clothes-an elegant white blouse paired with an ankle-length green skirt, highlighting her gentle and graceful demeanor.

Lumian suddenly recalled the sounds he heard last night, which contrasted sharply with Julie's current serene appearance.

His mouth went dry.

Dammit, this Demoness is subtly using Charm on me! It was normal to react, but this strong reaction wasn't right for an Ascetic like Lumian.

He looked at Julie and raised an eyebrow. "Do you remember the second rule of the bar?"

Julie, looking more radiant than yesterday, seemed to glow with inner joy.

Lumian felt an urge to rub his forehead.

Hey gal, are you really not worried about exposing that Celeste visited you last night?

Although you don't know that I witnessed you sprinting to Celeste yesterday and suffered a huge blow...

Julie smiled gently. "Don't harass the boss."

"You were Charming me just now," Lumian stated flatly.

Julie shrank back, feigning fear. "What... what are you going to do to punish me?"

She acted scared but her eyes sparkled with amusement, as if she was teasing Lumian.

Lumian sighed, half-genuine, half-deliberate. "First-time offense can be forgiven. But don't let it happen again, or else..."

He didn't finish the sentence, leaving an ominous silence.

"Yes, boss!" Julie beamed.

She glanced at the door.

"The bar won't open until noon. Can I go out for a bit?"

"Sure," Lumian teased. "Planning to add to your collection? Do you have a morning exercise routine?"

"No," Julie shook her head lightly. "Just want to explore the city more."

As she left the bar, Lumian immediately teleported ahead, transforming into a shadow creature to follow her.

But Julie vanished.

Invisibility, then wiped her tracks, and did anti-divination? Lumian emerged from the shadows, frowning slightly.

This meant what Julie was doing this morning was very important. She didn't want anyone to know!

Also, having finally met her lover and found solace, she was more professional now, unlike her near-breakdown last night.

This was the normal behavior of a Sequence 5 Demoness of Affliction.

Lumian wasn't too disappointed. At least Julie now knew about Wanak and Albus Medici.

Following the nearest path, he walked towards the cemetery but didn't dig any graves or sneak underground. Instead, he went straight into the library-like Knowledge Cathedral.

Today, he was not merely tracking Julie. His main goal was to visit Archbishop Heraberg of Morora.

The title of Morora's Archbishop was Lumian's creation. After all, this puppet-like clergy member of the Church of Knowledge claimed to oversee all theological affairs in Morora.

Lumian felt that since the Church of Knowledge had 'recommended' him into Morora without confiscating his mystical items, direct inquiry about the underground mausoleum might be surprisingly effective rather than probing indirectly.

This was also a test. Lumian wanted to see if the sealing information about 0-01 was given only to him or distributed to all eligible individuals.

Did the Church of Knowledge place its bet solely on him, or did it hedge its bets across multiple candidates?

Inside the radiant holy cathedral, Lumian found Heraberg, with his graying hair, kind eyes, and white robe with brass embroidery, standing by a brass bookshelf, quietly reading a thick book.

"Archbishop," Lumian called tentatively.

Heraberg looked up and asked warmly, "What puzzles you?"

Lumian chose his words carefully.

"If I want to enter the cemetery's underground section to find something, how can I avoid the dangers?"

Heraberg smiled and pointed to the brass bookshelf beside him.

"This one, this one, and this one... read them all thoroughly."

Lumian followed his gesture, mentally noting the book titles:

"Morora Residents' Code,"

"Doll Crafting and Maintenance,"

"Examples of Mausoleum Construction,"

"Principles of Sealing"...

What use is this for a Hunter like me? I'm not a Reader who can wield knowledge directly. Does this mean that by absorbing the knowledge in these books, I can grasp the layout of the underground mausoleum, understand the sealing mechanisms, and find a way to leave my mark on 0-01? Lumian thought deeply as he withdrew his gaze.

Heraberg continued, "Once you've read those, complete these test papers. You must score perfectly on each one."

Lumian looked at the stack of test papers filling a shelf. His forehead twitched, recalling some unpleasant memories.

He maintained a neutral expression, confirming, "So, once I finish reading and acing these tests, I can avoid the underground dangers?"

Heraberg pointed to another brass bookshelf.

"That one, that one, and that one. Master all the knowledge on those shelves, and you'll be well-prepared."

Three shelves? Lumian's lips twitched slightly.

That's about two or three hundred books, plus thousands of test papers, right?

Heraberg smiled and sighed. "Remember, knowledge equals power, and knowledge equals wealth. All the answers you seek lie within."

Lumian's expression shifted as he bit his lip and said, "I'll start with these."

He pulled out the initial books Heraberg pointed out.

Heraberg nodded approvingly.

"A Hunter who learns and pursues knowledge is the most powerful Hunter.

"It's been years since another Hunter came to me, willing to patiently read the designated books. The others, with red or thick hair, won't even step into the Holy Temple of Knowledge, let alone approach these bookshelves."

It's because Aurore instilled a reading habit in me from a young age...

Lumian thought, feeling a pang of sadness.

He placed the books into his Traveler's Bag, bid farewell to Heraberg, and walked towards the Knowledge Cathedral's entrance.

Along the way, he saw a familiar figure-Guei, who had been exiled to Morora with him.

The scholarly-looking Guei, now dressed in thick, cotton clothing, stood by a brass bookshelf, engrossed in a book by the light of the stained glass window.

After a few seconds, Lumian walked over, smiling. "What a coincidence. Why are you here reading?"

Guei smiled faintly. "Didn't I tell you yesterday? I regret not knowing enough. Now, with such a vast library, how could I pass up the chance to learn? What brings you here?"

"To ask if it's too late to convert to the God of Knowledge and Wisdom," Lumian joked, then changed the topic. "Have you found a job yet?"

"Not yet," Guei shook his head. "I don't want to work on a farm or in a factory as some exile's slave. I'm planning to study for a while. Fortunately, I had some luck yesterday and earned some money, so I don't have to worry about going hungry."

Lumian chatted with Guei for a bit before waving goodbye to the secretive serial killer and returning to the Carnivore bar. He found a spot by the window and began reading the borrowed books in a comfortable position.

Morora's sunlight alternated between bright and hidden by storm clouds, but it didn't affect Lumian's reading as he had his radiant fireball lamp.

Near noon, Julie returned, her steps light, her face smiling, exuding a charm that even made Chef Lez steal a few glances at her.

Julie gave Lumian a curious look. "You're reading?"

"Not much else to do," Lumian replied casually.

Julie had no interest in the books; she withdrew her gaze and went upstairs, likely looking for waitress attire.

Lumian clicked his tongue silently.

Really, knowledge is power, and knowledge is wealth. Aren't you curious about what I'm reading?

Lez approached and said, "Boss, lunch is ready."

Lumian nodded, put away the books, and stood up.

He thought for a moment and said to Lez, "Find a red cloth and hang it at the door."

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Chapter 805 Test

805 Test

Lez didn't ask why. He went upstairs, found a piece of red cloth, and hung it at the entrance of the Carnivore bar.

Lumian then sat at the newly rebuilt bar, enjoying the spiced, marinated roast beef with soft, delicious bread.

As time passed, more and more customers entered the Carnivore bar.

Lez had put up a wooden stand outside with a new menu and corresponding prices.

Of course, this wasn't the main reason for the influx of customers.

The primary reason was the incredibly low prices on the menu. After all, there was no owner to take a cut.

The customers came in with a sense of skepticism. They didn't have much faith in the bar under new ownership, repeatedly checking if the prices were real, if there were any hidden costs, and if the portions and quality of the food were as advertised.

This skepticism stemmed from being frequently deceived by Morora's unscrupulous merchants.

Those merchants had a point, though: "We've been exiled here for serious crimes. You can't expect us to run honest businesses, can you? Besides, the Morora Resident Code doesn't prohibit false pricing or inferior goods, and the enforcers won't check the kitchen's hygiene."

Most customers were angry but helpless. Those merchants they could deal with had already been eliminated. The remaining ones were too powerful to confront.

They often regretted not keeping a few manageable merchants around to ensure food quality and fair pricing through regular supervision.

Sometimes, killing wasn't the best solution.

"If I had understood that, I wouldn't have been exiled to Morora!" A man in his forties voiced his opinion while holding a beer with white foam.

His gaze kept shifting to Julie, temporarily acting as the bartender, hoping to catch her attention with his words and demeanor.

Low prices drew them in, but the pretty bartender made them stay for another drink.

Lumian forked a piece of perfectly roasted beef, savoring the combination of Lez's secret spices and the tender meat.

He wondered if, after leaving Morora, he should have Ludwig become a head chef.

Can't waste a Chef's talent!

After finishing lunch, Lumian took a glass of strong liquor and walked around the hall as the bar owner, piecing together the current situation in Morora from different customers.

Not long after the establishment of this City of Exiles, a class division emerged, mainly based on power.

Today, the Beyonders firmly controlled all key positions in Morora, holding the resources like food, meat, vegetables, dairy products, various minerals, factory goods, sales channels, and street shops. Ordinary criminals without supernatural powers could only serve them, working on farms, in mines, ranches, factories, etc. The better-off were employees; the worse-off were nearly slaves.

For these ordinary criminals, the ultimate dream was to gain the trust of a powerful Beyonder and receive unwanted Beyonder characteristics as rewards after a duel.

This is exactly what the Iron and Blood Cross Order dreamed of, Lumian mused with a chuckle after returning to his seat at the bar.

As a former member of the Iron and Blood Cross Order, he often mocked the awkward "preaching" and "rituals," but it helped him grasp the core ideology of the Iron and Blood Cross Order:

They wanted to establish a world where Beyonders no longer hid but gained status through power.

Morora seemed to embody this vision.

Lumian was about to finish his drink and find a quiet place upstairs to study when he noticed Gusain, the gentleman, entering the bar.

You came quickly... Someone's been watching this place? Lumian played with his glass.

Gusain sat beside him, removed his top hat, and addressed Julie, who wore a white blouse, black vest, and a dark tie with a unique charm, "A Lanti Proof."

In Morora, the most popular drinks were rye beer, Lanti Proof, and red wine.

Lumian took out paper and pen from his Traveler's Bag and started sketching on the bar counter.

Gusain waited until Julie handed him the Lanti Proof, took a sip, and then smiled ahead.

"You made your decision faster than I expected."

"I don't want to be tied down like this," Lumian replied with a hidden meaning-his true intention was that he didn't want to stay in Morora long, while Gusain interpreted it as him not wanting to remain under the Church of Knowledge's rule.

"That's a choice all strong people make. Eagles don't mingle with sparrows," Gusain praised.

Lumian, still sketching, laughed.

"Now, you need to convince me that you have a promising future. I won't stand with losers."

"I've incited dozens of riots and haven't been caught by the Church of Knowledge. Isn't that reason enough?" Gusain sipped his Lanti Proof.

Lumian shook his head.

"In my hometown, there's a saying, 'One swallow doesn't make a summer.' It means that a single event can't predict a season. Making hasty judgments based on isolated incidents is unwise."

"What do you need to be convinced?" Gusain tilted his head.

Lumian chuckled in response.

"Pass my test."

Gusain paused for a moment, then laughed.

"Normally, wouldn't it be our organization testing new members to see if they're qualified. How did it become the other way around?"

"It depends on the new member's strength and importance, not past experiences," Lumian said, with an expression suggesting he didn't need them to stir up trouble-he could form his own team.

Gusain drank his Lanti Proof, then said, "What do you want us to do?"

Lumian remained silent until he finished his sketch, then pushed the paper toward Gusain.

"Find this person."

The drawing was of Albus Medici.

Although Lumian's drawing skills weren't high, his precise control as a Hunter, his deep memory of the subject, and mental reconstruction made Albus Medici's likeness vivid, capturing his aggressive, unpleasant aura.

"Him?" Gusain asked, confirming as he held the drawing.

Lumian nodded slightly.

"His real name is Albus Medici. I don't know if he's using an alias in Morora."

"Medici..." Gusain repeated the last name softly.

He folded the drawing, tucked it into his pocket, then picked up his drink.

"You can test us, but we need to test you too.

"You must prove your capabilities."

"Killing the original owner of this bar isn't enough?" Lumian smiled. "Or do you want to duel me?"

Gusain, maintaining his gentlemanly demeanor, shook his head.

"We acknowledge your strength. Now we need to test other aspects."

Lumian, holding his glass, turned to Gusain, waiting for him to elaborate.

Gusain glanced around, his eyes resting on the irresistibly charming Julie for a moment.

Lowering his voice, he said, "The Church of Knowledge's control over Morora relies on something in the underground mausoleum of the cemetery. Our ultimate goal is to break in and take control of it.

"It's very dangerous. We found a similar place to train our members. Your test is to enter that fog-covered underground area, overcome the challenges, and reach the marked location."

The goal is still 0-01? Lumian thought for a few seconds and said, "Alright, when do we start?"

"Tonight," Gussin finished his Lanti Proof, paid, and left the Carnivore bar.

Lumian glanced at Julie, noticing she was dealing with customers politely and reservedly, seemingly unaware of his conversation with Gusain.

Heh... Lumian smirked inwardly, set down his glass, and headed upstairs.

...

Trier, Quartier de la Cathédrale Commémorative, Apartment 702, 9 Rue Orosai.

"Jenna should be back the day after tomorrow, right?" Franca murmured, standing by the living room window, a bit wistful and fearful.

Her face alternated between light and shadow against the deep night and streetlights, like an enchanting dream.

Suddenly, she saw Penitent Baynfel, dressed in black clerical robes and looking like a charred corpse, emerge from the void, holding a letter.

A letter? Who's writing to Lumian? Hmm, Baynfel's appearance here means messengers can't locate Morora, even those with special contracts... Franca accepted the letter with a polite smile.

"Thank you."

Baynfel nodded, turned, and vanished into the night outside the window. Franca sighed and mumbled, "l wanted to build a relationship and ask you to introduce me to a messenger..."

She raised her right hand, catching a mixed scent of powder, perfume, grass, flowers, and spices from the letter.

A letter from a woman? Franca, entrusted by Lumian, muttered as she opened the letter and read it.

"Not sure if I should call you Monsieur Louis Berry or Monsieur Lumian Lee.

"Through Rhea, I've delved into Matani's mysticism circle, learning much about the mysticism and realizing I'm not weak-just inexperienced and unable to show it. For real.

"Of course, I've also realized the gap between us and how vast the world is beyond Matani.

"I'm willing to help your friend and hope you'll keep your promise.

"Amandina."

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Chapter 806 Expressing Goodwill

806 Expressing Goodwill

Amandina? If it were anyone else, Franca might not have remembered, but she couldn't forget this participant of the Dream Festival, a girl who called the Underworld Daoist her teacher. Franca later summoned the Armored Shadow Chen Tu for more information, and she might even need Amandina's help.

With this in mind, Franca reached into her Traveler's Bag and counted her accumulated gold.

Including the final payment from a member of the Curly-Haired Baboon Research Society, she now had gold worth 82,000 verl d'or and nearly 20,000 verl d'or in cash. With a little exchange, it would be enough to meet the requirements of the Armored Shadow, Chen Tu, for a conversation.

Of course, Franca didn't plan to do this anytime soon.

First, Lumian was in Morora. Without using his special connection with the contract target, even knowing the Armored Shadow's name as Chen Tu, Franca wasn't sure she could summon the spirit from the original world. After all, that might not be its true name, and translating it into ancient Hermes or other mystical languages might correspond to different spirit world creatures.

Secondly, facing the Armored Shadow without a demigod present would likely be extremely dangerous.

Amandina's presence might partially substitute for a demigod, intimidating the Armored Shadow.

Should we wait for Lumian to return from Morora before summoning Chen Tu again? Franca felt a mix of excitement and apprehension, a state known as "near-home anxiety."

After a moment, she exhaled slowly, deciding to respond to Amandina on Lumian's behalf.

Hmm, Lumian promised to take Amandina to the area around the Samaritan Woman's Spring, giving her a chance to meet the Underworld Daoist outside of the Dream Festival.

This is beneficial for us, but it's too dangerous with my current strength.

Besides, I'm not sure if the power brought by The Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings combined with the Tarot Club's Minor Arcana identity can penetrate the fog around the Samaritan Woman's Spring.

We should wait until Lumian is out of Morora. For now, I'll show Amandina some goodwill to lay the groundwork for future cooperation...

Hmm, I'll organize some important mysticism knowledge and give it to Amandina for free. Show some respect for the higher authority, if not for me. If the Underworld Daoist sees how well I treat His disciple, maybe His attitude will change...

Also, I'll ask Amandina which path of the divine she wants to take besides the power of the boons and help her get the corresponding potion formulas and materials. This won't be free. Giving everything for free would make us look too humble and lead to disrespect. Too much kindness can turn into resentment...

Amandina should choose between the paths of Darkness, Death, and Warrior. The potion formulas and characteristics for the mid-to-low Sequences of the Warrior path are relatively easy to find. Maybe we can ask Madam Justice to get help from Mr. Star for the Darkness path. He seems to be a high-ranking member of the Evernight Goddess Church; last time, he wore red gloves...

Perfect timing, I was about to report the secrets of the Demoness Sect taught by the Demoness of Black and mention Amandina's situation to see what mysticism knowledge can be shared and what can't be leaked...

Having sorted her thoughts, Franca returned to her bedroom, sat at her desk, and began writing her report.

...

South Continent, Port Port Pylos of Matani, in a three-story white marble villa.

Having finally made up her mind and sent out that letter, Amandina grew more awake as the night went on, pacing back and forth in her soft, girlish bedroom, waiting for Lumian's reply.

The more she learned about mysticism and Beyonders, the more she realized the gap between herself and Lumian and how ignorant she had been.

Though she felt she could continue living as she had, maintaining the appearance of a normal high-society person with certain supernatural abilities, the events during the Dream Festival and the rumors she had heard from various mysticism circles made her feel a sense of crisis and urgency.

Living in the South Continent in an era of increasing disasters, her Sequence 7 Nightmare powers and current situation of facing everything alone made her truly afraid that one day her entire family would become sacrifices in a Rose School of Thought blood ritual or that the hidden problems of the Dream Festival would

suddenly erupt and engulf her.

The more she knew, the more afraid she became.

Amandina felt she could never return to her previous state of ignorance and recklessness, and she had a strong desire for higher Sequences and more extraordinary power.

That would mean she could do more and see more.

Suddenly, she saw the same cool-looking charred messenger from before emerge from the void, handing her a small dressing mirror.

A mirror? What does Lumian Lee mean by giving me a mirror? Amandina accepted the mirror with curiosity and confusion, feeling it was quite ordinary.

She was about to ask the Penitent Baynfel when she noticed a dark, aqueous light spreading across the mirror's surface.

As the light flowed, the mirror gradually brightened, revealing a figure.

A mystic telegraph? And one where you can see and talk to the other person? How fascinating... Amandina didn't notice the messenger leaving, her attention entirely captivated by the mirror.

She soon realized that the figure in the mirror wasn't Lumian Lee but a stranger, a woman.

The woman had lake-colored eyes, both bright and deep, as if hiding countless words that made one want to explore them. Her nose was delicate and straight, her lips a tempting combination of red and tender white skin, and her eyebrows extended to her temples, with her flaxen hair tied into a ponytail, giving her an air of elegance.

So beautiful... Amandina stared blankly, instinctively admiring the woman in her mind.

She herself was a girl of outstanding appearance and had always been proud of it, but this time, she felt no sense of competition, entirely immersed in a beauty she had never seen before.

Her gaze naturally lowered, seeing the smooth, slender neck and the lace flowers around the shirt collar.

For some reason, Amandina felt an urge to see the entire body of the woman in the mirror, to see how beautiful she would look naked.

She felt this wasn't her own problem. Even Padre Cali who only liked men would surely have a similar urge!

Using a bit of Charm to enhance goodwill for easier communication, Franca also observed Amandina.

This girl had a waterfall of black hair and blue eyes, exuding a youthful energy of free self-expression.

All of Lumian's female acquaintances are quite beautiful... Is this a Hunter's talent? Franca smiled sweetly through the glass mirror.

"Lumian is busy right now and can't leave, so he asked me to communicate with you."

Amandina snapped out of her daze, shaking off the spell of the woman's beauty.

She looked at Franca in the mirror, curiosity and a desire to explore igniting within her.

"You're Lumian... Eh... Monsieur Lumian Lee's friend? The one who might need my help in the future?"

"Yes." Franca smiled and nodded.

Hmph, and you say you're not lovers. Such a beautiful woman makes even me, who likes men, want to sleep with her. How much more for a man who doesn't like men... Amandina felt she had seen through Lumian's lie.

She straightened her waterfall-like hair and asked brightly, "I'm willing to help you. Can you keep your promise?"

"That might have to wait until Lumian finishes his current tasks, and you're not strong enough yet," Franca said succinctly. "Do you want to advance through potions besides the power of boons? Which path do you want: Death, Darkness, or Warrior?"

Franca spoke quickly because the power of the Ice Amulet was limited in time.

After posing the question, she suddenly thought of something.

It is said that the Warrior path's potions has a significant height-enhancing effect, even turning the drinker into a giant at higher levels...

Hmm, turning such a pretty girl into a three or four-meter-tall giant beauty seems odd... Franca wasn't sure if she was worried or looking forward to it.

Amandina had discussed with Lumian which paths she could take and had thought seriously about it, so she quickly made her decision.

"Darkness."

As a girl who had always been good at understanding her parents' thoughts and was adored by her elders, Amandina felt that since the figure during the Dream Festival had only given her the power of Darkness and not the Death power given to Robert or the Warrior power given to some gravekeepers, it might mean that He wanted her to be pure and focus on the path of Darkness.

She also planned to go to the ancient tomb during the next Dream Festival to receive more gifts, naturally not wanting to disappoint that figure.

I still want to see what happens when the power of the Death or Warrior path is mixed with the Darkness boon... Franca said seriously, "I will inquire and gather the necessary things for you, but you need to pay for it or complete tasks I assign."

Amandina was no longer the naive girl she used to be and understood the value of potion formulas and Beyonder ingredients. She nodded.

"Okay."

Franca smiled in the mirror.

"Also, I appreciate you agreeing to help. No matter what Lumian promised you, I will provide you with some extra mysticism knowledge for free."

"Really?" Amandina was delighted.

This beautiful lady is truly generous!

And it's not a trap. The potion formulas and Beyonder ingredients come at a cost.

Franca didn't answer directly but smiled and said, "Remember, my name is Franca."

As she spoke, she raised her right hand and pushed a stack of stapled papers forward.

In Amandina's eyes, the stack grew larger, eventually penetrating the glass and falling into her hands, while Franca's image disappeared from the mirror.

Franca... Lumian Lee and she make a good match... Amandina imagined Lumian and Franca together, suddenly having some romantic thoughts.

She whispered to herself, That must be beautiful. I'd love to see it...

Suppressing the images in her mind, Amandina looked at the papers in her hand, glancing over a line of words: "Law of Beyonder Characteristics Convergence..."

Wh- Amandina was both bewildered and deeply impressed.

...

Morora, late night.

After the Carnivore bar closed, Lumian exited through the back door and saw Gusain wearing a top silk hat.

Gusain slowly smiled. "I'll take you to the place for your test now."

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Chapter 807 Overlooked

807 Overlooked

Morora's night was devoid of streetlights, relying solely on the crimson moon high above to provide light, casting deep darkness and dense shadows everywhere.

Gusain, dressed like a gentleman, carried a lantern as he led Lumian to a neighborhood near the edge of the city.

The area had been completely abandoned due to a small volcano that had erupted, swallowing several houses and leaving a charred wasteland in its wake.

"The place you mentioned isn't at the base of the volcano, is it?" Lumian glanced around, adjusted his cuff, and smiled.

Gusain nodded slightly.

"Yes, the volcanic eruption affected the underground part of the cemetery, allowing its power to seep out. The lava receded quickly, leaving behind an empty void.

"If you can find the right path through the void filled with the fog of war and reach the designated spot, it will prove you have the qualifications to join us in penetrating the underground part of the cemetery."

Fog of war... Gusain had been using this term to describe the underground fog, which seemed to have leaked from the mausoleum containing 0-01, which represents the Red Priest... Lumian didn't conjure a bright white fireball for illumination. Instead, he followed Gusain, who carried the lantern, into a building on the edge of the volcanic area.

Inside the house, filled with solidified volcanic rock, they descended a precarious staircase into a partially collapsed basement.

The basement walls had a gaping crack leading to a void filled with dense fog.

"You need to reach this point near the cemetery's underground section and light the oil lamp between four stone statues. Remember, there are four statues facing each other in pairs." Gusain hung the lantern on a protruding stone brick in the wall crack and took out a simple map, pointing to the destination.

Lumian studied the map for a minute, then turned his gaze to the dense fog outside the crack. "What's special about this fog?"

Gusain pressed his top hat and smiled.

"It significantly reduces your visibility, affects your hearing and smell, suppresses your Astral Projection's interaction with the spirit world, and dulls your spiritual warning and intuition."

"And?" Lumian asked, seemingly relaxed.

Gusain thought for a few seconds.

"The fog of war envelops the corresponding spirit world area. Some Beyonders, even if they can enter the spirit world, can't locate themselves or escape the fog. If they try to teleport out, they might get lost somewhere in Morora and never return to reality."

Seeing means being able to teleport there? With my Hunter's vision, I can only see five or six meters... Lumian roughly understood the fog's effects and laughed.

"If I could create a hurricane, could I blow it away?"

"We've tried. You can, but once the wind stops, the fog comes back, and the dispersal is limited to reality, not affecting the part seeping into the spirit world," Gusain explained the previous experiment's results.

Lumian asked a few more details, then conjured a bright white flame to hover above his head.

He stepped forward, through the crack, and into the dense fog.

Unlike normal fog, this one felt like it had been scorched by fire. As Lumian inhaled, his airways stung with a fiery pain, and his mind filled with the smell of burning, blood, and rust.

The dense fog churned, and the ground trembled slightly.

Lumian saw tall figures emerging from the fog five or six meters away.

These figures were made of black iron, covered in dark red rust, like neglected metal puppets.

Some lacked arms, others had disjointed bodies, and some had gaping holes in their chests. They staggered towards Lumian, wielding giant swords that gleamed coldly.

Lumian chuckled. "Who dug you out of the trash heap? Recycling, huh?"

Before he finished speaking, he disappeared from his spot, reappearing behind one of the iron puppets.

His eyes turned iron-black, and his right fist ignited with bright white flames, crashing down on the puppet's waist.

Suddenly, a bright white flame spear shot from the crack in the wall, hurtling towards Lumian.

Lumian couldn't dodge or use Spirit World Traversal in time. He could only fall to the ground, following the momentum of his right punch.

At the same time, he prepared to swap places with his shadow.

Bang!

His flaming right fist struck the puppet's waist, creating a spiderweb of cracks.

Then, his fist brushed against the metal surface, pulling his body to the ground, narrowly avoiding the white flame spear, though a lock of his hair caught fire.

With a clatter, the white flame spear pierced the puppet and landed two meters away, revealing Gusain in his top hat.

The invigilator was the attacker!

The second most dangerous person in Morora!

Creak! Creak! The puppet took a step forward out of inertia, then collapsed into a heap of scrap metal.

Lumian, lying on the ground, didn't roll away. Since he hadn't gone far from the basement, he teleported to the crack covered in dense fog, moving as far as his vision allowed to escape the fog of war.

Once outside, he could either counterattack Gusain or find a chance to escape, both better options than fighting in a preset scenario.

Whenever possible, avoid fighting in someone else's setup!

As Lumian's figure appeared in the dense fog near the basement crack, he saw a bright white flaming metal spear rushing towards his heart as if waiting for him to come.

Besides Gusain, there was another ambusher!

Gusain's attack seemed to lure Lumian to teleport towards the exit, stepping into a trap!

At this moment, Lumian, in Morora, far from Franca and Jenna, couldn't use their Mirror Substitution. He could only swap places with his shadow in a flash of light.

Pfft!

The bright white flaming spear pierced Lumian's chest, setting him ablaze.

But Lumian's figure turned thin and black, dissolving like a shadow in the firelight.

The spear-wielding man stepped through the crack into the fog of war.

His hair was tinged with blood, his features aggressive, and he wore a black and red jacket. He was Albus Medici.

Albus Medici, whom Gusain was supposed to be looking for, was here!

Lumian's figure reappeared in another direction, but due to the fog of war, he was still within six meters of Albus, Gusain, and the remaining iron puppets.

He saw Gusain's forehead glow red, something about to emerge. Albus's hair was covered in red flames, lengthening as it spread.

"Traitor," Gusain whispered, sentencing him.

He then created several bright white fireballs, hurling them at Lumian to cover every corner.

He seemed unafraid of affecting himself or Albus, though they were only five or six meters apart, and the fireballs could flatten the Carnivore bar.

Hearing Gusain's words and seeing Albus's stance, Lumian understood why he was attacked: He had overlooked the Iron and Blood Cross Order!

This secret organization, primarily following the Hunter path, was also searching for 0-01. Over the years, someone had likely infiltrated Morora.

One of them was Gusain!

With the core members of the Iron and Blood Cross Order's strange connection to Fourth Epoch Trier, they could maintain some self-awareness in Morora. Using 0-01 to sense the approaching enforcement team made sense, fitting Gusain's behavior!

Now, it seemed Albus Medici was still cooperating with the lron and Blood Cross Order, using the secret organization. Lumian's attempt to use Gusain's power to find Albus had been turned into a trap.

Seeing the incoming bright white fireballs and Albus blocking the exit, Lumian didn't hesitate. His sleeve flashed, and he disappeared again.

This time, he left behind a makeup mirror.

The mirror fell through the dense fog, cracking as it hit the ground.

Rumble!

Gusain's fireballs exploded, only affecting a six-meter range, unable to disperse the dense fog of war, confined to a small area.

The mirror shattered into countless pieces, some turning to dust, others melting and reforming.

Albus, feeling the impact and heat, muttered in confusion, "Using the mirror world?"

Behind the dark void of the mirror, Lumian used the Mirror Cufflink again, quickly looking forward and finding the fog of war hadn't invaded the dark, web-like tunnels.

Indeed, in Morora, the mirror world is special... Lumian dared to trust Gusain and enter the fog of war for the test because he had the Mirror Cufflink.

Of course, with items like the Sword of Courage, he wasn't without fighting strength, but he didn't want to risk it in an enemy's prepared battlefield without knowing Albus's full capabilities.

Lumian chose a mirror mark in Morora and used Spirit World Traversal to leave.

As he vanished, the dark void behind the mirror silently collapsed with its shattering.

Lumian's destination was Julie's room mirror.

Upon arrival, he looked through the glass, finding Julie, the Demoness, nowhere to be seen, not even asleep in bed.

Lumian's lips curled into a smile.

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Chapter 808 Return

808 Return

Not far from the abandoned neighborhood, Albus Medici, who had parted ways with Gusain, walked along the shadows by the roadside toward the cemetery.

Suddenly, he stopped, as if sensing an undercurrent in the nearby darkness.

Albus chuckled, and a dense fog immediately surged out, covering his figure and half the street.

After several seconds, the fog gradually dispersed, but Albus was no longer there.

He had vanished.

From the shadow that had just been enveloped by the fog, Julie, with her hair tied up and wearing a slit dress, emerged, staring at the spot where Albus had stood for several seconds.

A golden ring with a blue gemstone adorned her left middle finger.

Julie looked away, her expression somewhat grim, and headed toward the few blocks where the exiles gathered.

Some time later, in the deep darkness of the night, the sharp, painful screams of a man echoed from a room.

...

Lumian returned to the full-length mirror in his room and stepped out, lying down on the bed.

After discovering that Julie had quietly left the Carnivore bar, he knew the Demoness had been secretly following him and Gusain.

This was one of his intended outcomes.

Otherwise, he wouldn't have discussed searching for Albus Medici and accepting the corresponding test with Gusain at the bar.

He had done it to ensure that Julie, temporarily acting as a bartender, would hear it!

Although he and Gusain had lowered their voices, the Demoness was close enough to catch the crucial information with her enhanced hearing.

Of course, Lumian hadn't initially considered Julie as a contingency plan because Gusain had witnessed the Demoness castrate Vijepan and had clearly noticed her beauty and charm when she became a bartender.

In such a situation, Gusain would likely guess Julie's identity as a Demoness and remain cautious, knowing she might have overheard their conversation.

Lumian's primary goal was to gauge the progress of the Demoness Sect regarding 0-01 based on Julie's reaction.

If the Demoness Sect, through the long-term investigation of Celeste and other Demonesses, had completed preparations and was only waiting for the final opportunity to act, Julie would avoid creating extra trouble and patiently maintain the status quo. In that case, Lumian would have to closely monitor Julie and Celeste to prevent them from taking the lead.

If the Demoness Sect wasn't confident and still lacked information, Julie would likely use this opportunity to gather more intelligence from Gusain and the rebels connected to him, making her actions more comprehensive. Lumian wouldn't need to be as urgent and could allocate time and effort to other investigations.

In this regard, he had perfectly achieved his goal.

Now, Lumian was more curious about Julie's reaction after discovering Albus Medici while following him and Gusain. What would she try to do?

Will she attempt an assassination on the spot, wait patiently to challenge Albus alone after he and Gusain part ways, or go find Celeste to discuss it first? It's a pity I don't know where they'll encounter each other, so I can't observe the battle and see what cards they hold. If I'm lucky, I might even eliminate them both if they end up badly injured... Lumian sighed regretfully on the bed.

After a while, he sensed some movement from Julie's room.

The Demoness had returned.

Lumian sniffed the air and detected a faint smell of blood.

He chuckled inwardly and mocked, Albus, did you lose your prized possession? I wonder if you can regrow it as an Iron-blooded Knight...

There wasn't much commotion in Morora just now, not like there was a fierce battle... So, did Julie fail to locate Albus and vent her frustration on some random guy?

Lumian waited patiently, ensuring the City of Exiles, Morora, fell into a deep slumber, then transformed into a shadow creature and blended into the darkness of

the room.

He moved swiftly, returning to the abandoned neighborhood with the volcano, and arrived at the crack in the basement, once again gazing into the void filled with dense fog.

He felt it was necessary to investigate this area thoroughly to better understand some details in the 0-01 sealing information and gain further insight into the underground mausoleum.

Neither Gusain nor Albus would expect him to return here, especially after the possibility of facing Julie's attack!

The fog isn't as dense as before. The visibility range is about thirteen or fourteen meters... Was it Albus and Gusain enhancing the fog of war with their abilities or items earlier? Lumian observed the fog for a few seconds, making a preliminary judgment.

He then conjured a bright white fireball for illumination and slowly walked into the fog of war.

The fog felt similar to before, with no other changes. Lumian dripped a few drops of perfume on the ground every so often to mark his path for the return journey.

He was heading to the area marked with statues on the map Gusain had shown.

In the dead silence, only the faint sound of footsteps echoed in the fog as Lumian discerned the terrain, passing several iron puppets hidden in the fog.

Finally, relying on his Hunter abilities and the memorized map, he reached his destination.

There, against the rock wall, stood four statues made of gray-white stone, each over two meters tall.

These statues faced each other in pairs, their faces blurred, dressed in peculiar clothing, with square scarves wrapped around their heads.

In the middle of the statues stood a half-height stone platform with an unlit oil lamp on it.

Who made these statues? They weren't originally here. According to the 0-01 sealing information, this place isn't part of the underground mausoleum, it's just normal underground... After the volcanic eruption, some of the mausoleum's power leaked out, and someone built these four statues and placed the oil lamp here. What's the purpose? Lumian mused silently, staring at the bright white fireball.

Judging by the style of the statues and the overall arrangement, he doubted the Church of Knowledge had set them up to reinforce the seal.

It was more likely the work of the Iron and Blood Cross Order, which explained Gusain's familiarity with the area.

Meanwhile, Lumian felt the call from underground growing stronger.

It seemed to be just behind the rock wall, waiting for him to approach.

Lumian took a deep breath, suppressing his inner urge.

He circled the statues and the oil lamp on the stone platform several times, finding nothing unusual.

Lumian pondered for a moment and had two ideas.

One was to light the oil lamp and see what happened; the other was to take this opportunity to destroy something and trigger a possible change.

Lighting the oil lamp is too risky. It's not necessary yet... Lumian decided on the second idea after some thought.

Destruction is always easier than construction!

And if something went wrong, leaving a mess behind would be more meaningful than keeping the place intact.

Lumian conjured a bright white fireball, placing it at the base of one of the statues, setting it to explode with a delay.

After setting up five time bombs, Lumian moved about ten meters away, hiding in the dense fog, and snapped his fingers.

Rumble!

The four statues and the stone platform simultaneously underwent a violent explosion, cracking from the base and collapsing into piles of rubble.

The explosion dissipated some of the dense fog, allowing Lumian to see the statues and the platform.

No anomalies or dangers appeared... Good. Now, let's see if Gusain or Albus notice the commotion and come to check it out. I'll be hiding here, ready to strike a fatal blow... Lumian grew more puzzled about the statues and the platform, planning to set a simple trap for Gusain that might be overlooked due to its subtlety.

If the statues and the platform were crucial, Gusain would rush to confirm the situation, instinctively thinking the destroyer had already escaped to avoid an ambush.

Just as Lumian was about to retreat further into the fog, he noticed the five piles of rubble starting to wriggle.

They collided and quickly reformed, rising back into their original statue and platform shapes.

Identical to before.

Wh- Lumian's eyes froze.

The stone statues and the platform can restore themselves?

No wonder the Iron and Blood Cross Order didn't station guards here...

They aren't afraid of these things being destroyed!

Lumian quickly recovered and tried a new approach.

This time, after blowing up the statues and the platform, he used his Traveler's Bag to collect some of the rubble, waiting a few meters away.

The stone statues and the platform restored themselves again, drawing materials from the earth, while the rubble in Lumian's pouch became ordinary stones.

Lumian temporarily gave up on destruction, emptied the pouch of rubble, and returned to the statues, picking up the oil lamp with the glass cover.

Inside the lamp was a semi-solid, semi-liquid yellowish grease, with a wick seemingly woven from black hair.

The more Lumian looked at it, the more familiar it seemed.

He began to recall the source of this familiarity.

After over ten seconds, he suddenly reached into his Traveler's Bag and took out an item.

It was a pale yellowish-red, semi-solid substance in a transparent glass bottle, with a thick black wick on top.

Corpse wax candle!

A candle made from the corpse oils of an Iron-blooded Knight and a Demoness of Despair mixed with other substances!

The oil lamp on the stone platform resembled it somewhat.

Lumian muttered to himself, Magician Magician said that Fourth Epoch Trier and a place in Bansy Harbor were the best scenes for the corpse wax candle...

What about the underground mausoleum in Morora, which is very similar to Fourth Epoch Trier?

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Chapter 809 Additive

809 Additive

In the dense fog, Lumian stared at the oil lamp, feeling an urge to light it and see what would happen.

Eventually, he controlled himself and refrained from taking the risk.

With everything still in a state of chaos and uncertainty, Lumian believed that making any high-risk decisions would be unwise.

He also had no intention of taking the oil lamp to trade with Albus Medici for the head of the Abscessed Hand. Since the Iron and Blood Cross Order placed the oil lamp here without guarding it, they probably weren't worried about losing it or had many similar lamps.

Based on his observations, Lumian deduced that the pale yellow grease in the lamp likely didn't come from Iron-blooded Knights and Demonesses of Despair. It was different from corpse wax candles and seemed to be a mixture of mid-sequence Hunters and Demonesses.

Though it's less effective than a corpse wax candle, it should still work in the underground of Morora, which is similar to Fourth Epoch Trier...

Lumian reached into his Traveler's Bag.

Just because he couldn't light it or take it didn't mean he couldn't do anything.

He planned to add something extra to the oil lamp, ensuring the Iron and Blood Cross Order would face unforeseen complications during their rituals!

Lumian took out some old blood powder from the Demon Warlock, Ice Lemon Fish fillets, a Berserk Agent from the Nightstalkers, and another Bark Agent from the same source.

He placed them on the half-height stone platform, mixed a bit of each into a brown lump the size of a human finger joint.

What do you call this? A cocktail! Lumian chuckled, putting all the materials back into his Traveler's Bag. He then took out Mr. K's finger, sliced off some flesh, and wrapped it around the brown lump.

This was a precaution against the Iron and Blood Cross Order's inspection-Hunters from the Order would undoubtedly check the oil lamp for any issues before use, as

it wasn't always under their strict watch.

In Morora, Lumian didn't worry that using Mr. K's finger this way would be detected.

Looking at the blood-stained lump, Lumian reluctantly scooped a bit of the semi-solid, yellowish-red substance from his corpse wax candle and smeared it on the lump.

A double disguise, combined with a higher-Sequence, godhood-possessing item, should fool the Hunters' noses and eyes!

Once the lump was coated with the yellowish-red substance, Lumian examined the candle, reassuring himself, Just a Iittle bit, it shouldn't affect the number of uses...

After putting away the corpse wax candle, Lumian picked up the oil lamp, removed the wick made of woven black hair, and carefully submerged the yellowish-red lump into the semi-solid grease, ensuring it stayed in the desired position.

Seeing the lump's yellowish-red color blend with the surrounding grease, leaving only faint traces hidden inside, Lumian breathed in relief and slowly inserted the wick back into the semi-solid grease.

After several adjustments, the wick's position and condition finally met Lumian's requirements.

He could already imagine the scene:

The oil lamp would initially burn normally, with the corpse wax having perhaps a hint of godhood, enhancing the ritual's effect and immersing the Iron and Blood Cross Order members in the sensory experience.

This would last for twenty or thirty seconds, after which the corpse wax part would burn.

This would bring an intense pact-like experience, potentially fatal for some Order members with weaker wills.

Of course, this might also benefit some members, causing positive mutations, but the corpse wax portion was minimal, and the burn would soon reach the random materials wrapped in Mr. K's flesh.

Lumian wasn't sure what the impact would be, but he was confident it would worsen the situation.

Just suck on this one; it hits strong. Lumian recalled how South Continent people described East Balam cigarettes, smiling as he addressed the imaginary Order members.

Then, he cleaned up the traces on the oil lamp and tidied the scattered rubble.

Following the faint scent of various perfumes, Lumian found his way back to the basement crack through the dense fog, leaving the area slowly.

He transformed into a shadow creature, silently returned to the Carnivore bar, and pretended to sleep to avoid an ambush by Albus Medici, Gusain, and others.

At six in the morning, Lumian felt refreshed.

He rolled out of bed, stretched his neck, and laughed softly.

"Didn't come? Albus and the others didn't come, neither did Wanak. Do they think I have teleportation abilities, making it hard to kill me outside a special battlefield or without special items?

"Heh heh, you're too hesitant, too cautious. Now I have shadows again, no longer afraid of sunlight, and can block another fatal attack..."

Lumian drew the curtains, gazing at the brightening dawn, his eyes falling on the books from the Church of Knowledge on his desk.

He instinctively felt a headache, frowning.

He resisted reading and learning, struggling with an indescribable inner turmoil.

If there were only a few books, Lumian would be highly motivated, reading diligently and focusing intently, but knowing there were three whole shelves of books and thousands of scrolls left him feeling defeated, unwilling to start.

After several seconds, Lumian rubbed his temples, sighed, and muttered to himself,

Well, since 0-01 was sealed by the Church of Knowledge, I should respect knowledge.

There's nothing else to do now, just waiting for Albus and Julie to take further action, hoping to seize an opportunity and direction...

Lumian sat down, leaning back in his chair, placing his feet on the edge of the desk, reading the books specified by Heraberg in a comfortable but precarious position.

He had read the first two or three chapters before and found nothing noteworthy, but this time he planned to study in depth.

As he read, Lumian's expression gradually changed.

He became engrossed in the reading, almost forgetting the time until Lez knocked on the door, telling him breakfast was ready.

"Okay." Lumian nodded, setting down the book without any visible changes and heading out of the room.

Almost at the door, he saw Lez turning towards the stairs and half-turned back, glancing at the books on the desk with a puzzled expression.

These books indeed contained important knowledge!

He was currently reading one thoroughly and had skimmed through the others, already finding similarities with the details in the 0-01 sealing information, along with more detailed explanations!

If I read through the three bookshelves and pass the exam, I might find a way to approach 0-01 through the overall sealing operation and use the sealing principles to protect myself when touching the artifact...

Knowledge is power, knowledge is wealth, knowledge holds all the answers... Lumian withdrew his gaze, his eyes flashing with thoughts as he entered the hallway and turned towards the stairs.

The problem now was that this kind of knowledge brought noticeable corruption, just like the 0-01 sealing information. Lumian worried that the more he learned, the closer he got to 0-01, the more likely he would become its puppet.

Also, if I focus too much on reading these books, Albus, Julie, Gusain, and Wanak might get suspicious and also borrow a few books from the Church of Knowledge. Then I would lose my advantage... I need to wander aimlessly every day, set traps for them, outsmart them, and make it seem like I'm just reading out of boredom... Lumian's smile gradually widened.

He finished the flight of stairs and glanced at Julie sitting on a bar stool at the counter.

The Demoness wore a white shirt and black skirt, looking quite demure, but she swayed her waist gently, making the stool spin.

She glanced back at Lumian and continued talking to Lez, "I only think about finding what I lost from other men when I'm in a terrible mood. Normally, I just feel jealous and resentful, wondering why I lost it and they still have it?

"And you, your cooking has conquered me. I acknowledge your right to keep that thing, as long as you don't come to me when I'm in a bad mood, I won't do anything to you."

Is that why you Demonesses like turning lovers into Witches? Lumian sat beside Julie, smiling at Lez. "What are you guys talking about?"

Lez licked his lips and replied, "She asked if I was curious about the taste of Demoness meat and cut a small piece for me. Grilled, it was delicious, rich in fat and very chewy. Then we got to the topic we were discussing."

Lumian glanced at Julie and noticed the bandage marks on her left shoulder, with some bloodstains on her shirt.

She really cut it... One daring to cut and the other daring to cook, your mental states and inner worlds are beyond me... Lumian snorted and directly asked Julie, "What are you up to?"

Julie smiled, showing two shallow dimples.

"I want to learn cooking from Lez."

Her face was full of longing and expectation.

To cook for Celeste? You Demonesses... Lumian shook his head and focused on his breakfast.

...

Trier, Quartier de la Cathédrale Commémorative, Apartment 702, 9 Rue Orosai.

Franca received a reply from Madam Judgment. The letter began:

"Mr. Star agrees to provide potion formulas and Beyonder ingredients in stages for Amandina's matter, but he doesn't need money or resources. He only hopes you can help with some matters."

Me? What can I help Mr. Star with? Franca pondered deeply.

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Chapter 810 Learning is my Hobby

810 Learning is my Hobby

Thinking that if it were truly dangerous and beyond her ability to help, Madam Judgment would surely protect her, Franca pulled out a sheet of pure white paper and began her reply: "Dear Madam Judgment, "If Mr. Star's requests are within reason, I have no problem with them."

After writing this, Franca read the rest of Madam Judgment's letter:

"The Demoness of Black's description and speculation about the Primordial Demoness are a common view within the Demoness Sect. However, if it were that simple, things wouldn't be this complicated.

"Many high-ranking witches believe the mirror world is vital for the Demoness pathway. This isn't entirely inaccurate, but as a collective concept of 'doors', the mirror world seems incapable of bearing such importance.

"These are things we need to understand further.

"Two of Cups, I know this may be harsh, but you still need to continue infiltrating the Demoness Sect for a while. You are currently our highest-ranked member within the sect.

"Due to the peculiarities of the Demoness pathway, we cannot actively cultivate male Assassins, and the existing Demoness Sect members are mentally twisted, longing to approach the Primordial One. We can only passively wait and find people like you who inadvertently enter the Assassin pathway..."

Suddenly feeling a heavy sense of responsibility... Franca muttered to herself, sighed, and continued writing her reply.

She wasn't too disappointed, still hoping to obtain the main ingredients for the Demoness of Despair within the sect, provided she found a way to bypass the cruel requirements of the advancement ritual.

After sending her reply, Franca leaned back in her chair, gazing idly out the window at the night sky.

Suddenly, the area in front of her grew extremely dark, and a silver skull emerged from the void, holding a letter in its mouth.

Another letter? What's going on? Franca took it, thanked the messenger, and watched it leave before opening the letter, inhaling its subtle, enduring fragrance:

"Dear Muggle,

"Do you remember the previous invitation?

"We're having an offline gathering in Trier this Saturday at 10 p.m. Are you still interested in attending? If so, please reply promptly, and I'll inform you of the location and participation details.

"Professor."

An offline meeting of the Academy team? Lumian's life is so eventful! I've barely been his proxy for a few days, and I'm already swamped with tasks, one after another... Should he be called 007? Even 007 needs sleep; he doesn't! Franca couldn't help but lampoon.

She had already noticed that wherever Lumian went, hidden catastrophes erupted one after another. But since she hadn't been directly involved in most of them, the impact hadn't been as apparent.

Now, as his liaison, she felt it keenly.

After a while, Franca sighed.

She'd have to use the Ice Amulet to contact Lumian again!

Since obtaining it from the Demoness of Black, she hadn't used it for investigating the Mirror People, spending it all on Lumian-related matters.

She needed to ask Lumian if he wanted to attend the offline gathering of the Academy team, which might include members of the Moses Ascetic Order. If he did, he'd need to designate a substitute and try to send out the Lie earrings.

Franca quickly wrote a letter regarding the matter, wrapping a copper coin, some wraith dust, and her rarely used Beatrice's Necklace in the paper.

She had noticed that after passing through the seal of Morora, Lumian's letters lost their physical form, leaving only pure information. So, she planned to experiment, seeing if ordinary items, highly spiritual items, and Beyonder items could all pass through the seal and in what state they would exist.

The experiment's results would determine if the Lie earrings could be sent out.

If it weren't for the fact that each mystical item was precious and useful, Franca would have included items containing Beyonder characteristics in this experiment.

After preparing the small package, Franca walked to the full-length mirror in the living room, putting on the Ice Amulet.

As it flashed with crystalline cold light, Franca pressed the package into the glass surface.

...

Late at night in Morora, on the second floor of the Carnivore bar.

Lumian sat under a glowing white fireball, focused on reading "Examples of Underground Mausoleum Construction."

Suddenly, he looked up, his eyes bloodshot, and glanced at the mirror in the room.

The mirror's surface had turned dark, with ripples moving within it.

Lumian reluctantly set down his book, approached the mirror, and placed his right hand on it.

He saw Intisian words appearing on the mirror's surface, line after line, densely packed.

Professor's invitation... Academy team's offline gathering... experiment with transferring items...

Lumian's thoughts raced. Taking advantage of the Ice Amulet's active effect, he reached into the mirror and pulled out an item.

It was a diamond necklace.

Beatrice's Necklace!

The copper coin and wraith dust mentioned in Franca's letter were gone.

Lumian looked back at the mirror, seeing an image of the coin and wraith dust around the densely packed words, with a ghostly presence.

As the Ice Amulet's power waned, and the words faded, the items gradually disappeared.

Only pure information and items with Beyonder power can pass through that special mirror world, through the seal, and reach here? Hmm, items with godhood shouldn't work either, only something made within Morora... Lumian played with Beatrice's Necklace, using the Ice Amulet's remaining power to send Franca two words: "Necklace, okay."

The aqueous glow within the mirror quickly receded, and the dark glass returned to normal.

Soon, the mirror showed another anomaly.

This time, Franca sent the Ice Amulet through.

This helped Lumian conserve the use of the Mirror Cufflink-only two uses left.

Holding the icy talisman, Lumian began writing his reply.

He detailed the experiment results and his observations on the item transfer process, then instructed Franca to attend the Academy team's offline gathering in Trier as Muggle on his behalf.

After folding the letter and enclosing the Lie earrings and Ice Amulet, Lumian activated the latter, pressing the package into the glass mirror, sending it to Franca's apartment mirror.

Franca received the items, read Lumian's letter carefully, and murmured to herself, both expectant and anxious.

Do I really have to pretend to be Muggle?

Sigh, the lce Amulet can only transmit information nine more times...

Meanwhile, Lumian returned to his desk and resumed reading "Examples of Underground Mausoleum Construction."

He was reluctant to rest; the more he read, the more compelling the books became.

Of course, Lumian knew this was a sign of slight corruption.

Just then, he heard a loud explosion.

It came from a few blocks away!

Explosion? Lumian used his Ascetic endurance to break free from the compulsion, extinguished the fireball, and moved to the window to observe outside.

The explosions continued, with brilliant flames illuminating the streets hundreds of meters away.

It was on the route from the Carnivore bar to the Church of Knowledge.

Lumian saw Julie jump out of her room, landing lightly like a feather, then blending into the shadows, disappearing.

Hunters causing explosions and fires? Lumian rubbed his temples, looking reluctant.

He grumbled to himself, I really don't want to get involved in your schemes and fights; I just want to study peacefully.

Since discovering the important knowledge in the books specified by Heraberg, he had become increasingly focused, spending all his time reading except when "acting" outside.

If not for the risk of exposing the books' importance, he would have used his special abilities to study all night.

The more seriously he studied, the less he wanted to do anything else, often relying on sheer willpower and even his Ascetic abilities to break free from that mental state.

After a moment, Lumian's expression calmed, and he muttered to himself, When I find the opportunity to eliminate you all, I can finally study in peace...

Suppressing his abnormal emotions, Lumian transformed into a shadow creature, slipping into the darkness between buildings and heading toward the explosion site.

Soon, he reached the destination and saw a half-collapsed building- Dades Agricultural Company.

Wanak's Dades Agricultural Company? Someone attacked Wanak?

Lumian snapped out of his study-induced haze, his mind suddenly alert.

He saw two giant figures emerge from the building.

They were three to four meters tall, with iron-like skin and blue paint depicting clothing, each holding a giant broadsword.

Iron soldiers? Giant iron soldiers? Lumian immediately recalled the iron soldiers he had seen deep in the Sauron family's Red Swan Castle crypt.

The next moment, one of the iron soldiers smashed through the collapsed wall and fixed its cold gaze on the shadow Lumian was hiding in.

It charged at Lumian, raising its giant broadsword.

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Chapter 811 Combination?

811 Combination?

Discovered? How did it find me? I'm currently a real shadow creature...

Lumian wondered as he emerged from the shadows.

He instantly teleported to the side of the iron soldier.

The iron soldier ran past him, realizing too late that its target had moved.

It had to slow down forcefully, half-turning to sweep its giant sword.

Lumian, well-prepared, leaped high into the air. His fist, blazing with white-hot flames, struck the iron soldier's neck.

Clang!

The sound echoed like a church bell. The tall, heavy, and hard iron soldier was pushed back a step.

A fist-sized dent appeared on its metal-covered neck, surrounded by spiderweb-like cracks.

Lumian's strike was purely a Cull, without probing for weaknesses. He didn't need to.

Having thoroughly studied "Doll Crafting and Maintenance," he knew exactly where the weak points of such iron soldiers were!

Of course, he had also observed beforehand to confirm that this iron soldier was of the regular type and hadn't been modified.

The iron soldier, enraged by the Cull attack, swung its giant sword in a storm of slashes, cutting and chopping within a five to six meter radius.

Lumian teleported several meters away, watched the iron soldier, and raised his right palm, still with one hand in his pocket.

One after another, white-hot fireballs formed and flew towards the iron soldier.

The dark red glow in the iron soldier's eyes brightened as it locked onto Lumian and charged at him.

Rumble!

It cleaved through the fireballs in its path, enduring the rest as it advanced through the smoke and flames.

Almost simultaneously, Lumian vanished from its sight again.

Lumian reappeared on the soldier's shoulder, half-crouched, and delivered a powerful punch to the previous dent.

Whoosh! White-hot flames erupted from his fist.

Clang!

The sound was like a hammer striking a large bell.

Lumian's figure quickly faded, dodging the iron soldier's left hand as it released its giant sword to grab him.

A moment later, the dent in the iron soldier's neck shattered completely.

The cracks spread rapidly to its head and body.

The iron soldier staggered forward, its metal fragments falling piece by piece, like an iron rain.

Lumian's figure swiftly outlined not far away. He scoffed and said, "Didn't you learn from the last time? Making the same mistake again. Oh, I forgot, you don't have a brain."

As Lumian finished speaking, the struggling iron soldier collapsed into a pile of metal debris.

Lumian then turned his attention to the other side of the Dades Agricultural Company.

The remaining iron soldier was silently burning with pitch-black flames, moving slower and accumulating more rust.

Clang! It fell to the ground, motionless, losing its oppressive aura.

Julie, wearing a cotton nightgown with a hint of spring, stood leisurely beside it. She watched as the iron soldier quickly shrank back to the size of a children's toy.

The metal fragments near Lumian were also shrinking, soon reduced to mere scraps.

Julie looked at him, smiling gracefully, "Boss, you're even more impressive than I imagined."

Compliment me all you want, but why stare at my crotch... Lumian scoffed, "You're not bad yourself."

Julie blinked and said, "But why don't you look at me when you speak?"

"Because you don't have anything down there," Lumian replied, ignoring Julie and heading towards the Dades Agricultural Company.

Julie's expression turned dark, her face flickering in the firelight.

After a few seconds, she muttered through gritted teeth, "Soon you won't have anything either."

By then, Lumian had reached the half-collapsed building and started inspecting the battle traces.

Explosions, high temperatures, fire, attacks directly hitting key structures... Definitely a battle between Hunters... Multiple injuries, more than one, but all blood traces burnt to scorches... Lumian quickly circled the explosion site, discovering several corpses.

Some were ordinary, like night shift employees caught in the blast, suffocated by smoke, burned by flames, or crushed by debris. Others were mangled, reduced to chunks of flesh, or dismembered as if violently torn apart.

Lumian noticed one corpse with a somewhat intact head, a faint red mark on its forehead, with something wriggling under the skin, trying to emerge.

I've seen a similar mark on Gusian's forehead...

So, the Iron and Blood Cross Order is indeed trying to assassinate Wanak...

With Albus Medici joining them, they've grown bold enough to eliminate potential rivals and disruptors?

But it seems they failed... Wanak is formidable, facing an Iron and Blood Cross Order assault, possibly with Albus and Gusian present, yet still managing to counterattack and escape...

The Iron and Blood Cross Order is really cooperating with Albus Medici?

Do they truly believe this Medici descendant? Does Gusian not know what the Medici name represents?

Hmm, they know but intend to use Albus Medici, a collaboration full of mutual conspiracies?

As these thoughts raced through Lumian's mind, Julie approached and stopped beside him.

"Have you figured anything out?" Julie asked.

Lumian chuckled.

"Shouldn't I be asking you that? You Demonesses are good at divination, unlike me."

Julie's expression had returned to normal, her eyes bright as she said, "I tried, but got nothing. Some of them might be carrying items with high rank."

Before Lumian could respond, she glanced at her boss and said, "It seems that the Albus you're wary of has formed an alliance with Gusian's group."

Lumian nodded, then added, "They're probably trying to eliminate Wanak."

"Next, they'll try to eliminate me, you, and all the Hunters and Demonesses in Morora," Julie said with a slight smile. "Boss, I know you don't trust me, and I can't trust you either, unless all that's left is a shlong. But against the threat of Albus and Gusian, can we temporarily cooperate?"

You? A Demoness who doesn't like to study and only knows how to do twisted things, wanting to cooperate with me? I just want to study quietly and diligently... Lumian criticized, then chuckled and said, "Sure."

His goal was the information accumulated by the Demoness Sect and their preparations. "Cooperation" would make it easier to access them.

Julie was about to say more when she suddenly saw a group of black-robed enforcers running over from the direction of the Knowledge Cathedral.

Her eyes flickered, and she said to Lumian, "I have to leave now. Let's talk tomorrow morning."

Lumian glanced at the leading enforcer and noticed it wasn't Celeste.

He replied thoughtfully, "Alright."

Julie immediately stepped into the nearby shadows and vanished from his sight.

Lumian stared at the corpses in the ruins for a few seconds before turning and leaving Dades Agricultural Company, heading into the nearest alley.

In the darkness, he walked at a steady pace, pondering a troubling question: Aren't there too many Iron and Blood Cross Order members infiltrating Morora?

Just to deal with Wanak, four or five have already died!

It's not just about whether they could infiltrate so many members or if the Church of Knowledge is being too lenient, but no secret organization would want to suffer such heavy losses among its members.

Morora is the place where 0-01 is sealed. Every Beyonder sent here must be prepared for a high likelihood of sacrifice.

The Demoness Sect only sent one Sequence 5 Beyonder at a time.

Unless the previous Demoness lost contact and no longer responded, they wouldn't send another. Does the Iron and Blood Cross Order really not care about mid-to-low-level Beyonders, treating them as cannon fodder?

For a war, that's not too strange, but a sensible commander would only sacrifice soldiers at critical moments, not let them die on the way. Or has Gusian developed a large number of new Hunters in Morora... Lumian suddenly thought of Gusian, the bloody mark on that corpse's forehead, the stone statue, and the oil lamp in the depths of the underground fog.

Or are the true Iron and Blood Cross Order members only Gusian and a few others, while the rest are mass-produced through a special secret ritual?

As he pondered this, Lumian smiled.

If that's true, when Gusian and the others hold their next ritual to create soldiers, something very interesting might happen. The oil lamp I tampered with should bring about a different outcome...

I wonder what kind of soldiers will appear...

Lumian's pace quickened, and soon he returned to the Carnivore bar. He sat at his desk, forming a white-hot fireball to serve as a gas lamp.

He wanted to finish reading "Examples of Mausoleum Construction" so he could take the exam at the Knowledge Cathedral tomorrow morning and borrow more books.

"Don't let anything interrupt my studying again..." Lumian muttered as he buried himself in his reading.

Amidst the occasional sound of flipping pages, he suddenly turned his head, his sharp gaze focusing on the mirror in the room.

The surface of the mirror rippled, revealing a figure with iron-black eyes, bright red hair, and a chiseled face.

Wanak? The same Wanak who was attacked earlier? Lumian narrowed his eyes slightly, waiting for the figure to speak.

The figure of Wanak swayed lightly, as if affected by water waves.

He asked in a deep voice, "Do you want to kill Gusian and Albus Medici?"

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Chapter 812 Strange Test Script

812 Strange Test Script

Hearing Wanak's question, Lumian, who was already a bit irritated from having his study interrupted, laughed out loud. "Can you find them?"

"No," Wanak admitted frankly.

Unlike Lumian and Wanak, who had fixed residences, Gusian and Medici moved around in secrecy, making it hard to pinpoint their exact locations.

Wanak continued, "But I can use myself as bait to lure them out."

Lure them out? What kind of Hunter path is this? It sounds more like the path of a Fishing Master... Lumian mocked both Wanak and himself internally, gradually calming down.

He looked at the man with iron-black eyes, chiseled face, and suspected 0-01 corruption who had tried to kill him at their first meeting, and sneered.

"Bait? If you dare to wander the streets of Morora, Albus and Gusian would likely think it's a trap and not make a move.

"Of course, they might send someone to test if you're bluffing, but that won't help you ambush them."

Wanak's eyes remained sharp as he replied in a metallic tone, "I won't treat them as fools. I'll leave some traces, give them clues, let them find my hiding place on their own. They must act within these few days. They can't wait for me to recover, or it'll be a headache for them."

Lumian, using a Hunter's tone, laughed. "Confident, aren't you? Why not wait until you're fully healed to seek revenge one by one? Why take the risk now and set traps, even choosing to cooperate with me?"

"In five days, if they don't find me, those two rats will scurry back into the sewers and hide. I can kill any one of them, but finding them is still difficult," Wanak said, his tone full of murderous intent.

Lumian didn't ask more questions, pondering a few things.

This most dangerous figure in Morora, who seemed to have submitted to 0-01 and gained boons along with the corruption, has the power of a pseudo-demigod.

Does his current attitude imply 0-01 dislikes Red Angel Medici and the Iron and Blood Cross Order?

Or does 0-01 resist anyone trying to control it, as evidenced by Wanak's initial hostility towards me? But under current circumstances, he wants to target Albus and Gusian first and is willing to temporarily cooperate with the weaker side?

Wanak has pseudo-demigod strength and is in his home turf of Morora, yet he was severely wounded by Albus, Gusian, and a few Iron and Blood Cross Order members, forcing him to flee...

Albus is indeed not simple, and Gusian must be formidable too. It was right not to go all out and ambush them earlier...

0-01 has some connection to that special mirror world, allowing Wanak to traverse through mirrors...

Lumian looked at Wanak, who was patiently waiting for his answer, and smiled. "Why me?"

Since arriving in Morora, he hadn't gone all out or used any powerful items.

"We're the same kind of people," Wanak said, his iron-black eyes cold.

"And I can clearly sense you're not simple."

Of course, I'm not simple, with so much corruption and so many things mixed together. Simple would be strange... Lumian raised his right hand, rubbing his chin, and asked, "Aren't you worried I'll take this chance to eliminate you, Albus, and Gusian together? You should always be wary of others."

"You don't have the capability," Wanak stated bluntly. "And in Morora, truly killing me isn't easy."

Lumian leaned back in his chair, half-closing his eyes. After a few seconds, he said, "Time and place."

"The timing is uncertain. It depends on Albus and Gusian's investigation progress. I'll inform you of the approximate time and location in advance," Wanak, his sharp, chiseled face showing a rare smile, said.

Lumian opened his eyes and sat up straight.

"With your strength, you were severely wounded by them. What special abilities did they show in battle?"

"Not severely wounded, just nearly," Wanak emphasized. "That Albus has special powers or items that can create war fog, a high-rank Hunter ability... Gusian, besides being a powerful Hunter, has some Demoness pathway abilities and can utilize the mirror world to some extent..."

Lumian listened intently, his smile gradually widening. "Pleasure working with you."

Wanak nodded slightly, his figure gradually fading in the rippling mirror.

Lumian sat quietly in his chair, muttering to himself, Is this a trap?

Wanak, Albus, and Gusian are using people as pawns in a drama to ambush me?

Or is Wanak using this chance to eliminate Albus, Gusian, and me together?

...

Lumian thought about many things, until his head hurt.

Forget it, I'll think about these conspiracies in a few days. Facing Hunters is troublesome. For now, focus on reading... Lumian turned his attention back to "Examples of Mausoleum Construction."

After another hour, he closed the book, satisfied.

After nearly a week of effort, he had finally finished the first batch of books specified by Heraberg, and could take the exam at the Knowledge Cathedral tomorrow!

Lumian lay back on his bed and fell asleep.

In a hazy state, he saw an army.

The soldiers were clad in iron-black armor, marching across a reddish plain, with something drifting in the distance.

Sensing Lumian's gaze, they turned their heads simultaneously, their eyes piercing.

Lumian saw their faces: Under the iron-black helmets, their skin was pale and shriveled, like all moisture and flesh had been drained, tightly clinging to their skulls. Dark red flames burned in their eye sockets.

Mummies...

An army of undead?

As this realization dawned on Lumian, immense fear surged from his heart, urging him to submit to some unknown entity.

He struggled against this feeling, finally waking up.

He opened his eyes to find it was just a dream. Outside, the sky was dim, with no sign of dawn.

Too much knowledge about 0-01 might be increasing the corruption? Lumian pondered for a few seconds, then forced himself to sleep a bit more until six in the morning.

Julie hadn't returned overnight. After breakfast, Lumian packed the books into his Traveler's Bag and headed straight to the Knowledge Cathedral.

Heraberg, in a white robe lined with brass, was explaining things to a group of new exiles. Lumian waited until the new exiles left the cathedral, then smiled and presented the books to Heraberg. "Your Grace, I've finished reading these books."

"Adding 'Your Grace' this time?" Heraberg teased with a smile, taking the books and pointing to the corresponding brass bookshelf. "Go there and pick a paper to do."

Prepared for this, Lumian walked to the bookshelf and randomly picked a paper.

As he searched for a table and chair, he glanced at the questions on the paper.

Suddenly, his gaze froze.

The first question was: "Have you had any nightmares recently?"

The second question was: "Please describe the content of the nightmare in detail."

Is this an exam on knowledge points? Doesn't seem like it... more like those psychological test questions Anthony brought back from the Psychiatrist Guild... Lumian thought, writing his answers on the brass bookshelf's protrusions.

He answered the entire paper truthfully.

"Done." Lumian felt like he was back in Cordu, reporting to his sister that he'd finished his test.

"Let me see." Heraberg extended his right hand.

After reviewing Lumian's answers from start to finish, he nodded slightly.

"You don't need to read all the books on these three shelves. Just this, this, and this..."

Heraberg pointed out eight books with a smile. "Finish these, and that'll be enough."

Huh? Don't need to read all three shelves? Just these eight books?

Lumian was momentarily puzzled, not understanding the basis for Heraberg's judgment.

Were the remaining books on those shelves suddenly unimportant?

Thinking about the test paper's content, Lumian had some guesses.

He thoughtfully responded to Heraberg, "Alright, Your Grace."

As he placed the books into the Traveler's Bag, Lumian roughly estimated the time needed.

If he focused without any interruptions, he could finish one book a day, but that would be suspicious.

About two weeks, maybe a bit more... But according to Heraberg, finishing these is enough, much better than my initial plan of taking six months to read all three shelves... Lumian quietly breathed a sigh of relief, feeling much better.

He mimicked his sister Aurora and Franca's occasional crazy talk, thinking with a smile.

Albus, Julie, Gusian, and Wanak, wait two weeks. Once I'm done studying, I'll kill you all!

Hmm, for now, I'll take advantage of Wanak's "invitation" to find clues from Albus about Hand Bro's head...

And gather intelligence on the Demoness as well...

...

Saturday night, Trier, Quartier de la Cathédrale Commémorative.

Franca looked at Jenna, who had naturally moved into the guest room after returning from Port LeSeur, and didn't ask why. Feeling a bit upset, she said, "You don't seem very happy. Is Julien insisting on returning to Trier?"

"Yes, he's so stubborn." Jenna sighed deeply.

Actually, so are you, and your mother too... Franca muttered internally, saying, "Don't worry, there's still about a month to figure something out."

"Yeah." Jenna glanced at Franca, who had changed into a warlock's cloak. "Are you filling in for Lumian at that mysticism gathering?"

"Yes." Franca tossed the silver Lie earring into the air and caught it again.

Compared to her initial reluctance and anxiety, now she felt more anticipation.

It's quite exciting, isn't it?

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Chapter 813 The Abnormality of Warlocks

813 The Abnormality of Warlocks

Franca walked to the full-length mirror and put the silver Lie earring on her left ear.

Her skin immediately turned semi-transparent, and tiny meat tendrils seemed to grow beneath it.

These meat tendrils squirmed and shifted, gathering together again.

In just twenty to thirty seconds, Franca transformed into the appearance Lumian used to disguise as Aurore.

After adjusting herself a bit, she smoothed down her blonde hair and looked at her reflection, saying, "Aurore is really beautiful... Lie is amazing, it can do this much."

"You've never used Lie before?" Jenna, standing nearby, asked in confusion.

She remembered Franca using it more than once.

Franca chuckled and explained, "It's been a while. Just feeling nostalgic.

Plus, after becoming a Demoness of Pleasure and using Lie to tweak my appearance, I didn't dare do it again. Afraid I'd fall in love with myself and get lost in my own beauty.

"Now I've just made a slight adjustment to Aurore's face, and she looks so beautiful. A natural beauty like her taking the Demoness pathway, I can't imagine how stunning she'd become. Lie and the Demoness, they're a perfect match, but it's too easy to lose oneself, preferring to live in lies than face the truth."

Seeing Franca still able to joke around, Jenna quietly breathed a sigh of relief and nodded with a smile. "For us Demonesses, Lie is the most delicious poison."

Franca murmured in agreement and turned back to the full-length mirror to adjust her height.

Before leaving, she looked at Jenna and thoughtfully asked, "You need a few more good acts to fully digest your Witch potion, right?"

"Yes, if I rely on similar performances as before, it will take time and repetition," Jenna replied, knowing what Franca was about to say.

Just like she often did, Franca was about to impart some life, no, digestion experience.

With Aurore's enhanced beauty, Franca smiled.

"I think your acts have overlooked the black magic aspect of a Witch. Think about it, isn't black magic an essential part of many Witch legends? And many of those legends were likely left by real Witches.

"You could try finding a scoundrel, someone who deserves to be hanged, collect their hair and flesh, and as a Witch, predict their doom. Use black magic to torment them daily until they die."

Jenna pondered for a moment. "I can give it a shot."

But... I do hope you becoming a Demoness of Pleasure would change things... Franca sighed inwardly but maintained her smile, pulled up her hood, walked out the door, and disappeared into the hallway shadows.

The scheduled offline gathering was at 6 Rue Belfort on Avenue du Boulevard, a four-story mansion with a garden, located in a luxurious area. Despite its opulence, it was always rented out for 15,000 verl d'or a year, having housed dukes, bankers, and diplomats.

Now, it had no long-term tenants and was temporarily rented for a week by the gathering's organizer, Professor.

Passing through the garden lit by gas lamps and circling a fountain with statues, Franca reached the mansion's entrance, where a table with a sign-in book was placed.

This was the simplest form of identity verification to prevent some odd Trieriens from wandering in.

Franca recalled Aurore's notes, mimicked the handwriting, and signed Muggle with a deliberate slant.

It felt like an unseen gaze lingered on the sign-in book for two seconds.

Silently, the mansion door opened, and Franca stepped inside.

She slowed her pace, seriously recalling the mannerisms of Muggle from the Curly-Haired Baboons Research Society gatherings.

Franca, highly professional in her role-playing, had previously used dream divination to retrieve those buried memories. Now, she quickly captured Aurore's walking style.

She shortened her steps and lightened her waist movements.

The mansion's living room was homely, with red and yellow decorations bringing an indescribable warmth.

Eight members of the Curly-Haired Baboons Research Society were disguised as they had been in the Nation of the Evernight to indicate their identities. Some sat in the sofa area, drinking and chatting, while others played darts in a corner.

Professor, wearing a black butterfly mask, left the sofa with an orange cocktail in hand and approached Franca.

With a faint smile on her lips, she said, "Let's chat first, catch up on recent events, then we can drink, play board games, sing, and play cards. How does that sound?"

Great! If offline gatherings were just for trading items and exchanging mystical knowledge without any entertainment, what's the point? One reason Franca was willing to attend was that it had been a while since she had fun with her "fellow countrymen"'-teaching Lumian and Jenna to fully understand certain things was too troublesome.

Franca gracefully pulled up a high stool and sat next to Professor, casting a glance at familiar faces like Periodic Table and Isotope, wondering if there were any hidden Moses Ascetic Order members.

"Muggle, are you settled in Trier?" The Academy team member with a periodic table painted on his face curiously asked Franca.

Franca restrained her overly active side, showing just a bit to match Muggle's usual behavior, smiling as she answered, "For now, yes. But considering Trier's situation, I don't plan to stay long. I might move in a while."

She subtly reminded her "countrymen" that Trier was dangerous, like living on an active volcano that could erupt anytime.

"Why do you say that?" Professor keenly asked the question Franca hoped for.

Franca curved her lips into a smile and pointed to the floor. "I encountered some things in Underground Trier that made me think great dangers are brewing below. They could erupt at any time."

"Like the Mirror People?" Professor asked thoughtfully.

Franca nodded gently. "Yes."

She didn't say much; it was confidential, and even if she did, others might not believe it without evidence.

Professor, Isotope, and others fell silent, pondering something. Associate Professor and others playing darts returned to the sofa area, steering the conversation

elsewhere.

During the exchange, Franca was more active than Lumian had been, understanding many codes and familiar with many things, not afraid of making mistakes or missing memes.

Professor glanced at her, pleased. "It seems you've recovered from the April Fool's incident, back to your usual self, not as silent as before, mostly just observing."

Uh... Franca suddenly felt she might have messed up.

Not that her disguise as Muggle was bad, but rather too good.

If Lumian returned, the Academy members would surely wonder why she seemed post-traumatic again.

Can't just say she was hurt again, right?

Franca's mind raced, quickly finding a reason. "Actually, I haven't fully recovered. Some wounds might never heal. But chatting with everyone just now made me feel like I was back in the past."

Professor expressed her understanding. She was about to say more when her face, not covered by the black butterfly mask, suddenly twisted in pain, her eyes bulging as if enduring great agony.

She bent over, clutching her head.

Franca paused, quickly scanning the others, noticing Associate Professor, Isotope, and Periodic Table with similar reactions. Only two non-Warlock members were unaffected.

Oh, I'm a Warlock now too... Franca mimicked their reactions, recalling the pain from her advancement ritual, displaying a headache-like state.

After two or three minutes, Professor straightened up, slowly exhaling.

The non-Warlock member code-named Griffin asked, "What happened to you all?"

Then, a realization struck Griffin. "The evil god Hidden Sage was injecting knowledge again?"

Associate Professor in the brown paper bag laughed bitterly. "Yes."

"In broadcast format? I thought it was one-on-one," Griffin marveled.

"Both happen." Periodic Table massaged her head, addressing Franca and the others, "Have you noticed the Hidden Sage has been injecting knowledge more frequently since that terrifying rainstorm?"

"Yes." Periodic Table nodded solemnly.

Seeing the Warlocks agree, Franca nodded too.

She pondered, Could this anomaly be related to the Celestial Master?

When Fourth Epoch Trier's seal was briefly opened, some powers leaked out, making the already insane Hidden Sage even crazier?

Franca knew the "terrifying rainstorm" referred to the time when the Hostel Project briefly opened the Fourth Epoch Trier's seal.

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Chapter 814 Missing "Ten Pillars"

814 Missing "Ten Pillars"

Franca couldn't talk about the Celestial Master at the moment, nor could she ask the Professors what knowledge the Hidden Sage had imparted.

She could only note this anomaly silently and planned to report it to Madam Judgment later, so the Major Arcana card holders could determine what was wrong.

After a moment of silence, Isotope spoke heavily, "Everyone here understands the pain of being force-fed knowledge by the Hidden Sage.

So far, we can barely endure it, but if the frequency increases, or the intensity goes up, it won't be long before our brains explode with knowledge, turning us into monsters."

Professor sighed slowly. "I agree. We must have a sense of crisis."

Periodic Table seemed a bit unstable. "I do feel a sense of crisis, but does it help? Can we unite and kill the Hidden Sage? I used to have such fantasies, but now... heh heh."

Franca could understand the last two sentences from Periodic Table. In the first two or three years after transmigrating into this world, as an atheist who had read many novels, she initially regarded the Seven Gods as more powerful Beyonders. She believed that as someone on the path of the divine, she might one day have a chance to slay deities and prove her way. But after witnessing more, gaining more knowledge in mysticism, she deeply understood the gap between Low- and Mid-Sequence Beyonders and demigods.

And that was just demigods, not true gods.

According to the Demoness of Black, true gods could modify and adjust the Sequence abilities within their pathways to some extent!

Meanwhile, Franca recalled the past and noticed that during their gatherings in the Nation of the Evernight, the Warlocks rarely expressed such intense negative emotions. Now, they were no longer hiding their pain and struggle, showing it very directly.

The Academy group has too many non-Warlock members, and those here today are a small circle who know each other well, so they can be more genuine? But I-no, Muggle-am not part of your circle. Are these intense emotions partly an act?

What's the purpose? Franca didn't know if Lumian had infected her with paranoia or if her experiences with the Savoie Mob and the Demoness Sect had made her cautious.

"Yeah, what can we do..." she echoed Periodic Table's sentiment, seemingly touched.

Professor, steady as usual, said gently, "At least we can look for items or methods to reduce the negative effects of the Knowledge Pursuer.

Periodic Table was silent for a moment, then sighed deeply. "That's all we can do for now."

The Warlocks, along with Griffin and Eagle, discussed this issue, proposing various ideas and rejecting most, leaving a few for further verification.

Franca also used her imagination. Eventually, she said thoughtfully, "It's a pity we can't predict exactly when the Hidden Sage will go mad.

Otherwise, I know a place that might effectively reduce the impact."

"What place?" Associate Professor asked quickly.

Franca didn't intend to hide it. She felt that if Lumian were here, he would definitely reveal that location to the Professors.

Based on her understanding of Lumian: She had long noticed that Lumian was especially empathetic towards those with similar experiences and sufferings as his. Although he spoke harshly, he couldn't help but provide some assistance. Similarly, he also empathized with those who had similar experiences to Aurore, often putting himself in his sister's shoes.

Franca sighed slightly. "The small sacrificial square at the entrance of the third level of the catacombs. It seems to have remnants of the powers of the Eternal Blazing Sun and the God of Steam and Machinery, which can shield most of the external influences."

Professor's eyes brightened slightly under the butterfly mask. "I've been there, but I didn't know there were remnants of divine power."

She paused, adding, "This is actually very useful. When we are on the brink of breaking, I will take a box of white candles and enough food, stay at the sacrificial square until the accumulated effects dissipate and my body and soul recover, then come back up."

"Exactly!" Franca was happy for these Curly-Haired Baboons Research Society members.

Professor continued to say to Periodic Table and the others, "We can also seek help from Beyonders of the Apothecary pathway to produce medicine that quickly restores the body and soul."

"Temporary enhancement of brain capacity, learning ability, and soul strength would also work," Isotope and the others chimed in.

Their spirits finally lifted a bit.

After another half-hour of chatting, Professor and Associate Professor called a few people to fetch the board games from the study, while Franca stood up and went to the small bar in the opposite living room to get a drink.

As she hesitated between fruit beer and soda, Periodic Table came to her side, looking over the drinks and lowering his voice, "Muggle, weren't you looking for members of the Moses Ascetic Order?"

Seeing Muggle with her hood pulled up turning to him, Periodic Table's chemical symbols on his face shifted as he smiled. "I am one."

So, finally, you're admitting? Franca wasn't surprised at all.

She even suspected all the Warlocks in this small circle were members, and Griffin and Eagle, who were not Warlocks, might be as well.

"You guessed it a long time ago?" Periodic Table noticed Muggle had no emotional fluctuation.

Franca chuckled softly. "It's not strange. I'm also a member of another secret organization. Many in the Research Society should have backgrounds in secret organizations or orthodox churches. It's not a problem as long as it doesn't violate our contract."

Periodic Table smiled. "That's true. You mentioned a Mirror Person named Griffith secretly replacing one of our members? I have a suspect now."

Franca had been tracking the whereabouts of the ore scholar, Jasmine- suspected to be Mirror People Palia-but had no leads. She didn't expect a clue about the more important Mirror Person, Griffith.

"Who is it?" she asked directly.

Period Table organized his thoughts. "Normally, I should report this to the higher-ups of the Ascetic Order for confirmation and handling, but I can't contact my direct Pillar lately."

"Pillar?" Franca asked, puzzled.

"The brass of our Moses Ascetic Order consists of the Ten Pillars, ten powerful demigods, maybe more. The one responsible for the Trier greater region and my direct superior is Kmerolo. After the terrifying rainstorm, his orders have lessened, and recently, we've had no response from our attempts to contact him," Periodic Table explained heavily.

After the Hostel Project, the brass of the Moses Ascetic Order in Trier had anomalies and then disappeared? This information is crucial and must be reported quickly... Franca looked at Periodic Table and asked, "No emergency contact with other Pillars?"

Period Table sighed. "No. Normally, we should pray to the Hidden Sage, report the anomaly, and He would give a revelation. But we tried, and there was no revelation, nor did any other Pillar contact us."

Because the Hidden Sage has gone crazier? Franca nodded. "Go on."

Periodic Table laughed bitterly. "This situation isn't bad. Though lacking high-level guidance and resources, we also don't have dangerous tasks -unless Nikila is the Mirror Person Griffith."

"Nikila?" Franca pressed.

Periodic Table tersely acknowledged. "He's Kmerolo's deputy. Recently, his behavior makes me suspect he might be a Mirror Person."

"What behavior?" Franca asked in confirmation.

Periodic Table thought and said, "He gets angry more easily, has more negative emotions, and I noticed he seems awkward using his right hand, though he's right-handed."

"What's his real identity?" Franca's eyes lit up.

Periodic Table hesitated. "I can't be sure he's a Mirror Person. It's normal to have uncontrolled negative emotions after prolonged knowledge infusion. Before telling you his identity and possible residence, I hope to sign a notarized document with you, ensuring if he's not the Mirror Person, you won't kill him and must let him go."

As he spoke, he took out an expensive notarized document from a hidden pocket.

Seeing Muggle's slightly surprised look, Periodic Table laughed self-deprecatingly.

"Blame it on us following the maxim, 'do as you wish, but do no harm."

"Sure, no problem," Franca agreed readily.

She wasn't one to kill innocents.

...

Late at night in Morora.

Lumian put down his book, rubbed his aching head, and decided to rest by thinking of something else.

As he considered if he had missed any enemies or competitors, the mirror in the room glowed with water.

Wanak, with iron-black eyes and blood-red hair, appeared again, saying in a deep voice, "Gusain and Albus are about to step into the trap. I'll tell you my 'hiding place' now."

Is it starting? Lumian's mind immediately focused.

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Chapter 815 Super Augmentation

815 Super Augmentation

As Wanak's figure faded from the mirror's surface, Lumian reluctantly stowed the books on his desk into his Traveler's Bag.

He stood up, left the room, and walked to Julie's door, knocking lightly twice.

Julie quickly opened the door, hugging a blanket to her chest, her bare shoulders glowing like twin mounds of snow under the moonlight.

"I wasn't trying to harass you!" she said with a hint of anticipation.

Lumian spoke as if to himself, "Wanak has invited me to deal with Gusain and Albus together, right in the ruins of Dades Agricultural Company."

Without waiting for Julie's response, Lumian turned and walked down the stairs, merging into the darkness that enveloped the night.

...

Inside a fog-filled hollow, in front of four statues facing each other, Gusain, wearing a silk top hat, said to Albus, who was clad in a black jacket with red stripes, "We can't be sure if the clues about Wanak are bait. We might step into a trap later."

Albus, hands in his pockets, chuckled. "That's why we're here. Whether there's a trap or not, as long as we're strong enough, we can invalidate their schemes and make them swallow the bitter fruit of their failure."

Gusain nodded lightly. "Yes, I've heard a saying: no matter how many eggs band together, they can't break a stone. What we need to do now is become that stone. Last time, we weren't sure if we could pinpoint Wanak, so we didn't risk activating the altar's full power to avoid wasting it. Now, we can give Wanak a 'surprise'."

Albus chuckled. "Not using it last time was good. The illusion might have made Wanak gather all our targets together, allowing us to deal with them all at once."

Looking around, Albus sneered. "I thought Lumian would return here these days, so I had you leave the Lamp of Calamity on the altar to lure him into using it. I didn't expect him to be such a coward."

"He should have been here," Gusain said, showing detailed knowledge of the altar's surroundings. "He tried multiple times to destroy the statues but failed. This

led the altar to draw some power from the earth to repair itself, causing slight changes in the details. I didn't expect him to resist the urge and call of the Lamp of Calamity and not light it on the spot. For the Hunter pathway, such self-control is rare."

Albus lifted his chin. "You'd better perform the ritual now. Heh heh, and check the Lamp of Calamity to see if it's been tampered with or has had something added to it. A Hunter not causing some damage would be unworthy of the pathway's name."

"Are you underestimating my caution?" Gusain laughed, approaching the pedestal and picking up the lamp containing a semi-solid, semi-liquid pale yellow grease.

He carefully inspected it, sniffed its scent, and finally dipped his fingers into the lamp, touching the wick twice.

Gusain immediately withdrew his fingers, letting the white-hot flame ignite the pale yellow grease on them.

The scent of warmth, allure, dark fragrance, and rust quickly filled his nostrils. He half-closed his eyes, nodding slightly. "No problem."

Albus laughed. "Where did you learn the method to create the Lamp of Calamity and the corresponding secret ritual? It's quite fascinating."

"You'll find out later. Once we finish this, we'll be true companions," Gusain replied with a smile.

He turned, facing the four statues and the Lamp of Calamity, and took a small blue iron soldier from a hidden pocket, placing it on the pedestal.

Isn't it just the Fourth Epoch Trier? What's so hard to guess? Still keeping secrets... Companions, heh heh... Albus began to back away from Gusain, instinctively keeping a distance out of caution.

Finally, Albus stopped about fifteen meters away, watching through the thick fog as Gusain lit the lamp, sat cross-legged on the ground, and entered Cogitation to complete the secret ritual.

In just over ten seconds, Gusain, surrounded by a seductive dark fragrance, "saw" a dense fog.

Unlike the war fog in the hollow, this fog was tinged with a ghostly black hue, covering a city with no visible boundaries, only faint outlines.

Half-dazed, half-awake, Gusain floated to a familiar place.

After some time, he reached a tall shadow-like tower and descended rapidly, entering its eerie, sinister base.

Here, it seemed there was a well, blending into the darkness.

Gusain repeated the purpose of the ritual to fight off the increasing drowsiness.

He neared the well, gazing into it.

He then "saw" moss-covered stones and iron-black chains attached to the well's walls. The engravings on the chains were blurred, hard to discern.

I can now see the inside of the well's walls?

Never could before...

The ritual's effectiveness is due to my proximity to the great existence?

Gusain felt a surge of joy.

He excitedly looked at the dark water in the well.

The water rippled lightly, gradually forming a figure.

Gusain strained to see, suddenly spotting patches of brown bark.

The bark was embedded in a face, bringing an indescribable horror.

Bark... Gusain was simultaneously frightened and puzzled.

Why would bark appear here?

Shouldn't it be steel and blood?

Instinctively, Gusain looked at his hands, finding patches of brown bark rising on his skin.

Wh- Gusain's pupils dilated as he looked back at the well's dark water surface.

He saw the reflected figure clearly.

It was himself!

His face was covered with mottled bark!

The next moment, the bark squirmed, sinking inward and turning flesh-colored.

They became wet spores embedded in flesh, blooming to release countless tiny naked figures.

Gusain's terror broke its limits. He abruptly opened his eyes, breaking free from the ritual experience.

Huff... Panting heavily, he saw the iron soldier on the pedestal rapidly expanding to three or four meters tall, its eyes iron-black instead of the burning dark-red.

The iron soldier's spear was quickly covered in white-blue flames.

"Success..." Gusain steadied himself, no longer tense.

He thought the anomaly was due to his proximity to the great existence, deepening the ritual experience, thus showing more details.

"I'm stronger now..." Gusain stood up, extinguishing the Lamp of Calamity.

"This is a soldier puppet with some of the Iron-blooded Knight's power and status?" Albus walked back from a distance.

"Yes, treat it as a weakened Iron-blooded Knight. It's not something Wanak can compare to," Gusain answered confidently.

He hadn't yet examined the benefits and knowledge gained from the ritual.

Albus took a few steps and then stopped, looking at Gusain with a playful smile. "Your hair has grown."

My hair has grown? Gusain turned his head, seeing his brown hair had grown to his cheeks from above his ears.

He suddenly had a guess:

Did this ritual bring me closer to the Demoness pathway?

With this suspicion, he lowered his head.

Sure enough, his chest was slowly bulging, stretching his shirt, sweater, and coat.

At the same time, Gusain smelled a faint milky scent.

Milky scent... Gusain was stunned.

Does the Demoness mutation cause this?

He was about to ask Albus about his changes when he saw his collaborator backing away.

Immediately, Gusain felt the iron soldier behind him bending over, its head lowering to his ear with the sound of metal clashing and rubbing.

The iron soldier spoke with a metallic voice, softly calling, "Mother."

"Mother... Me?" Gusain, confused, looked down to see his abdomen swelling visibly.

Seeing this, his mind buzzed, feeling as if he was reborn.

Albus, retreating slowly to avoid triggering anomalies, saw Gusain looking at him, smiling with maternal radiance, his blue eyes icy and sinister.

...

Rumble!

A massive explosion occurred in a district with a volcanic crater, sending a white fireball rolling into the sky, turning red, creating thick smoke.

In the ruins of Dades Agricultural Company, hidden in the underground chamber, Lumian and Wanak felt the near-earthquake-like disturbance.

From the direction of the tremor, Lumian quickly guessed:

The hollow filled with war fog?

A fierce explosion happened there?

Did Albus and Gusain make some preparations before dealing with Wanak, lighting the lamp I tampered with, causing an accident?

Lumian immediately shouted to Wanak, "The situation has changed!"

Then, he left the shadow state, teleporting to the corresponding district.

He didn't choose the hollow entrance with war fog as his destination, fearing the explosion was a bait by Albus and Gusain!

Only a Hunter knew how treacherous a Hunter could be!

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Chapter 816 Dark Forest

816 Dark Forest

On the edge of the district destroyed by the volcanic eruption, Lumian's figure swiftly emerged, his gaze fixed on the site of the violent explosion.

The ground had collapsed into a massive crater, thin wisps of fog rising from it, though not yet dense.

Albus Medici leaped out of the crater, followed closely by a three-to-four-meter-tall iron soldier wielding a white-blue flaming spear.

Lumian transformed into a shadowy creature again, blending into the darkness untouched by the firelight.

He decided to observe the scene before taking action.

Almost simultaneously, he saw a figure emerge from the crater, half blending into the night, half illuminated by the firelight: long hair draping over shoulders, a chest protruding prominently, and a stomach appearing swollen as if from excessive beer.

At a glance, Lumian recognized the figure from its now feminine, motherly face-Gusain.

Gusain turned into a woman? And is pregnant? Lumian was initially stunned, then quickly pieced together what had likely happened.

He remembered adding a bit of Berserk Agent and Bark Agent to the altar's oil lamp, both sourced from the Nightstalkers which were imbued with the power of the Great Mother.

So Gusain was the one who performed the ritual using the lamp? He already had some abilities linked to the mirror world, indicating his previous ritual knowledge and power were partly from the Demoness pathway. The Demoness pathway is closely tied to femininity in mysticism. So, with the divine effects of the corpse wax candle amplifying the Demoness experience, the Berserk Agent and Bark Agent linked his ritual to the Great Mother, resulting in this mutation?

Fascinating...

Lumian watched Albus Medici battle the motherly version of Gusain and the iron soldier, which was much stronger than previous soldier puppets.

He had no intention of helping either side at the moment.

A Hunter only struck at the most critical moment!

Frankly, if Albus Medici hadn't taken the head of the Abscessed Hand, Lumian wouldn't want to eliminate him right now. Even if Wanak's bait plan was a great success, trapping Albus and Gusain, he might still find an opportunity to let Albus escape.

This was to maintain a balance.

Until he finished his studies, Lumian didn't want any one competitor to dominate completely.

That would likely cause a sudden change in circumstances, forcing him to prematurely enter the underground mausoleum before finishing the books Archbishop Heraberg provided.

So, Lumian observed the fight, patiently waiting for an opportunity to get clues about the Abscessed Hand's head from Albus Medici, while casually admiring Gusain's transformation and the terrifying iron soldier.

Rumble! Rumble! Rumble!

Hunter battles were always marked by violent explosions. Buildings, their foundations already hollowed out and walls damaged by the volcanic eruption, collapsed one after another, raising thick dust clouds.

Seizing an opportunity, Albus Medici leaped into the air, forming a white-blue flaming longsword and slashing it at the iron soldier's head.

Boom!

The sword exploded, splitting the iron soldier's head open.

But the iron soldier didn't collapse. Instead, Gusain's right cheek instantly dented and deformed grotesquely.

In the next moment, Gusain's skull and muscles quickly writhed and expanded, restoring themselves.

With this change, the iron soldier's head also rapidly healed.

Wh- self-healing power from the Great Mother pathway, combined with the Sword of Courage's trait of sharing damage? Not only can they endure damage but they can also share abilities? Lumian felt a chill down his spine.

What kind of monster did my additives create?

Seeing this, Albus turned into a white flaming spear, shooting past the collapsing buildings to distance himself from the iron soldier and Gusain.

Thick fog enveloped the area around him, covering the streets for dozens of meters.

Seeing this, Lumian's eyelid twitched slightly.

He sensed that Albus Medici intended to flee.

He would too!

Facing the mutated Gusain and a near-demigod iron soldier, a slight misstep could result in severe injuries or death on the spot. Even if he fought hard and won, he wouldn't emerge unscathed and would likely have to face villains attracted by the commotion. It was better to leave the two monsters for the enforcers or the Church of Knowledge to handle.

An enemy's death was a good outcome, no matter who killed them.

As the war fog formed, Lumian saw a figure appear atop the nearby ruins.

It was Wanak, with iron-black eyes and blood-red hair.

He took a step forward, raised his hands, and lifted his head as if praying to a deity.

Ooo! Morora's already volatile weather suddenly whipped into a hurricane, uprooting trees and forming a vortex connecting the sky nearby.

Whoosh! The hurricane blew away the war fog, revealing Albus Medici's position to Lumian and the others.

A citywide hurricane? Only a demigod could manage that, and not even all demigods... Right, given Morora's extreme weather, and considering Wanak's connection to 0-01, it's not as terrifying as I thought... Lumian's gaze sharpened as he noticed Julie, clad in a cotton nightgown, appearing in the shadows about ten meters from Albus.

The Demoness held a mirror, reflecting part of Albus's image.

Julie's acting now, perfectly coordinating with Wanak? Lumian was initially surprised, then understood why.

Everyone present sensed Albus was in trouble. Without prior agreement, they all made the same choice:

To ambush Albus-to nail his coffin shut!

This is the game's rule, the rule of Hunter and Demoness conflicts: without powerful constraints like notarized documents, alliances are fluid, constantly shifting. But if someone shows weakness, everyone else will target them, giving no chance for recovery... Enlightened, Lumian saw Julie raise her right hand covered in demoness black flames, wiping it across the mirror reflecting Albus.

Almost simultaneously, Albus burst into flames, turning into crimson fire that shot out in all directions.

Some of the flames turned black, becoming calm from blazing, ultimately falling into the underground hollow still emitting war fog.

The remaining crimson flames regrouped about ten meters away, reforming Albus's body.

His aura weakened significantly.

In his eyes appeared a blazing white flame.

A white flaming spear shot from the shadows.

Lumian had joined in, attacking the downed dog.

Seeing this, Albus's short red hair instantly ignited, extending downward, as if turning into shoulder-length hair.

His face took on a faint iron-black hue.

Boom!

The white flaming spear exploded before hitting him, like a bursting firework.

Lumian's figure appeared behind Albus, his eyes shining silver-black.

He swung a fist at Albus.

The fist slowed, as if bearing a heavy fate.

Lumian was attempting to exchange Albus's fate.

Of course, he didn't expect success. He aimed to quickly browse Albus's fate, finding fragments related to the Abscessed Hand's head to locate it.

This was the most crucial task for him.

The silver illusory river of complex symbols quickly filled Lumian's vision, materializing countless fate fragments flowing forward.

Ignoring the rest, Lumian searched swiftly for his target by the approximate timeline.

In a blink, a fate fragment enlarged before him: Albus holding the rotten blue-black Abscessed Hand's head, walking to the underground mausoleum entrance, tossing it in from a distance, hearing it bounce around inside like a ball...

In the underground mausoleum? No wonder I couldn't sense it... Quite the hiding spot... Quite the provocation... At that moment, Lumian felt it wasn't a bad idea to kill Albus here.

This guy really knows how to annoy people!

The next second, before the fate exchange, he lost sight of Albus's silver river of fate.

The Medici descendant, realizing Lumian was behind him, turned into a blazing white flaming spear, shooting out of the ruins.

The iron soldier created white-blue Fire Ravens, chasing the spear like living creatures. Gusain raised his head, preparing to emit a shrill screech, friend and foe alike be damned.

Julie disappeared into the shadows again, but gray-white threads of spider silk appeared before and beside Albus's flaming spear, forming a resilient web waiting for him.

The hurricane hadn't stopped. Wanak leaped into the air, forming a massive white-blue flaming broadsword, ready to slash at Albus.

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Chapter 817 Lightning Strikes

817 Lightning Strikes

Albus's blazing-white flaming spear was about to crash into the layered gray-white web but suddenly disintegrated in mid-air.

Within the raindrop-like flaming fragments, Albus's figure emerged, rapidly falling to the ground to avoid the Demoness's web.

The white-blue Fire Ravens created by the iron soldier curved in the air, corrected their flight paths, and locked onto Albus again. Wanak, who had leaped up using the hurricane, descended, raising his flaming broadsword to strike heavily at his target.

The explosions and the sound of metal clashing erupted simultaneously.

The swarm of Fire Ravens surrounded Albus before he could touch the ground, attacking him relentlessly, individually and in groups.

The blast wave and spreading white-blue flames threw Albus upward, right into Wanak's descending broadsword.

Clang!

The broadsword struck as if hitting metal, producing a cracking sound.

The resulting force slammed Albus to the ground from a height of two or three meters.

Boom!

The impact caused the ground to cave in, revealing the underground hollow filled with thick fog.

Albus fell in.

As soon as Wanak landed, he prepared to jump into the hollow to prevent Albus from escaping or recovering.

Suddenly, he hesitated and didn't make the jump.

He could only create hurricanes in Morora's unique environment and let them wreak havoc in the City of Exiles, unable to direct them precisely underground.

Fighting another special Hunter in the fog-filled, low-visibility hollow wasn't wise; it would put him in danger.

By this time, Lumian had finished attempting the Fate Exchange and withdrew his fist.

He deeply suspected that Albus's intended escape destination was either outside the ruins or the underground hollow covered in war fog.

The Medici descendant had never planned to easily break through the obstacles set by the Hunters, Demoness, and monster. Instead, he deliberately showed this tendency, using their obstruction to forcefully break through the already unstable ground during the previous battle and fall into his real destination.

That way, he could rely on the environment to escape the encirclement, try to hide, and find other possible exits.

Disguising his true intentions to confuse his enemies? No wonder he's a Medici... Lumian nodded thoughtfully.

Meanwhile, he also noticed Albus's astounding defense.

Not only had he withstood the Fire Ravens' bombardment, but he had also blocked Wanak's Cull strike, emerging with only minor injuries.

Simply metallizing his body to some extent couldn't achieve this. Lumian suspected Albus had an item or companion similar to the Sword of Courage that shared at least half the damage.

Considering Albus's abilities surpassing Sequence 5 and some beyond Sequence 5's capabilities, Lumian reasonably deduced a special connection with the Red Angel, allowing him to share some of the latter's power and endure some of the damage-an ability Hunters gained and deepened starting at the demigod level.

If not for being in Morora, the land sealing 0-01, Lumian believed Albus could have borrowed true demigod power, not facing so many limitations.

As the iron soldier prepared to jump into the fog-filled hollow to chase Albus, the motherly Gusain raised his head and let out a sharp, piercing howl.

Lumian and Wanak's minds buzzed simultaneously, their thoughts shattered, life force rapidly draining, causing weakness in the very depths of their souls.

Crack!

In the darkness at the edge of the district, a mirror shattered on the ground, revealing Julie's figure.

In the next second, Gusain fixed his gaze on Lumian, completely ignoring Wanak and Julie.

He caressed his increasingly swollen belly, his blue eyes turning vicious.

Under his will, the near Sequence 4 iron soldier abandoned the pursuit of Albus, turning to target Lumian.

Seeing this, Lumian, enduring the throbbing headache and buzzing in his ears, smiled and waved at Gusain and the iron soldier.

His figure then disappeared, leaving Gusain and the iron soldier to Wanak and Julie.

Bye-bye!

Lumian teleported to the entrance of the Church of Knowledge, just as two teams of black-robed enforcers rushed out.

He walked into the cathedral, found a corner, and sat on the floor, pulling out a borrowed book from the Traveler's Bag, leaning against the brass bookshelf, and began studying.

He was concerned that the child Gusain carried might pose a significant threat and target him, so he sought the Knowledge Cathedral's protection.

I'm studying so diligently, shouldn't you show some appreciation, Church of Knowledge?

In the ruins of the mostly collapsed buildings, Wanak noticed Gusain's belly had swollen even more, looking increasingly like a woman about to give birth.

The belly started writhing as if something inside was trying to break free.

Wanak's gaze froze, immediately raising his hands and head towards the cloudy sky.

Dark clouds gathered quickly, and Morora's weather changed again.

Silver lightning snakes darted through the clouds, converging into a tree-like lightning bolt as thick as a bucket, striking down.

The terrifying lightning targeted Gusain and the baby inside him!

Gusain vanished, hiding in a ghostly wasteland.

But the silver "giant python" pursued him relentlessly, piercing through the void, striking his belly with unavoidable speed.

Bang!

The thunderclap woke the city's exiles.

The wasteland shattered like a mirror, revealing Gusain's blackened belly, emitting a burnt smell as he reappeared in the ruins.

Thud! A charred lump of flesh fell from his belly, struggled briefly, and then lay still.

Gusain froze, life force completely drained, and collapsed.

His flesh rapidly shriveled, turning him into a charred mummy, with large blood-colored blisters appearing on his body.

Another bolt of lightning, formed by countless silver snakes, struck the blistering Gusain.

Boom!

Gusain twitched a few times and died completely.

"Mom!" the iron soldier cried, running to Gusain, crouching down, and picking him up.

Julie seized the opportunity, reflecting the iron soldier in her mirror and covering it with Demoness black flames.

The iron soldier was instantly engulfed in black flames, burning from the inside out.

It stood up, wielding its white flaming spear, and charged at Wanak and Julie in a frenzy.

For a while, fireballs, Fire Ravens, mirror fragments, burning-white spears, and burning rain appeared continuously, with explosions echoing non-stop.

As Julie prepared to escape using the Mirror Substitution, leaving Wanak to face the iron soldier alone, the iron soldier began to tremble.

Still burning with Demoness black flames, its legs seemed unable to support its body, showing signs of rust and melting.

Clang! Clang! Clang! Metal parts covered in black flames fell off its body.

Soon, the iron soldier turned into a pile of scrap metal.

Wanak, who had been struggling, sighed in relief and sneered at the iron soldier's remains. "All strength and no brains."

With that said, the most dangerous person in Morora then turned his head, looking at Julie a few meters away.

Julie's gaze first fell on his face, then moved down to his crotch.

The Demoness shook her head in disappointment, regretting adding the black flame curse to the iron soldier too early, missing the chance to see Wanak weakened.

Wanak squinted slightly as Julie smiled and retreated into the shadows.

At this moment, the enforcers finally arrived in the district.

...

In the fog-filled hollow, Albus stood in a corner, leaning against the brown rock wall, hair disheveled, clothes tattered, a white cigarette in his mouth.

The Medici descendant took a deep drag and muttered regretfully, "Nobody followed. I was hoping to give you a surprise..."

...

After the explosions subsided and the enforcers returned to the Church of Knowledge, Lumian left and headed for the Carnivore bar.

Archbishop Heraberg of Morora hadn't appeared, seemingly not on duty.

Lumian didn't hurry to sleep. He conjured a white flaming ball and continued reading the books related to 0-01 at a desk.

Soon, Julie returned and knocked on his door.

Lumian, suspending the white flaming ball, opened the shabby wooden door, seeing the neighboring Demoness with moist eyes and flushed cheeks, as if she had just finished some R21 activity.

She held a blood-colored object frozen in ice.

"Wanak's?" Lumian asked with a smile.

Julie sighed and shook her head. "No, I didn't get the chance."

She then accused Lumian, which was her reason for knocking in the middle of the night. "Why did you leave early? Together, we could have cut off Wanak's thing!"

If I hadn't left, something you wouldn't want to see might have happened... Lumian chuckled. "I'm in a partnership with Wanak."

"Pui!" Julie scoffed in disbelief.

She turned and walked towards her room.

After a few steps, she turned back, smiling slyly at Lumian. "Hope you don't regret today's choice."

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Chapter 818 Instigation

818 Instigation

Don't regret today's choice... Lumian watched Julie's back as she entered her room, and he could guess what she meant by her earlier words:

You'll regret not killing Wanak today!

Julie must really place a lot of weight on Wanak... Does she think he'll affect the outcome of the underground mausoleum raid? Lumian muttered to himself, closing the door and returning to his desk.

He understood Julie's concern about Wanak. Earlier, Wanak had demonstrated his unique ability to manipulate Morora's weather, creating a hurricane powerful enough to disperse the war fog covering the entire district. From Lumian's later observations, Wanak had even summoned terrifying lightning strikes.

Although Lumian wasn't sure if these abilities had limitations, possibly relying on the current weather and only being able to guide it to similar conditions without causing drastic changes, Wanak's display still proved he was, in some ways, akin to a demigod.

Most importantly, with Lumian's understanding of 0-01's sealing information, if Wanak had truly submitted to 0-01, he should have exhibited some special abilities yet to be seen.

I remember the night Wanak was ambushed by Albus and Gusain, the weather was clear, while tonight it's very cloudy, suitable for wind, rain, thunder, and lightning... Lumian held a book borrowed from the Church of Knowledge but didn't read it as attentively as before. Instead, he thought carefully about the hidden details in Wanak's behavior.

After a while, Lumian silently laughed at Julie.

In the Demoness's eyes, tonight was indeed the best chance to hunt Wanak-he was severely injured, the iron soldier had near-demigod strength to engage in direct combat, Gusain had undergone a terrifying mutation with unknown abilities, and with Julie, the Demoness of Affliction, and Lumian himself, they had a good chance to permanently take Wanak down in the ruins.

But the problem was, if Lumian hadn't teleported away, he might have become the primary target of Gusain and the iron soldier. In that case, Julie would likely see it as a great opportunity to kill her boss and choose to collaborate with Wanak, assisting Gusain and the iron soldier.

Do you really think I'm that foolish? If Wanak is killed, with Medici heavily wounded and Gusain and the iron soldier destined to be cleaned up by the enforcers or the Church of Knowledge, wouldn't the Demonesses become the sole dominant force? Then, facing their coercion or attacks, I wouldn't be able to find any temporary allies... Such a situation that could drastically change the power dynamics should wait until I finish reading the remaining books... Lumian muttered, adjusting the white flaming ball above his head so it wouldn't cast shadows on the pages.

After determining the whereabouts of the Abscessed Hand, he could focus more on his studies.

Before that, he thought about what Albus Medici and Julie intended to achieve in Morora.

With backing from gods or a King of Angels, they likely weren't just aiming to leave a mark on the terrifying Sealed Artifact, 0-01.

Internal and external coordination to directly steal 0-01? The Church of Knowledge is one of the seven major orthodox churches, it shouldn't be so easy to take their most important Grade 0 Sealed Artifact unless they intend to let it happen...

Relying solely on violent means is probably not feasible, or the Primordial Demoness and the Red Angel would have acted already...

Do they need 0-01 to undergo some change?

And while I have some clues on how to get close to 0-01, I have no idea how to leave a mark and gain its favor... Do I need to rely on the remnants of Alista Tudor's aura?

Or is it related to one of my previous speculations?

Lumian ended his thoughts and read for nearly another hour before lying down to sleep.

In Morora, he slept lightly, always on guard against potential attacks and the neighboring Demoness's "plague."

If he experienced symptoms like fever or cough, he would wake immediately and teleport to the Knowledge Cathedral to check his condition!

If it weren't for the accumulated negative effects of not sleeping for several days, he would rely on the automatic fatigue removal and spirituality restoration at six in the morning to stay up all night.

At the same time, this misled Julie and others-if they discovered he could stay energized without sleep, they might infer the changes occurring at six in the morning, preventing Lumian from utilizing this special refresh state to turn the

tide at critical moments.

The next morning, Lumian deliberately lingered in bed for half an hour before waking up, brushing his teeth, washing up, and heading downstairs to enjoy the breakfast prepared by Lez.

Seven or eight minutes later, Julie returned from outside the bar.

Went out again last night? The Demoness is really good at hiding her movements and whereabouts, it's impossible to track her or even know when she leaves her room... Lumian shifted his gaze back and sipped his milk.

Julie lightly went over to a high stool two seats away from Lumian and remained silent.

Lez glanced at her face, took out a small cake, and added some cream.

"Sweet food can help improve your mood," the Chef said simply, pushing the cream cake towards Julie.

Julie's expression twisted. "I don't need to improve my mood! I'm in a great mood!"

Oh, you're in a bad mood... Last night, you were in a good mood when you knocked on my door... Did something happen when you went out late at night? Lumian openly observed Julie for a few moments.

Lez said, "As a chef, I must accurately judge the current state of the ingredients to choose the most suitable cooking method."

Julie's eyes narrowed, losing any semblance of elegance.

She seemed ready to kill at any moment.

Based on previous observations, only Celeste, the other Demoness, can make Julie's state deteriorate rapidly and her emotions nearly lose control... Did the lovers have a fight? Hmm, my basic psychology knowledge tells me Julie seems more worried than sad. She didn't hide this... Worrying... Lumian placed his right hand on the Traveler's Bag, ready for the Demoness to lose control.

Almost simultaneously, he thought of a possibility.

As a member of the enforcers and a listed experimental subject, Celeste was sure to take shifts in the underground tomb or rotate to replace the puppet. For Celeste, who still retained some self-awareness, this was both an opportunity and a danger!

Julie went out to meet Celeste last night and learned that she would be entering the underground mausoleum soon, possibly returning as a fully controlled experimental subject without self-awareness? No wonder Julie is so worried, her mood deteriorating... Lumian chuckled with understanding.

"What are you laughing at?" Julie glared at him coldly.

Lumian smiled and sighed. "It might be fine this time, but what about next time, or the time after? If you don't solve the root of the problem, one day you'll face an outcome you don't want to accept."

Julie's eyes flickered as she stared at the cream cake, silent for a long time.

When Lumian wiped his mouth and prepared to leave, she frowned slightly and asked, "How much do you know?"

Lumian responded with a smile, "Why don't you take a guess? Maybe I know nothing, and your expression gave me the answer."

With that, Lumian climbed the stairs, leaving Julie staring blankly.

...

Trier, Avenue du Boulevard, 6 Rue Belfort.

In the four-story townhouse late at night, after Muggle left, Periodic Table and others circled back, reuniting with the Associate Professor couple in the living room.

Glancing at the darkness outside the window, Periodic Table sighed. "Is it really okay to put on such an act in front of Muggle?"

"We didn't deceive her; we just hoped to elicit her sympathy." Professor sighed. "The disappearance of Pillar Kmerolo, Nikila suspected of being the Mirror Person, and the increasingly erratic actions of the Hidden Sage have trapped us in a predicament, difficult to escape on our own.

After surviving the April Fool's plot, Muggle has become increasingly mysterious, clearly backed by a powerful force.

"Fortunately, she's still kind. Even though she might have noticed something off, she still informed us that divine power lingers in the underground catacombs and agreed to deal with Nikila."

Associate Professor patted his wife's shoulder to comfort her.

Casting a sweeping glance around, he said, "Not just for ourselves, but for those we care about, we must survive."

Periodic Table gave a self-mocking smile. "Half a year ago, I never thought we'd end up like this. How did the powerful and secretive Moses Ascetic Order end up in such a state?"

...

The next morning, Franca received a reply from Madam Judgment after breakfast.

"The operation against Nikila of the Moses Ascetic Order can commence as soon as possible.

"The high-ranking members of the Moses Ascetic Order are already aware of Kmerolos disappearance. Another Pillar will arrive in Trier soon to handle this, but it won't affect your mission against Nikila, if he is indeed the Mirror Person, Griffith."

The Moses Ascetic Order knows Kmerolo is missing? How did they find out so quickly? Was it because of my report or did they just notice something? Hmm, our Tarot Club's mole in the Moses Ascetic Order seems to be quite high-ranking, able to provide intel about the arrival of a Pillar and the judgment that it won't affect our mission against Nikila...

Such a certain judgment... Could that Pillar be one of our Tarot Club members? Hmm... Franca pondered, growing more curious the more she thought about it.

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Chapter 819 Subteam Operation

819 Subteam Operation

In the evening, in Trier, at 35 Rue Saint-Nornez in Quartier 20, known for its public cemetery.

In different states of invisibility, Franca, Jenna, and Anthony stood outside Room 6 on the fifth floor, checking the details of the environment and making final preparations for their operation.

According to the information provided by Periodic Table, Nikila, a suspected member of the Moses Ascetic Order and possibly a Mirror Person, was an ordinary employee of a grain company, living a very regular life, leaving home punctually every day and returning on time.

The only unusual thing about Nikila was that, despite being in his mid-thirties, he was still unmarried, citing severe intermittent migraines as the reason why women found him unappealing.

When Franca read this information, she immediately thought, This matches the characteristic of Mystery Pryers continuously influenced by the evil god, Hidden Sage... Could it be that Mirror People of the Mystery Pryer pathway are also infused with knowledge by the Hidden Sage?

Recalling the content of the dossier, Franca emerged from her invisibility state and created a layer of frost, making it seep into the keyhole and freeze solid.

As a result, she produced a crystalline key and easily opened Nikila's door.

Taking advantage of the fact that this ordinary employee hadn't yet returned home from work, Franca took out a mirror and began divination to avoid any traps or warning setups that might be in the apartment.

"Bedroom, living room, and guest room all have full-length mirrors, and there are up to fifteen or sixteen portable mirrors. If you're not a Mirror Person, who would believe that?" Franca mumbled to herself, checking the room twice.

She was also conveying the collected information to Jenna and Anthony outside the door.

Of course, there was another possibility for so many mirrors, which was that Nikila was a Demoness. However, it was obvious that this individual was not an exceptionally attractive female, nor even a female at all.

Franca went to the full-length mirror in the living room, looked at Jenna and Anthony's figures in the hallway, and said, "I'll ambush behind this mirror. Follow the plan to force the target into this mirror. If he can use the mirror world, we can confirm he's the Mirror Person, Griffith."

As she spoke, black flames quietly burned around the room, erasing traces left by the previous search.

Jenna nodded slightly and specifically reminded, "Be careful of an ambush behind the mirror, like the one Lumian encountered before."

"Don't worry. Magic Mirror Divination told me there's no ambush. Of course, I won't fully trust and rely on divination. I'll stay vigilant." Franca felt Jenna's concern, smiling as she took out the Seven-Stone Bracelet from the Traveler's Bag, now with only two diamonds left, and tossed it outside.

As she threw it, she couldn't help but mutter in her heart, Out with the old, in with the new, out with the old, in with the new...

Once Jenna caught the Seven-Stone Bracelet, Franca reiterated, "After confirming Nikila enters this mirror, you both immediately teleport away, using that fixed entrance to the mirror world to assist me."

"No problem," Anthony replied, wearing gloves, closing the apartment door, and warming the lock area, which had become icy from the cold key.

This was to prevent Nikila from sensing the residual cold and suspecting anything amiss when he opened the door.

Once Jenna and Anthony left, Franca took out the Ice Amulet, hanging it around her neck.

Then she placed her palm against the full-length mirror in the living room.

With a flash of cold light, she silently passed through the glass.

Behind the mirror was void, a spider-web-like deep dark tunnel filled Franca's vision.

Keeping a close watch on the surroundings, Franca breathed a sigh of relief and murmured, No ambush.

Confirming this, she leaned closer to the mirror, peering through the glass into the apartment's living room: Nikila had not yet returned, and outside, the dusk was eerily quiet.

Franca's nerves instinctively tightened. She raised her right hand, rubbed her temples, and sighed.

It would be great if Lumian were here...

This operation was proposed and perfected by her, killing many of her brain cells and making her responsible for achieving the goal without severely harming Jenna and Anthony. She couldn't relax at all.

In the past, Lumian bore these burdens and responsibilities. She only needed to question and use her imagination to complete her part of the task.

Sigh, being a team leader is exhausting, no chance to slack off... Franca composed herself and patiently waited.

In the café diagonally across from 35 Rue Saint-Nornez.

Jenna, now a girl in a black dress with her hood removed, sat by the window, chatting with Anthony about various Trier anecdotes.

Suddenly, she propped her left elbow on the table, using her palm to press down her original flaxen hair, her voice dropping slightly. "The target is back."

Anthony, while acting attracted to the beautiful woman opposite, glanced with his peripheral vision at the apartment building.

A double-decker public carriage had stopped by the roadside, and a man in his thirties wearing a black wool coat and a half-high silk top hat got off.

The man was nearly six feet tall, walked steadily, had a thin face with distinct features, and rare deep black eyes.

It's definitely Nikila... Anthony nodded slightly to Jenna, confirming she hadn't mistaken the target.

Jenna then straightened her head, withdrew her left hand, and glanced at the cuckoo clock on the café wall.

She smiled lightly at Anthony and said, "Three minutes to go."

She meant that in three minutes, the operation would officially start.

The reason for waiting three more minutes in the café was to avoid Nikila's instinctual investigation as a Mystery Pryer after returning home.

This was a detail discussed and decided by Franca, Jenna, and Anthony.

...

Nikila, wearing a half-high silk top hat, walked step by step up to the fifth floor and stopped outside Room 6.

He didn't open the door immediately but raised his right hand and rubbed his temples.

Then he closed his eyes briefly and reopened them, his pupils now a deep purple with a mysterious aura.

Eye of Mystery Prying!

Usually, Nikila used special Warlock spells to weaken the effect of the Eye of Mystery Prying to avoid sudden death, but it couldn't be completely sealed. Now, he was using it to its full potential to observe the surroundings inside and outside the room.

Bugs on the ceiling, hairs in the cracks, the neighbor cooking in front of the coal stove, dust floating in the air, children running up and down the stairs, rats hiding in the shadows, pedestrians passing by on the streets -all these scenes overlapped in Nikila's deep purple eyes.

At the same time, he saw shadowy curtains around him and dark aqueous light on the surfaces of all mirrors.

Before the gaze behind the shadowy curtain could become more pronounced, Nikila ended his observation abruptly, closing his eyes.

He knew if he continued looking, something unpredictable might happen, filling him with fear.

Phew... The Eye of Mystery Prying is truly dangerous. Listeners on the Secrets Suppliant pathway hear things, we see things, and both are equally likely to encounter the forbidden and die mysteriously... Nikila muttered, pulling out a brown leather scroll from an inner pocket of his black wool coat, softly chanting a word in Hermes-"Myopia."

The scroll immediately ignited with black flames, quickly turning to ash.

The mysterious deep purple in Nikila's eyes faded into the black depths of his pupils.

After doing this, Nikila took out his key and opened the door.

He had confirmed there were no suspicious individuals or enemies hiding in the shadows, nor were there any signs of abnormalities around the apartment or the street.

Entering the living room, closing the door behind him, Nikila unbuttoned the top of his wool coat and white shirt, relaxing on the sofa with his arms stretched out.

Franca, watching from behind the full-length mirror, took advantage of Nikila's forward movement to grab a beer from the coffee table, extending her right hand slightly through the mirror, pressing it tightly against the glass.

When Nikila sat back on the sofa, Franca immediately withdrew her hand.

Gulping beer, Nikila read the newspapers he had brought back, behaving like any ordinary employee.

Time passed slowly, and as three minutes elapsed, Jenna and Anthony left the café, turning into a nearby secluded alley, preparing both their shadow hiding and Psychological Invisibility techniques.

They quickly returned to the target apartment and hid in their prearranged positions.

At this time, Nikila was still reading the newspapers, considering whether to go out for dinner or cook something simple.

Suddenly, Nikila's throat felt dry and itchy, as if he hadn't drunk water for a long time.

He coughed once and thought, I drank half a bottle of beer, why is my throat so dry?

As this thought crossed his mind, he couldn't help but cough again.

Immediately, a strong sense of unease washed over him.

Something's wrong!

Just as Nikila became alert, Jenna, hearing two consecutive coughs from the target through the wall, emerged from the shadows without hesitation. With her hood still on, she inserted the Arrow of the Bloodthirsty into her own heart.

Her flaxen hair seemed to lengthen slightly, her contours became more refined, and her facial features more stunning.

Previously, Jenna's beauty highlighted her feminine charm, an expression of femininity. Now, her beauty seemed to become a more independent concept, alluring by sheer virtue of its existence.

Through the door, she made the shadows beneath Nikila's feet and the surrounding darkness coalesce into illusory yet solid black chains, wrapping around the target.

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Chapter 820 Walking into a Trap

820 Walking into a Trap

As Jenna used the Abyss Shackles spell from the Arrow of the Bloodthirsty, shadows and darkness came to life beside the coughing Nikila. Under the yellowish light of the gas wall lamp, they coalesced into black chains that wrapped around the Moses Ascetic Order member, binding him firmly in place, even sealing his mouth.

Nikila, experienced in combat, immediately formed a slowly rotating mass of stardust in his right palm. The light in the room dimmed as if night had fallen outside.

In the dimness, numerous bright stars appeared, not densely packed but numerous enough.

They cast beams of light that converged into a thick column, illuminating the entire room and enveloping Nikila.

The black chains formed by the Abyss Shackles disintegrated like shadows meeting sunlight, and Nikila dissolved rapidly in the light column, shattering into countless glass shards.

Mirror Substitution!

Using his unique abilities, Nikila escaped the Abyss Shackles by attacking himself. As a Mystery Pryer pathway Beyonder, many of his spells required incantations. With his mouth sealed, his abilities were significantly limited.

As a result, Jenna confirmed that Nikila was a Mirror Person.

Black fog emanated from her back, growing into a pair of large, illusory bat wings.

These Wings of Darkness transformed into a swarm of palm-sized, insubstantial vampire bats that flew through the walls and door towards the newly freed Nikila.

Meanwhile, Anthony ended his Psychological Invisibility, kicking open the door while aiming a complex, mechanically beautiful black revolver at Nikila.

Winter is Coming!

Anthony was preparing to use the Certain Death effect of this Beyonder weapon.

He didn't intend to actually use it because Nikila's Mirror Substitution ability could prematurely activate, causing the deadly bullet to hit the mirror instead.

Anthony's current objective was to use a Warlock's acute spirituality warnings and mystery-prying eyes to make Nikila feel his life was in danger, forcing him to escape through the mirror world.

According to Franca, Nikila, likely a Sequence 5 Constellations Master from the Mystery Pryer pathway and possibly a Mirror Person, would undoubtedly sense the danger of the Winter is Coming revolver and recognize its godhood-possessing attack.

To genuinely trigger the target's spirituality warning, Anthony needed to complete a psychological suggestion on himself, a simple task for a Hypnotist.

Thus, Anthony was genuinely planning to shoot, fully intending to use the Certain Death effect. However, when his finger began to pull the trigger, it would activate the preset psychological warning, canceling the suggestion and allowing him to fire a normal bullet.

Just as Franca predicted, the moment Nikila saw the Winter is Coming revolver, a hint of deep purple appeared in his pitch-black eyes, reflecting the weapon's decaying aura.

He instantly felt a creeping sense of death, his throat itching more intensely, and a weakness spreading through his body.

This wasn't an effect of Winter is Coming but a backlash from seeing the secret of the Beyonder weapon, combined perfectly with the pathogen Franca spread when she extended her hand through the mirror, worsening Nikila's condition.

Without considering further, Nikila immediately let a mirror substitute himself.

Bang!

Anthony pulled the trigger, firing a yellow bullet with only a disease effect, which, along with the swarm of vampire bats, hit Nikila, causing a shattering sound.

Nikila, now visible in another corner of the room, had no intention of counterattacking. His only thought was to flee immediately.

This was partly because he was unsure if there were more attackers and partly because the gun's danger kept him on high alert.

Unable to assess the situation clearly and knowing the enemy had a demigod-level weapon, he had no choice but to escape.

Nikila quickly lunged towards the nearest mirror, aiming to use the mirror world to escape the battle.

Noticing his move, Jenna slowed her attacks, while Anthony's eyes turned gold, displaying spiraling whirlpools that seemed to penetrate the soul.

Battle Hypnotism!

This spell forcibly hypnotized an enemy during combat, making them perform abnormal actions, but it could not directly harm the hypnotized and didn't last long.

Anthony's intent was only to make Nikila switch mirrors, delaying his escape without directly endangering him.

Nikila hesitated, suddenly feeling the mirror might hide a dangerous trap.

He quickly pulled out a scroll with gold foil from the inside pocket of his black wool coat and softly chanted a Hermes word, "Sun!"

The scroll was instantly consumed by golden flames, erupting into blinding sunlight that turned all the vampire bats to smoke.

This severely affected Jenna and Anthony's vision, their eyes filled with dazzling sunlight.

Nikila seized the moment, rolling towards the full-length mirror in the living room and diving in.

From the start of Battle Hypnotism to his escape, it took only two or three seconds.

The sunlight quickly faded, and Anthony nodded at Jenna.

Jenna immediately grabbed her companion's shoulder, activating the Seven-Stone Bracelet on her left wrist.

One of the two remaining diamonds burst into clear light, enveloping them both.

In the next second, Jenna and Anthony teleported to the quarry chamber with the fixed mirror world entrance, pressing their hands against the protruding rock.

...

Nikila, just entering the void and dark area behind the mirror, couldn't help but cough.

The disease he had contracted couldn't be removed by Mirror Substitution.

Cough! Cough! Cough! As he coughed violently, he felt invisible threads binding his body layer by layer.

Spider webs from a Demoness? Nikila shuddered.

Jenna had been deliberately using the Arrow of the Bloodthirsty to attack this Mirror Person to hide her identity as a Demoness, preventing Nikila from suspecting he was being targeted by Demonesses.

Otherwise, he would suspect a trap behind the mirror, abandoning the mirror world escape plan and rendering Anthony's Battle Hypnotism ineffective.

As his pupils dilated, Nikila reflexively formed a slowly rotating mass of stardust in his right palm.

Before he could use his Constellations Master abilities to destroy himself and the Demoness webs in this area, he felt invisible threads lightly caressing him, from his ears and face to his chest and inner thighs, teasing and scratching with seductive touches.

This instantly sent his blood surging, his thoughts sinking deep to his nether regions.

As he struggled to regain control and use his abilities, he saw a figure at the edge of the web-like tunnel.

The figure wore a black robe with leather armor, the hood askew, revealing a pair of heroic and beautiful eyebrows, clear bright eyes like lake water, and moist red lips.

This indescribable beauty and soul-stirring charm made Nikila instinctively hold his breath, forgetting to resist, forgetting to break free.

Demoness of Affliction's Charm!

The intense danger warning allowed Nikila to barely break free from this bewitching beauty. Clenching his teeth, suppressing the desire from the teasing and seductive touches, he was about to activate the stardust whirlpool in his hand.

Franca continued her Charm, a slight smile on her lips, stunning Nikila while changing the action of some webs. They started tickling him!

"Ha... ha... ha!" Sensitive spots on his neck, armpits, and waist were attacked, making him laugh uncontrollably, tears streaming down his face.

If not for the invisible threads binding him tightly, he would have retreated, twisted his body, or rolled on the ground.

In this state, it was nearly impossible for Nikila to use any of his abilities.

Of course, his desire also faded because of this.

Right now, I really do feel like a black widow spider, methodically dealing with prey caught in its web... At the Demoness of Affliction stage, if the prey is truly ensnared without help, they'll be constantly affected, unable to escape by their

own means... It's a pity this doesn't work on Hunters; they can ignite flames to burn the web... I wonder when I'll be able to directly transmit genuine pleasure through the webs... Franca maintained her vigilance, watching the frantically laughing Nikila, muttering to herself.

Her strategy was clear: restrain the enemy, continually interfere with his efforts, and delay him until his illness flared up or he was completely charmed.

During this process, even if Nikila used Mirror Substitution, he would be limited by the distance, with his body reappearing within the area covered by the Demoness webs, repeating the initial experience.

Previously, Franca had already turned this place into a Demoness's nest.

On one side, he was continuously tickled, while on the other, his desire was stoked by teasing touches. Nikila oscillated between hell and paradise, in extreme agony.

The beautiful figure, seemingly forever out of reach, became a symbol of all his hopes and dreams.

Nikila knew he couldn't continue like this. Resolving to endure the laughter, he bit his tongue hard.

The pain pierced his mind, momentarily freeing him from all influences.

He tightened his grip on the stardust whirlpool.

In the void and darkness behind the mirror, one brilliant star after another lit up.

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Chapter 821 Infatuation

821 Infatuation

Above the dark and low void of the mirror world, numerous brilliant stars shed beams of clear light.

These beams converged into a column of light, illuminating the mirror world and engulfing Franca, the Demoness webs, and Nikila himself.

Franca and Nikila both shattered into countless mirror fragments. These shards, along with the invisible webs, quickly dissolved into nothing under the starlight.

The starlight quickly faded, and Nikila and Franca's figures reappeared in different corners of the mirror world.

Seeing the entrance to the tunnel of webs now unobstructed, Nikila felt a surge of joy. He pulled out a dark gray scroll from the inner pocket of his black wool coat.

Suppressing the urge to cough, he whispered a Hermes word, "Wind!"

The dark gray scroll instantly ignited with cyan flames, a roaring wind gathering around Nikila, pushing his feverish and muddled thoughts forward at the speed of the wind toward one of the dark tunnels.

Nikila, seizing the moment before Franca could intervene, followed the wind into the tunnel entrance.

However, he didn't feel the familiar pull from other mirrors.

He was back where he started.

The dark, illusory tunnel wasn't open to him!

Mirror Maze!

After becoming a Demoness of Affliction, Franca's mirror magic had evolved, allowing her to create scene illusions with pre-set mirrors.

While waiting for Jenna and Anthony to act, she had woven invisible webs, spread pathogens, and placed mirrors at multiple tunnel entrances.

These mirrors, influenced by Beyonder powers, reflected each other, creating a mirror maze that hid the real tunnel entrances, showing only their reflections.

Nikila had chosen a false target, the reflection of a real tunnel, and naturally couldn't escape.

Taking advantage of this gap, Franca wove another web, ensnaring Nikila, wrapping him in layers, either making him blush or laugh uncontrollably.

Having experienced this before, Nikila didn't let himself get completely entangled. Using his abilities as a Constellations Master, he broke free once again.

In the following time, amidst increasing fever and violent coughing, he barely managed to fend off Franca using scrolls and attempted to destroy the mirrors creating the maze, seeking the real exit.

Under Warlock attacks and interference from spells like wind blades, lightning, flashes, purification, freezing, and paralysis, Franca kept changing positions, sometimes using Mirror Substitution to block an attack, showing great patience and restraint.

Her focus was on maintaining the Demoness webs and spreading pathogens, using her Demoness of Affliction's Charm to buy time.

Gradually, Nikila felt he shouldn't resist or harm the beautiful lady.

His breath grew hot, his heart racing either from the pathogens or her every move, pounding as if to leap from his chest.

The immense pressure made him suspect he might suffer a heart attack any second.

Without hesitation, he pulled out a scroll etched with lightning patterns from his coat's inner pocket.

It was a powerful item he bought from a Broker.

"Storm!" Just as he finished chanting, Nikila started coughing violently, and the scroll erupted into a dazzling silver light.

The silver light expanded, filling the mirror world with a thunderstorm, the accompanying wind pushing lightning into the tunnel entrances, shattering the mirrors Franca had placed.

With the sound of breaking glass, Franca's figure shattered, the mirror maze collapsed, revealing the true dark tunnels.

Nikila had no time to celebrate. Aided by the scroll's spell, dragging his sick body, he dashed toward the nearest tunnel entrance.

He had scrolls with some healing effects but didn't want to miss the chance to escape.

Seeing the tunnel entrance within reach and the attacking Demoness reappearing in another corner, Nikila's heart surged with hope.

At that moment, he saw two figures in the tunnel entrance out of the corner of his eye.

Jenna and Anthony, who had teleported using the last diamond of the Seven-Stone Bracelet, had arrived and been lying in wait.

During the brief and weakened storm, both had been struck by lightning but evaded the worst damage using Mirror Substitution-one from her own ability, the other from the Mirror Substitution created by the two Demonesses.

Seizing this chance, Anthony's eyes turned gold, radiating a dragon-like aura.

Awe!

Fear and panic surged in Nikila's heart, leaving him disoriented, as if facing an unbeatable predator.

Seeing the target pause and turn in circles, Jenna threw a handful of black powder and chanted a few Hermes words.

It was one of a Witch's black magic spells.

Due to their need for materials and incantations, Jenna rarely used these in combat, opting for the convenience of frost and black flames.

The black powder ignited, and a cold wind rose, surrounding Nikila with ghostly figures pressing against him, covering his mouth and nose.

With this dual interference, Franca's Demoness webs wove again, sticking Nikila in place.

Franca smiled sincerely at the Mirror Person.

With a buzz, Nikila felt his blood split, half surging upward, half downward, his heart seeming to stop.

Under repeated Charms and his severe illness, he could no longer resist Franca's allure.

In a daze, Nikila saw the woman, whose every detail fit his aesthetic, beckon to him and offer a transparent triangular spike symbolizing goodwill and control.

I wholeheartedly accept... With this thought, Nikila didn't question why the webs no longer restricted him. He reached out and grasped the triangular spike, feeling a slight sting.

His thoughts froze completely, becoming as sluggish and stiff as rusted machine parts.

Wintry Blade!

With Nikila under control, Franca glanced at Jenna, signaling her to find and destroy the remaining mirrors on him.

Then, Franca could form an ice spike and perform a lobotomy on Nikila.

With Lumian absent, there was no one to use the ritual leather for the Animal Creation Spell to turn Nikila into a large hound.

Jenna nodded slightly, cutting off the lower half of Nikila's right sleeve, and quickly took off his black wool coat. She swiftly found the remaining five mirrors and smashed them one by one.

During this process, Nikila did not resist. He looked at Franca with a mixture of obsession and pain, coughing intermittently.

He still held the Wintry Blade, blood trickling from his hand.

Franca's left hand formed a long, thin ice spike.

Suddenly, Nikila's expression twisted.

Knowledge infusion from the Hidden Sage? Dammit, why now? Franca was first stunned, then understood the reason.

In his severely ill and dying state, Nikila was unlikely to withstand this.

He might lose control on the spot!

In a flash, Franca discarded the ice spike and the Wintry Blade, taking out a mirror that reflected Nikila's image. She then wiped the glass surface with her right hand, covered in eerie black flames.

Nikila's exposed skin was marked with numerous blood-red cracks, with strange things forming inside them.

At that moment, pitch-black flames erupted from his body, burning his soul.

Using the blood dripping from Nikila's hand, Jenna began a curse, while Anthony aimed the Winter is Coming revolver at Nikila, ready to use the Certain Death effect at any moment.

Soon, the two Demonesses acted before Nikila could lose control, ending his life completely.

Silently, Nikila fell to the void and dark ground of the mirror world, becoming a corpse.

The eye-like objects hidden within his flesh stopped moving, unable to emerge.

Franca quickly set up a ritual, completing the Magic Mirror Divination.

In her makeup mirror, Nikila's eerie, pale figure appeared, showing only slight signs of losing control.

The ghost's eyes still held a trace of obsession with Franca but now included the pain and despair of being killed by her.

A Demoness of Affliction's Charm is terrifying... I wonder if Baby Cupid from the Scrooge pathway can make someone fall hopelessly in love with them too... Franca mused with a sigh and then asked, "Are you Griffith?"

"Yes, I am very pleased you know and remember my true name." The mirror's Nikila smiled joyfully.

".." Franca was momentarily speechless.

She paused for a second before asking, "Do you know what happened to your superior, Kmerolo, one of the Ten Pillars?"

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Chapter 822 Wilderness

822 Wilderness

Nikila looked at Franca with an obsession and said, "He should be feeling the call of the wilderness."

"Wilderness?" Franca didn't hide her confusion.

Nikila eagerly and thoroughly explained, "In Fourth Epoch Trier, near the ruined palace of Alista Tudor, beside His remains-no, on His remains, no, under them-well, there's a wilderness there. All Mystery Pryers and Savants will eventually return to that wilderness."

All Mystery Pryers and Savants... The only thing powerful enough to influence both pathways must be the Celestial Master. Professor and Assistant Professor had dreams about the wilderness before... Franca perked up and asked, "What else do you know about this wilderness?"

Nikila shook his head slightly, looking a bit annoyed but very honest.

"Nothing else. According to our leader, the higher the sequence of a Mystery Pryer or Savant, the more likely they are to hear the call of the wilderness."

The Hidden Sage should stand atop the Mystery Pryer pathway, so during the Hostel incident, when the seal of Fourth Epoch Trier was broken, the leak of wilderness power greatly affected Him, driving Him madder. Is Kmerolo in a similar situation? After all, he's in Trier... The demigods of the Church of the God of Steam and Machinery in Trier might also be affected? Franca swallowed and asked, "Has Kmerolo returned to that wilderness?"

Nikila smiled gently but painfully.

"Not yet. He's probably just deteriorating, unable to maintain himself well, and resisting the call in some extreme way. If he were to return, he'd have to pass through our mirror world. It wouldn't escape our leader's notice. If our leader knew, so would I."

For Trier, Kmerolo returning to the wilderness might not be a bad thing. According to Nikila-no, Griffith-Kmerolo is like a powerful bomb that could go off at any time... Franca thought for a moment and asked, "Do you know where he's hiding now?"

Nikila sighed and said, "He hasn't contacted me for a while. The last time we met was near the catacombs."

Near the catacombs... Franca then asked, "Griffith, what was your goal in infiltrating the Moses Ascetic Order?"

Nikila emphasized seriously, "I am the original. Our goal was to make the higher-ups of the Moses Ascetic Order gradually aware of the wilderness and help us unseal Fourth Epoch Trier at a critical moment."

Franca had an epiphany and asked, "Did Kmerolo, with your 'help,' already know about the wilderness and its exact location?"

Was it knowing too much and possessing godhood that made Kmerolo lose control gradually, becoming unable to resist the wilderness call?

The Church of the God of Steam and Machinery hasn't shown similar issues, at least not as severe...

"Yes." Nikila shared his feelings with his dream lover. "So, this is both good and bad for me. It took me a lot to gain Kmerolo's trust and interest in the wilderness without arousing suspicion, but now all that effort is wasted. I have to figure out how to gain the trust of another of the Ten Pillars."

"Why is it also a good thing?" Franca was puzzled.

Nikila smiled and said, "If Kmerolo returns to the wilderness, I might get the Mysticologist Beyonder characteristic someday."

"Mysticologist is Sequence 4 of the Mystery Pryer pathway? Can you Mirror People ascend by drinking potions?" Franca quickly asked two questions.

Nikila nodded. "Yes, I can ascend to Mysticologist by drinking the potion. I am the original."

"Have you ever drunk a potion?" Franca glanced at Griffith's body, which had not produced any Beyonder characteristics.

"No," Nikila replied candidly.

Meh, no Beyonder characteristic drops... Franca cursed inwardly in pre-transmigration gaming terms and then said, "Moran Avigny has been dead for a while. Your leader can't leave the seal and frequently get feedback or give orders. Who's handling day-to-day matters and contacting the Mirror People in Trier?"

"It's Palia. She received instructions and information from the leader," Nikila replied but didn't elaborate like before.

The mineralogist, Jasmine, I'm tracking... No wonder she appeared twice in Underground Trier despite being wanted... She's rebuilding the Mirror People network in Trier? Franca asked quickly, "Can you contact Palia?"

Nikila shook his head again. "She contacts us one-way for now. This way, if any one of us is exposed, it doesn't affect the others. According to the previous arrangement, Palia contacts me through the mirror world once a week to check on my situation and exchange new information, usually on Sunday evenings between eight and ten."

Don't you find this troublesome and inconvenient? Well, it is quite safe...

Franca criticized silently and saw Nikila's image fading, about to disappear, and quickly asked the last question, "Besides Fourth Epoch Trier and current Trier, where else does your mirror world connect to?"

This question came from Lumian's letter.

He confirmed Morora exchanged information with the outside world through this special mirror world.

Nikila thought for a moment and said, "A strange place, much like Fourth Epoch Trier, also sealed, with many living people inside, but we can't enter."

Mirror People can't use the special mirror world to go directly to Morora...

Franca nodded slightly and asked, "Did some of your companions go to Lenburg to find that sealed strange place?"

"Yes, although we can't go directly, if we can enter normally, we can use the mirror world's power..." Nikila said as he began to lose his soul's integrity.

He looked at Franca, lingeringly and painfully scanning her beautiful face.

Franca's skin prickled with goosebumps.

Watching Nikila-the Mirror Person Griffith-disappear completely, Franca sighed inwardly.

Short-term, high-intensity, high-frequency Charm can last so long. It might take a day or two to fade...

Repeated Charm in daily life, maintained long-term, can indeed make someone fall deeply in love with me... I wonder how long this love lasts without supernatural influence. A year should be fine, but it's hard to say for the seven-year itch...

Heh, Hunters can form teams, and so can Demonesses. But the loyalty and rapport will be higher. The only issue is team members might not truly cooperate and could hate each other... What a mess...

Franca put away the mirror and said to Jenna and Anthony, "No need to wait. This guy doesn't have any Beyonder characteristics."

By then, Jenna had finished collecting the loot, getting 460 verl d'or and nine scrolls from Nikila.

The scrolls' effects and incantations required Magic Mirror Divination to reveal.

Anthony glanced at Nikila's body and the nine scrolls, considering.

"Should we have someone use Lie to disguise as Nikila and wait for that Mirror Person Palia to contact?"

"We can, but it's unlikely," Franca said after some thought. "We can bury the body and carry out anti-divination and anti-prophecy measures, but there are many days until Sunday. The Mirror People leader might notice something wrong. Still, it's worth a try."

After carrying out anti-divination and anti-prophecy measures and seeing Nikila's body turn into a few broken mirror shards, Jenna frowned slightly. "Still none of those special mirror world shards."

Moran Avigny didn't leave any either.

The shards in Jenna and Franca's possession came from Gardner Martin and the Tamara family's crypt.

"What kind of Mirror Person leaves special mirror world shards? What's special about the fake Martin? Next time we catch a Mirror Person, we must ask..." Franca muttered to herself.

The three quickly tidied up the scene, and Franca activated the Ice Amulet to teleport to the fixed mirror world entrance.

During this process, Franca used the amulet's power to send Lumian the intelligence gathered from this operation.

...

Morora, second floor of the Carnivore bar.

Reading a book comfortably, Lumian glanced at the room's mirror, seeing water ripple and a line of Intisian appear.

Reading it, Lumian suddenly froze.

He realized he had overlooked something.

At this moment, could the Mirror People sent to Lenburg to investigate the whereabouts of 0-01 have infiltrated Morora?

And the Mirror People produced by the underground mausoleum's incident could use that special mirror world unlike him!

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Chapter 823 Advice

823 Advice

If the Mirror People have infiltrated Morora, what would they do? Lumian pondered for a while, placed the book back in the Traveler's Bag, and stepped down the stairs to the hall.

It was dinner time, and the bar was bustling. Julie flitted between tables like a butterfly, serving drinks and meals to the customers.

The patrons were well-behaved; no one tried to act inappropriately by grabbing Julie's ass or touching her chest.

They weren't being moral or civilized. None of them had clean hands; those who entered Morora were all hardened criminals. Their compliance was because someone had made a fatal mistake not long ago: Julie had been unstable lately, often in a daze. Unlike her usual self, she couldn't always gracefully avoid wandering hands and arms amidst the laughter and noise. One evening, someone found an opportunity to give her a hard pinch in the ass.

Julie's suppressed fury and rage exploded instantly.

If Lumian hadn't intervened in time, reminding her it wasn't a legal duel, that drunkard would have ended up in the kitchen missing a vital part of his anatomy.

In the end, since the drunkard refused Julie's duel challenge, after much "negotiation," he "voluntarily" chopped off his hand as an apology.

Otherwise, he might have lost control and attacked the repugnant bar owner, forcing him into self-defense.

Lumian glanced at Julie, whose face was devoid of smiles, and walked into the kitchen, where Lez was finally taking a break, enjoying his dinner.

He picked up a caramelized finger, put it in his mouth, and chewed noisily.

Lumian sighed quietly and said, "I need to step out for a bit. Keep an eye on Julie."

"No problem," Lez replied, pointing to the plate of now-missing fingers.

"Boss, want some? I've found a new cooking method-first deep-fry, then steam in a seasoned broth for twenty minutes."

"No, thanks." Lumian turned and left the Carnivore bar, walking through the dark, unlit streets to the Knowledge Cathedral.

He found a corner where he could see the graveyard and the entrance to the underground mausoleum through a window. Pulling over a wooden chair, he sighed and patted the backrest.

The Church of Knowledge is getting more considerate...

There hadn't been chairs by the brass bookshelves before.

Too bad there's nowhere to rest my feet. Lumian sat down, gazing at the graveyard through the stained glass, using the crimson moonlight to observe the entrance to the underground mausoleum.

According to his information, Celeste, who had been on duty in the underground mausoleum for two days, would return to the surface at nine tonight.

Lumian's goal was to make others believe he was at the Knowledge Cathedral to study while actually observing the mausoleum's entrance and the experimental subjects' activities.

His true purpose was simple: to mask his love of studying with the guise of observing the mausoleum and experimental subjects.

With this excuse, he wouldn't have to waste time idling around the bar, drinking and boasting. He could finish the remaining books sooner.

By the cathedral's bright candlelight, Lumian read for a while, then forced himself to lift his head and observe the mausoleum's entrance for a couple of minutes.

After repeating this several times, he suddenly thought of his sister.

Back then, Aurore always urged him to study but would occasionally drag him from his desk, forcing him to look at the trees outside the window and the distant mountain pastures.

Now, he had to rely on himself.

Time passed, and the cathedral's clock chimed loudly.

A group of black-robed enforcers left the Knowledge Cathedral, crossed the graveyard, and reached the mausoleum's entrance.

Soon, the previous group of enforcers emerged from the gray-white stone steps leading to the mausoleum, moving in an orderly fashion.

With his Hunter's vision and the crimson moonlight, Lumian saw that the leader was Celeste, wearing a black robe and a blindfold.

The Demoness emerged from the entrance area slowly and expressionlessly, removing her blindfold.

The line behind her was long, each person carrying a lantern.

At that moment, Lumian felt a sudden, eerie sensation as if the deep darkness at the mausoleum's entrance had come to life.

The darkness instantly swallowed the last experimental subject in line.

Lumian blinked, seeing no movement in the darkness. The anomaly seemed like an illusion.

Frowning slightly, he counted Celeste's team members again.

Quickly, he concluded, One person is missing... and one lantern...

Lumian watched Celeste's team until they returned to the Knowledge Cathedral.

Near the stairs, Celeste turned her head slightly, glancing in Lumian's direction.

Lumian crossed his right leg over his left knee, leaning back in the chair, calmly meeting her gaze.

He felt Celeste had likely noticed his observation.

This meant she probably still retained some self-awareness.

Phew, no need to worry about Julie losing control for now... Lumian sighed quietly, watching Celeste and the enforcers disappear at the stairwell.

He had been worried that Celeste's issues might trigger Julie to lose control before they were fully prepared.

That would interfere with his studying!

Reading for a while longer, Lumian noticed Morora's Archbishop Heraberg patrolling the brass bookshelves.

Thinking for a few seconds, he spoke as Heraberg neared, "Your Grace, I have a question."

Dressed in a plain white robe with brass threads, Heraberg smiled kindly.

"Ask away."

Holding his book, Lumian sincerely asked, "The mausoleum's taboos seem to target the living. What if an undead or an immortal creature enters?"

Heraberg gave Lumian a deep look and smiled. "The dead should remain in eternal slumber. What do you think?"

Meaning, an undead would fall into eternal sleep upon entering the mausoleum? As expected, 0-01 has death and darkness characteristics...

So, I can't exploit any loophole with the Eggers family's golden mask...

Lumian sighed regretfully. "I think so too."

Heraberg, with his white hair and beard, spoke like a teacher. "While studying, remember to take care of your health and stay mentally sharp. Don't stay up late reading. Maintain your usual pace."

Wh- Is he worried I'll degrade and succumb to the books' inherent corruption? Need to control the corruption rate? Lumian pondered, then stood up and responded, "Yes, Your Grace."

He immediately tucked the book into his Traveler's Bag and left the cathedral under Heraberg's approving gaze.

Crossing the square outside, Lumian saw Julie stepping lightly out the cathedral's side door, looking relaxed.

Here to check the situation first, huh... Lumian watched her disappear into another alley, heading back to the Carnivore bar.

Approaching the bar, he heard a pained, agonized scream not far away.

Julie's doing? Lumian chuckled to himself. Feeling bad, cut a finger.

Feeling good, cut another. Can't she find another hobby?

Luckily, there were enough exiles in Morora.

Still, Lumian knew their presence had tripled the daily death toll since they arrived.

They couldn't stay long, or the exiles' replenishment wouldn't keep up, and Morora would face a shortage crisis.

The bar was closed. Lumian went behind the counter, poured himself a glass of liquor, and sipped it slowly, as if waiting for something.

After a while, Julie appeared at the door in a shirt and skirt, her cheeks still flushed. She glanced at Lumian and smiled. "Boss, were you waiting for me?"

She played with a frosty, bloody object in her hand.

Lumian took a sip of Lanti Proof and asked, "Do you know my name?"

Julie approached the counter, shook her head, and smiled. "I only know you're my boss."

"Celeste, as an enforcer, should know the names of every Morora resident," Lumian said directly.

Julie's expression changed slightly, then she sighed and smiled. "But she said Louis must be a fake name."

"I don't believe you didn't ask someone on the outside to investigate my real identity," Lumian said, leaning on the counter and sipping his drink.

Julie pouted, not answering directly, only saying, "It doesn't matter."

"True." Lumian nodded with a smile. "I caught a Mirror Person from Underground Trier who told me his companions went to Lenburg to find Morora. Now, new intel suggests they might be here."

Julie's smile faded, replaced by a serious look.

Lumian finished his Lanti Proof, set the glass down, and headed upstairs.

Julie sat in silence for a while, then left the Carnivore bar.

In an empty house in Morora.

The Demoness put on a gold ring set with blue gems and sat before a half-length mirror.

The reflection wavered slightly, showing some changes.

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Chapter 824 Nightmare Changes

824 Nightmare Changes

Julie watched her reflection in the mirror gradually become bloodstained, her expression turning cold and her eyes filling with malice.

She wasn't surprised. Instead, she smirked with a hint of sarcasm.

The reflection became agitated, clawing at the glass as if trying to scratch out an escape.

Her face twisted quickly, and the malice in her eyes seemed almost tangible.

Before long, another figure appeared behind her-a man with short brown hair, bearing a strong resemblance to Julie, also covered in blood and exuding a sinister aura.

Julie rubbed the blue gem-encrusted gold ring on her thumb, watching as the female and male versions of herself shrank and faded, revealing their current surroundings.

It was a dark, almost lightless world.

Beyond this world, countless points of light representing different mirrors dotted the surroundings. Most were affected by Morora's seal, appearing hazy and unreachable.

Julie's gaze swept across the few clearer points of light, her intuition as a Demoness guiding her to one particular mirror.

Inside that mirror, a shadowy figure appeared.

Sensing Julie's gaze, the figure recoiled and left the mirror.

Julie immediately reached into the mirror, pulling herself through it.

Ignoring the curses and anger from her two reflections, she directly transported to the mirror that had shown the shadow.

She emerged from a small mirror into a long-abandoned room, the traces of occupancy wiped clean.

Julie turned to the window beside the mirror, observing the outside environment.

She saw a graveyard bathed in crimson moonlight, a cathedral-like library, and the clearly visible entrance to the underground mausoleum.

After a brief silence, Julie muttered to herself, "The Mirror People have indeed infiltrated..."

...

Upstairs in the Carnivore Bar, Lumian reclined in his chair, feet propped up, engrossed in his book.

There was still time to study!

He had told Julie about the Mirror People to leverage the Demoness Sect's power to confirm and search for them. As a Hunter, he couldn't utilize the mirror world on his own, and the Mirror Cufflink could only be used twice more.

Remembering Archbishop Heraberg's advice to not overextend himself, Lumian decided to end his studies early and get some extra sleep tonight. Just as he was about to close his book, someone knocked on his door.

It was Julie.

She nodded slightly at Lumian, saying, "I found a Mirror Person spying on the mausoleum but couldn't catch them."

"Only one?" Lumian asked for confirmation.

Julie tersely acknowledged his words. "Only one."

She turned and headed to her room.

Lumian chuckled and said, "Not only did you not catch them, but you didn't even see what they looked like?"

His voice was low, almost to himself, but loud enough for Julie to hear.

Julie turned around and sneered. "At least I found traces of the Mirror People. Better than someone who needs me to confirm it."

Lumian pretended to be stung, retorting, "I was just letting you fulfill your pitiful, insignificant purpose."

Julie ignored him and went into her room.

Lumian smirked to himself and closed the wooden door.

Now, Julie should be less wary about him being capable of using the mirror world, right?

...

In a daze, Lumian saw a blood-stained land, collapsed grand structures, and towering iron-black pillars, many of which were broken.

Driven by instinct, he walked forward, passing through burning palaces, torrential rain, and a forest of lightning striking the ground.

He stopped before a corpse.

The body was charred black, the face flayed to reveal a scorched skull.

Behind it lay a mountain of bodies and bones, piled hundreds of meters high.

Lumian's gaze followed the corpses upward, sometimes meeting their eye sockets, which burned with pale or dark red flames.

Finally, he was about to see the top of the "mountain."

Suddenly, intense fear and a compulsion to stop thinking and follow orders overwhelmed him.

He jerked awake, gasping for breath.

Another nightmare...

The nightmares are becoming clearer and more frequent...

Lumian glanced towards the ground, instinctively reaching out as if to touch something.

He grasped only air.

Quickly calming himself, he murmured, At this rate, when I finish reading the remaining books, these nightmares caused by the corruption might transform drastically...

What will that bring?

If the nightmares get clearer and the feeling stronger, I might lose control in my sleep. Then Albus, Julie, and Wanak would have the chance to challenge an Angel. No, the Church of Knowledge would eliminate the problem first. Having sealed Ludwig, they wouldn't hesitate to seal another...

Lumian rubbed his temples, agreeing more with Archbishop Heraberg's advice:

Don't rush; maintain physical health and mental clarity!

Even if corrupted, proceed gradually!

Sighing, Lumian believed that in five or six days, when he finished the borrowed books, the situation would change significantly in his favor.

But can the situation remain stable until I finish studying?

Since the last injury, Albus hasn't appeared for days, secretly plotting...

Wanak regained control of Dades Agricultural Company but no longer has fixed offices or residences...

Celeste's duty in the mausoleum is both a risk and an opportunity. She might have advanced the Demoness Sect's plans, and Julie's opportunity could be coming soon...

Will they let me study until I finish the books?

Probably not...

Lumian mused that Albus, Wanak, or the Demoness Sect would likely make a big move involving the mausoleum soon.

They might not know the importance of studying or that Lumian was diligently studying, but they must sense that delaying further would worsen their situation!

Never underestimate the intuition of Demonesses or the instincts of those backing Albus and Wanak!

...

Trier, Quartier de la Cathédrale Commémorative, Apartment 702, 9 Rue Orosai.

Franca was smug about successfully planning and executing an ambush on a powerful Mirror Person.

This felt more rewarding than leading a team raid in her pre-transmigration games.

She pointed to the cash and scrolls on the coffee table, saying, "Let's split the spoils. You two go first."

Using Magic Mirror divination, the two Demonesses had identified the effects and incantations for the scrolls.

There was a Sun scroll, a Healing scroll, and one each of Lightning, Burning, Flash, Wind, Freezing, Paralysis, and Secret Voice.

Anthony gestured for Jenna to pick first.

Jenna, not wasting time with politeness, took the Sun, Lightning, and Flash scrolls after a few seconds of thought.

Anthony chose Healing, Paralysis, and Freezing, leaving 460 verl d'or and the remaining three scrolls for Franca.

Franca picked up the Secret Voice scroll, smiling. "This is perfect for coordinating operations. Surprised you didn't want it."

The Secret Voice scroll created a secret channel linking three to five people within fifty meters, allowing them to communicate without being overheard or blocked by obstacles.

You could leave it for Lumian... Jenna thought but didn't say, not wanting to dampen Franca's spirits.

As they chatted, a messenger from Madam Judgment delivered a reply:

"The Moses Ascetic Order will handle the abnormality in Kmerolo. You don't need to follow up."

...

In Trier, in a room with overturned furniture and papers scattered everywhere.

The Hermit, a Major Arcana card from the Tarot Club whom Franca and her team had met before, stood before a wall covered in meaningless lines. She wore black-framed glasses and a deep black robe adorned with eye-shaped purple patterns, examining faint traces of dried blackened blood, tears, and saliva.

A nearly transparent, eyelash-less, and indifferent eye hovered before her, silently observing. Its gaze seemed to contain countless stars and various scenes.

After a while, The Hermit ignored the blackened blood, taking a small amount of the powder stained with tears and saliva.

A dreamlike pumpkin carriage appeared before her, altering her appearance, aura, and physique.

The Hermit calmly sat in the carriage.

A group of mice pulled the pumpkin carriage into a tunnel outside the Trier catacombs.

Still seated in the pumpkin carriage, The Hermit conjured a vibrant, slightly unreal ball of yarn.

She infused the powder from before into the yarn and threw it into the tunnel's depths, leaving a bright thread on the ground, pointing the way forward.

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Chapter 825 The Final Seduction

825 The Final Seduction

The Hermit followed the vibrant thread of yarn through the dark tunnel in her pumpkin carriage.

She didn't know how long she had been descending when she arrived at a naturally formed cave.

The vibrant yarn ball had stopped here.

The swarm of mice and the pumpkin carriage vanished, and The Hermit floated down, her feet touching the ground.

She didn't need to remove her glasses to see the pools of pus-like blood on the ground, eroding the soil in the extreme darkness.

For a moment, The Hermit seemed to see a scene from the past: A blurry figure staggered towards the cave, each step leaving a splatter of pus-like blood that sizzled as it corroded the rocks and soil.

The Hermit weaved through the pools of blood and entered the cave, but it was empty. The trail of pus-like blood ended abruptly.

It was as if the figure had exhausted all its flesh and blood, leaving no trace, or had evaporated entirely.

He had vanished.

Has Kmerolo disappeared like this... The Hermit immediately conjured nine blazing suns.

The intense heat caused the pools of blood to show signs of evaporation.

Then, the Major Arcana cardholder removed her glasses.

The pus-like blood changed immediately.

It wasn't blood but dense, intertwined, complex symbols or letters.

These symbols or letters were grouped together, eroding various rocks and soil, bright red and dazzling.

Even with her knowledge of mysticism, The Hermit couldn't identify what they represented.

Kmerolo's flesh and blood transformed into this? The Hermit pondered for a moment and decided to strip away all the bloody symbols and letters and take them to a high-ranking Cryptologist.

...

Morora, Carnivore bar, second floor.

Lumian had another nightmare, but this time, he was clearly aware that he was dreaming.

He dreamed of walking through a dark, lightless tunnel, with stone slabs beneath his feet and bricks in the walls, with rusty iron wall lamps every so often, none of them lit.

Lumian wandered aimlessly, sometimes turning right, sometimes descending stairs, and sometimes resting against the wall.

Suddenly, he saw yellowish light ahead.

In the glow, figures in black robes appeared, carrying quietly burning lanterns, their eyes covered with thick black cloth.

Law enforcement... Experimental subjects... Lumian instantly understood.

Am I dreaming of the mausoleum?

This matches the sealing information of 0-01 and the books' descriptions...

Using my knowledge and the corruption I've suffered, did I recreate a tunnel of the mausoleum in my dream?

The experimental subjects, despite being blindfolded, walked steadily, maintaining a straight line forward.

I don't seem to be blindfolded... Will something abnormal happen? No, I'm just dreaming... Although lucid dreaming, Lumian's thoughts were sluggish, seemingly influenced by the dream.

As he was about to pass by the experimental subjects with lanterns, his gaze naturally fell on one of the lanterns.

The lantern's glass case, framed in bronze, reflected a black shadow.

The shadow, human-like in shape, flickered and leaped to another lantern.

That shadow isn't mine... nor the lantern-bearer's... It's... it's one of those Mirror People corrupted by the mausoleum's power? Or perhaps the Mirror Person that infiltrated Morora? Lumian shivered, feeling more awake than ever.

He focused his gaze and saw the slightly distorted, human-like black shadow pause and look back at him from the lantern's glass, illuminated by firelight.

As their eyes met, the shadow vanished instantly.

Lumian's vision wavered, the entire tunnel, lit by the lanterns, shaking violently.

Within seconds, Lumian woke up, his eyes snapping open.

The shaking continued, and his bed creaked while the house clattered.

An earthquake? Lumian judged calmly.

In Morora, he had already experienced four earthquakes, one volcanic eruption, five torrential rains, four hurricanes, three tornadoes, two hailstorms, and two snowstorms... Often, more than one extreme weather event occurred in a single day, though sometimes it was just ordinary weather fluctuations.

Based on his physical assessment and experience, Lumian judged that this earthquake wouldn't collapse the sturdy Carnivore bar building, so he lay there calmly, with no intention of getting out of bed and escaping to the street.

If worse came to worst, he could still teleport to the Knowledge Cathedral.

Staring at the still-swaying ceiling, Lumian recalled the nightmare: Was I woken up by the earthquake, or did my nightmare trigger the earthquake?

After pondering for a while, Lumian believed it was the latter.

But this meant his nightmare had truly connected to the underground mausoleum!

Earlier, was I wandering through the mausoleum in some peculiar form, not needing to be blindfolded or carry a lantern?

Was everything I saw and experienced real, actually happening in real time?

Was the Mirror Person on the lantern real too?

Right, that didn't look like the lantern-bearer's Mirror Person, their physical condition was noticeably different.

Could it be the Mirror Person from Trier? Did he use the special power of the mirror world to start exploring the mausoleum before Albus, Julie, and I?

If so, he may have been at it for many days, and might be close to succeeding...

When he saw me, did he see what I look like, my state, my form?

Yes, if one enters the mausoleum without being blindfolded, the experimental subjects will see the corresponding Mirror Person in their own eyes and be replaced?

A series of questions flashed through Lumian's mind, creating a sense of urgency.

He sat up and looked towards the window.

The earthquake had already subsided, and outside the not-so-thick curtains, the sky seemed to be getting slightly brighter.

Lumian sighed, suppressing his negative emotions, and decided to sleep a bit more, until six in the morning.

He needed to be in his best condition to complete the remaining three days of study, otherwise, he might lose control or even die from it.

After waking up naturally, Lumian had breakfast prepared by Lez and then went directly to the Knowledge Cathedral, sitting in his usual spot, reading and monitoring the entrance to the underground mausoleum.

This way, if there was an anomaly, he could teleport there immediately and enter the underground.

After alternating between thunderstorms and clear skies, Lumian finished his morning studies and headed back to the Carnivore bar for lunch.

About a third of the way back, he heard a painful yet slightly pleasurable scream from the direction of the bar.

Is Julie at it again? She wasn't in a bad or good mood today...

And it's the bar's busy time... Did someone bother her? Lumian shook his head, thinking Julie was quite unprofessional.

Soon, he returned to the Carnivore bar and found the area in front of the bar and inside the hall empty, with tables and chairs overturned, broken glasses scattered, and spilled liquor on the floor, some of it already frozen.

It looks like Julie went berserk, attacked all the patrons, and drove them away... What happened? Lumian became highly alert.

As the owner of the Carnivore bar, he felt both distressed over the wasted liquor and keenly aware of the unusual situation.

He remembered that Julie had seemed fine when he left in the morning, even proactively helping Lez prepare the ingredients for the day.

Lumian sniffed the air, detecting a faint smell of blood and a hint of something resembling chestnut flowers.

To most men, the latter scent was very familiar.

Something's off. Based on my observations, Julie usually finishes her collection before the target reaches the peak of pleasure. This time, the scent is quite noticeable... Did she let the original owner of the collection enjoy themselves? Lumian frowned and followed the smell of blood upstairs, pushing open Julie's door.

On Julie's bed lay Lez, naked, eyes wide open, mouth half-puffed, with his legs a bloody mess.

He was dead.

Julie attacked Lez? Lumian looked into Lez's eyes, seeing extreme pleasure, relaxation, and evident pain, with no signs of a supernatural battle in the room, only splattered blood and a few sources of the chestnut flower scent telling the story.

This made Lumian suspect that Lez had willingly gone to bed with Julie.

And this culinary artist knew well what Julie would do.

Similarly, Julie's behavior was different this time, seemingly allowing Lez to complete his climax.

Did Lez seek liberation? Or did he make a preemptive move and fail?

Lumian wasn't shocked by this but found it too sudden.

Lumian's gaze fell on the lifeless bloodstain at Lez's mouth.

After a few seconds, he suddenly recalled something Julie had once said to Lez: "I've decided to seduce you last."

Last... Lumian's eyes narrowed sharply.

To Julie, now was the final moment?

Was she about to take her last action?

Where had she gone now?

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Chapter 826 Entry

826 Entry

Lumian directly activated the black mark on his right shoulder and teleported to the edge of the boundless cemetery, right at the entrance to the underground mausoleum.

This place looked like the mouth of a giant beast, with gray-white stone steps stretching down into the dark, deep throat.

Lumian suspected Julie had already entered the mausoleum.

Whatever the Demoness Sect's plan was, it ultimately had to involve the sealed 0-01 deep within the mausoleum!

Lumian sniffed around the entrance, detecting only the scents of grass, trees, and the earthy smell after rain. There was no trace of Julie's fragrance.

At the same time, he scrutinized the gray-white stone steps descending into the darkness, looking for fresh footprints-there had been a thunderstorm earlier.

No signs of Julie... Lumian turned and transformed into a blazing white spear, shooting across hundreds of meters and landing beside the Knowledge Cathedral.

He didn't take a detour, opening the nearest stained glass window and jumping into the church, quickly running to Heraberg, who was dressed in a plain white robe with brass thread.

"Your Grace, do you know which room Celeste is staying in?" Lumian's breath was steady, but he spoke quickly.

Heraberg, the archbishop of Morora, smiled and replied, "The third floor, the room closest to the cemetery, with a view of the mausoleum entrance."

Lumian was taken aback.

You knew all along...

He didn't waste time asking further, igniting white flames on his body and darting like a javelin towards the staircase.

After a few turns, Lumian reached Celeste's room.

He grasped the brass handle, gently twisted it, and pushed open the wooden door.

The room was tidy, with minimal furnishings-a single bed, a desk, a chair, and a shelf for books and miscellaneous items, giving off a monastic austerity.

Indeed, Celeste is gone as well... Lumian confirmed his suspicion.

He didn't immediately enter the room, sensing it was filled with invisible, pathogen-laden webs, like a poisonous spider's nest.

While preparing to burn the unseen webs, he observed further.

He noticed Celeste might have been playing the part of a corrupted experiment subject, as the room lacked any unnecessary items. With her disappearance, even the spare black robes were gone, leaving the room empty, save for a mirror on the desk by the window.

The mirror was a common dressing mirror, not unusual in a Demoness's room.

But it sparked a thought in Lumian: Did Celeste leave through the mirror world?

The law enforcers usually entered and exited together. She couldn't have bet on the Knowledge Cathedral turning a blind eye and walked out alone...

Is she meeting Julie somewhere in the mirror world?

Did Julie and Celeste use the mirror world to enter the mausoleum, leaving no traces at the entrance?

With this in mind, Lumian's thoughts raced, forming a web of connections from various bits of information and ideas.

He quickly made a guess: Did Celeste patrol the mausoleum as an experiment subject several times to place mirrors at key points or obtain coordinates of similar reflective items?

When I used the Mirror Cufflink before, I couldn't identify which mirrors were in the mausoleum or if they were dangerous...

This was the Demoness Sect's preparation, and now, Celeste has control over the mirrors in the mausoleum and can start the operation?

Why not act immediately after her last patrol?

Were a few days needed for other preparations?

As his thoughts raced, Lumian whispered, "Termiboros, do you think I should enter the mausoleum now or continue my studies, hoping Julie and Celeste fail?"

Before Termiboros could respond, Lumian laughed and said, "I won't rely on others to fail."

He had made his decision.

He would enter the mausoleum to disrupt and stop the Demoness Sect's actions, buying a few more days!

The only issue was that in the mausoleum, he had to be blindfolded and couldn't read or study during the downtime.

Is there a way to convert text to sound? Aurore's grimoires mentioned related ideas and preliminary results, but I'm not a Warlock... Lumian sighed internally, then heard Termiboros's layered, majestic voice: "It's very dangerous."

You're actually answering... Is this a genuine warning or a hidden plot?

He only mentioned the danger, without strongly dissuading me... No matter, whether Termiboros opposes or tempts me, I'm going... Lumian quickly calmed himself, chuckled, and said, "Maybe we'll both become 0-01's puppets."

"Not including me," Termiboros responded in a powerful voice.

Is that so? Lumian once again transformed into a flaming spear and swiftly returned to the cathedral hall.

He approached Heraberg, holding three books, and smiled. "Your Grace, I still have two and a half books left to read. Do you have a way to convert the remaining knowledge into sound so I can study while exploring the mausoleum?"

Heraberg's wrinkles smoothed out, and his expression became even gentler. "Good, good, this is the attitude needed for study."

He took out a brass sheet and accepted the books from Lumian.

In Heraberg's amber eyes, countless symbols and words swirled and spun.

Lumian saw tiny glimmers rising from the books, converging into a river that flowed into the brass sheet.

What kind of mystic art is this... Lumian was mesmerized.

Before coming to Lenburg, he had gathered detailed information about the Church of Knowledge, including some details about the Reader pathway.

He knew the Sequence 5 of the Reader pathway was called Mysticism Magister, capable of inventing and creating unique spells.

Soon, the glimmers vanished, and the brass sheet became more lustrous, with its symbols and patterns gaining more depth.

With two snaps, Heraberg broke off two corners from the brass sheet and molded them into cylindrical shapes.

Lumian watched, jaw dropping.

Without the aid of fire, breaking off two pieces of brass with just my hands is quite difficult, let alone molding them like clay with my fingers...

Your Grace, are all Readers this strong, or is it unique to you as a puppet?

Your fingers could probably crush my bones to dust...

Or is this a side effect of the mystic art?

"Insert them into your ears. The activation spell is 'listen' in ancient Hermes, as I know you only speak this language and haven't mastered Jotun or Elvish yet. The deactivation spell is 'stop.'" Heraberg handed the brass sheet and the two cylindrical brass earplugs to Lumian.

Lumian instinctively argued, "I know Hermes too."

He understood Heraberg was referring to languages capable of invoking supernatural powers.

"Hermes?" Heraberg laughed.

Lumian sensed contempt for the Hermes language in his laughter and expression.

With time running out, Lumian didn't ask further, inserting one brass earplug and pocketing the rest. He then transformed into a blazing white spear and flew from the open stained glass window to the mausoleum entrance.

Lumian calmed his breathing, took a carbide lamp and white bandages from the Traveler's Bag.

After lighting the carbide lamp, he wrapped the bandages around his head, covering his eyes.

Lumian's vision gradually turned pitch black.

For a Hunter who relied heavily on sight, this was far from a pleasant experience.

Feeling his way, he picked up the carbide lamp and cautiously descended the gray-white stone steps.

He focused on maintaining his balance, worried about stepping wrong and tumbling down like a wheel into the mausoleum.

He wasn't afraid of getting hurt but feared extinguishing the lamp.

Being blind is no fun... Lumian muttered, constructing a mental map.

Most of the map's content came from the 0-01 sealing information and the book Examples of Mausoleum Construction, with some from his nightmares over the past few days.

Using the mental map, his heightened senses, and his control over his body, Lumian gradually adapted to the darkness, descending more steadily.

Finally, he reached the bottom of the stairs and officially entered the mausoleum.

He felt the surrounding darkness surge like a tide, eroding his skin, bringing a chill and a slow drain of life force.

Almost simultaneously, his right palm turned icy cold.

The abnormal life force drain stopped.

The Underworld Daoist's mark activated? Lumian silently mused, In this situation, even without a lit carbide lamp, I shouldn't encounter any issues in the mausoleum's darkness. Hehe, when I find Julie and Celeste, I could use my Hunter ability to extinguish their lamps directly. But Julie is special, and Celeste likely is too. It might not be easy to have the darkness engulf them...

Blindfolded, Lumian turned and sensed the Abscessed Hand's head location using the semi-activated black mark on his right shoulder.

He planned to find this thing first, then stop Julie and Celeste.

Then, he could toss the separated Abscessed Hand parts together and see what mutation occurs, giving the enemies a "surprise."

Perhaps because they were in the same mausoleum, Lumian quickly sensed the summoning and special connection from Hand Bro.

It was not far!

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Chapter 827 Blind Battle

827 Blind Battle

Morora, fifth floor of the Knowledge Cathedral.

A law enforcer in a black robe stood at the window, looking at the entrance to the underground mausoleum, which resembled the mouth of a giant beast.

In his eyes, Lumian's figure could be seen descending the gray-white stone steps one by one.

Elsewhere in Morora, Albus Medici stood by another window.

However, his gaze was not on the nearby buildings but on the cemetery and Lumian, neither of which could be seen from this street.

Is it starting? the descendant of the Red Angel chuckled.

...

Blindfolded, Lumian moved steadily through the darkness, guided by the mental map in his mind, approaching the location of the Abscessed Hand's head.

This is the end. I need to turn left... It's exactly like the diagram in the book... Lumian reached out his right hand, not holding the carbide lamp, and touched something cold and hard.

It was likely a wall.

He then turned left, walked a bit further, and stopped.

He sensed the Abscessed Hand's head was just a few meters to his right, while the surroundings were eerily silent.

Lumian turned, extending his right hand in that direction, but he only felt an equally cold, hard wall.

Behind the wall? According to the diagram, there should be a room behind here, and the door is about five meters ahead...

Even though he couldn't see, the importance of knowledge became evident in this situation.

Counting his steps, he reached what should be the door and felt around, finding the wooden board.

He fumbled for the handle, gently twisted it, and pushed open the slightly ajar door.

Meanwhile, he mused internally, Albus casually threw it, and the Hand Bro's head ended up here?

Even if it bounced around, it shouldn't have gotten this far...

Even though it's not very far from the entrance, there were two turns, and the door is even closed.

Did the door close afterward?

Growing more cautious, Lumian listened for any sounds beyond the door.

It was completely silent.

He slowly entered the room, moving towards the corner from which the rotten stench emanated, his connection to the Abscessed Hand growing clearer.

His right hand was ready to draw the Sword of Courage from the Traveler's Bag at any moment, while his left, holding the carbide lamp, reached for Abscessed Hand's head.

The head was higher than he expected, placed on a shelf rather than the ground.

Suddenly, his fist brushed against something slimy and damp, which wriggled slightly.

Five cold, finger-like things instantly grabbed Lumian's left fist.

A chill ran down his spine.

Encountering such a thing while blindfolded was many times more terrifying.

He couldn't tell what it was!

But he was certain it wasn't the Abscessed Hand's head, as that was just a head!

In a flash, Lumian's left fist ignited with blazing white flames.

His fist moved forward, accelerating suddenly, snapping sharply between the finger-like things.

Boom!

The explosion scattered the slimy fingers, and Lumian used the semi-activated black mark on his right shoulder to teleport behind what he presumed was the Abscessed Hand's head.

"Hmph!"

Lumian exhaled two beams of white light from his nostrils.

He felt he had hit his target.

Without waiting for his opponent to fall, he swung his left fist, burning with intense flames, while his right hand stayed ready to draw the Sword of Courage.

Bang!

It felt like hitting an elastic, dead wood. He unleashed his accumulated flaming forces.

Boom!

The violent blast pushed the slimy "wood" forward a bit.

Then, there was silence, with no sound of something hitting the ground.

Cautiously, Lumian transformed into a blazing-white spear and charged.

He felt himself piercing through a withered tree filled with rust and flesh, landing in front of the Abscessed Hand's head amidst a strong, pungent odor.

There was no resistance, no real counterattack.

Is it over? Lumian, still blindfolded, felt uneasy.

He kept his right hand in the Traveler's Bag, holding the carbide lamp's handle with his mouth, reaching up with his left hand, prepared to use the Spirit World Traversal if needed.

In the still atmosphere, Lumian touched the slimy, foul-smelling, limp flesh and greasy, disgusting "weeds."

This should be Hand Bro's hair... No other abnormalities...

Lumian mustered his courage and continued feeling around.

Soon, he touched a decaying neck, then a wounded "shoulder."

A shoulder... Despite being mentally prepared, Lumian was still startled.

The Abscessed Hand's head couldn't have grown a body, right?

After waiting a few seconds with no sudden attack, Lumian grabbed the greasy "weeds" that were likely the hair and pulled.

As he applied force, there was a reluctant, cork-popping "plop" sound.

His center of gravity wavered as if he had pulled something free.

He had torn off the head!

Almost simultaneously, Lumian sensed the Abscessed Hand's body parts inside the Traveler's Bag moving, but they couldn't breach the spatial barrier, only wriggling closer, pushing away other items.

This is Hand Bro's head... Then who tried to 'shake hands' with me? Scenes flashed through Lumian's mind: A head dragging a bloody spine flying through the air, a headless body chasing it...

In the mausoleum sealing 0-01, there must be similar headless bodies, and one of them took Hand Bro's head, attaching it to its neck? No wonder Albus's casual toss brought Hand Bro's head all the way here... Lumian quickly guessed, finding the situation both amusing and horrifying.

If the headless body and the Abscessed Hand's head stayed together for months, something terrifying might happen...

Lumian didn't dare put the head in the Traveler's Bag, which would inevitably cause the body parts to reunite, summoning the Abscessed Hand. He wanted to wait until he encountered Julie, Celeste, Albus, or Wanak.

Holding the head and the lamp, Lumian prepared to leave the room.

Suddenly, Lumian felt something and flinched his right shoulder.

He sensed that something was trying to pat him.

But when he moved away, everything returned to normal, silent and still.

Lumian's body ignited with blazing-white flames that expanded outward in a spherical shape, pushing in all directions.

The flames only ignited the object that had originally held the Abscessed Hand's head.

Unable to see, Lumian didn't dwell on what had tried to pat his shoulder. Recalling the earlier battle, he quickly determined his position and direction.

Then, he walked steadily back to the door and exited, acting as if he could see every detail around him.

Finally obtaining the Abscessed Hand's head gave Lumian a bit of confidence. Using the mental map he had formed, he made his way to the lowest level of the underground mausoleum, filled with puppet soldiers.

Blindfolded with layers of white bandages, he occasionally turned right, walked forward, descended stairs, and fumbled to open heavy or simple doors.

He didn't forget to activate the brass amulet in ancient Hermes, listening with one ear and monitoring his surroundings with the other.

As he walked, Lumian suddenly conjured a flame in his right palm and flung it ahead, forming a burning straight sword.

It seemed to hit something, but it could have just been an illusion.

Lumian didn't maintain the flaming sword, letting it extinguish.

He didn't investigate whether he had encountered something real or if it was just a reaction from his tense, sightless state.

Though his knowledge didn't explicitly cover it, his past experiences hinted at a key point: In the underground mausoleum, if you believe something is real, it likely becomes real! As long as it doesn't pose a direct threat, it's best to ignore potential dangers!

After descending another staircase, Lumian suddenly felt like he was being watched by numerous eyes.

At that moment, he had the urge to tear off his bandages and see what was happening.

Plop! A cold drop of liquid fell on the back of his left hand.

It felt sticky, but there was no smell of blood.

Plop, plop, plop! The cold "droplets" increased, falling faster and faster, like a sudden downpour.

Inside the mausoleum, 20 to 30 meters underground, it started to "rain."

What the hell is going on? What's around me... The book only mentioned a hall here, straight ahead to the exit, but it didn't provide a detailed layout or mention anything special inside...

Lumian endured the soaking "rain" and, under countless watching eyes, stepped forward with his right foot.

Thud!

A drumbeat suddenly sounded, as if striking Lumian's heart, making him feel like he wanted to spit out blood.

Thud! Thud! Thud!

The drumming grew clearer and more intense.

Lumian also faintly heard a soft, scratching chuckle.

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Chapter 828 Same Kind?

828 Same Kind?

Drumming echoed continuously, each beat resonating with Lumian's heartbeat, making him feel like he was about to vomit blood.

Enduring the discomfort, Lumian pushed through the cold liquid like a sudden downpour, under countless watching eyes and strange, soft chuckles, steadfastly moving forward.

One step, two steps, three steps, suddenly a blood-red color lit up his bandage-wrapped vision.

It was a reddish plain, with an army of undead in iron-black armor advancing.

My first nightmare after I started studying? The thought flashed through Lumian's mind. He then noticed the scene before him fracturing, overlaid with images of burning palaces, forests of thunder, mountains of corpses, and rows of blindfolded experimental subjects marching.

These were all from his recent nightmares.

Lumian realized it wasn't the bandages losing their effect but a powerful hallucination induced by something, blending reality and illusion.

Meanwhile, the monotone voice in his left ear stopped reciting knowledge from books and became sharp and raspy, shouting something unintelligible.

Lumian's right palm suddenly felt hot, with a slight burning sensation.

The residual aura of Blood Emperor Alista Tudor had been triggered!

Simultaneously, the mark from the Underworld Daoist grew colder, suppressing the emerging violence and madness, while a slight burning sensation appeared on Lumian's left chest.

Is this a mishmash of everything? Lumian mentally mocked himself.

With these changes, the cold liquid droplets softened, like cold, wet hands brushing against his body.

The war drumbeats no longer synchronized with his heartbeat, the mysterious gazes lost their unnerving power, and the scratching chuckles turned into soft, alluring singing.

Lumian paused, guessing at what was happening.

He maintained a steady pace, heading deeper into the hall marked on his mental map.

The "raindrops," drumming, gazes, and singing remained unchanged, allowing him to proceed smoothly.

This must be the corruption from the 0-01 sealing information and knowledge I've learned, triggering hallucinations and making the dangers here see me as one of their own, similarly corrupted?

This also triggered the Blood Emperor's residual aura, causing a chain reaction with the Underworld Daoist's mark and Mr. Fool's seal. Without these, I might have truly become a puppet like the others here, a real experimental subject...

Hmm, did Mr. Fool's seal also passively confuse perceptions?

Deciding based on similar levels of corruption could be a mysticism principle or an exploit...

As his thoughts cleared, Lumian raised his right hand, pressing it to his left chest, silently muttering and joking with himself, Praise Mr. Fool!

Thanks to Archbishop Heraberg, thanks to the power of knowledge!

Learning brings me joy!

While listening to the strange roars in his earplugs, Lumian tried to discern any hidden information, maintaining his quick pace to avoid provoking unseen dangers.

Estimating his steps and distance, comparing it with his mental map, Lumian finally reached what should be the hall's exit.

At that moment, the nightmare scenes in his vision changed.

He seemed to be at a high place, looking down at a mountain of corpses and bones.

His gaze moved down, past the burning pale flames and dark-red lights in the eye sockets of the skeletons, past the rotting flesh and pale bones, to the dark red near-black ground, and the iron-black armor.

The metallic surface of the armor reflected a single black figure.

Lumian saw it clearly: It was the bespectacled, scholarly-looking serial killer Guei!

This exile, sent to Morora with Lumian, Julie, and Lez, had vanished after spending some time in the Knowledge Cathedral.

The reflections of Guei on the armor seemed to sense Lumian's gaze, suddenly looking up, but quickly lowering his head again, as if realizing it was a mistake.

The fragmented scenes vanished.

Guei?

His reflection on the iron-black armot... like mirrors...

Is he the Mirror Person who infiltrated Morora?

Lumian's eyes widened behind the white bandages.

He quickly compared Guei's figure with the Mirror Person from his nightmares: Highly likely the same!

So it's him... and he even knows to study in the Knowledge Cathedral... He's now around that mountain of corpses? Lumian suddenly felt that Guei might be as troublesome and dangerous as Albus Medici, Julie, Celeste, or Wanak.

Recalling the recent scene, Lumian thought his perspective was odd:

At the top of the mountain of corpses?

Overlooking everything...

Did I share the perspective of 0-01?

Right, being heavily corrupted means becoming its puppet, and it seems high-level Hunters can share power, damage, vision, hearing, and feelings with their team...

0-01 just considered me one of its own?

It didn't give me power like Wanak, probably not fully 'accepted'... If I read all the remaining books and mastered the knowledge, would the corruption reach a critical point, making 0-01 see me as a fully submissive puppet, while I'm not? In such a case, I could approach it and find a way to leave a mark.

This matches my earlier guess. The purpose of the test is to gauge the level of corruption, my body's endurance, and the balance of the various corruptions within me.

I really needed to ace it. If I hid anything and colored Archbishop Heraberg's judgment, I'd have been the one suffering. I would either become a true puppet of 0-01 or die here due to insufficient corruption.

Knowledge is indeed power; knowledge indeed holds wealth!

Lumian couldn't help but curse Julie and Celeste. Those two Demonesses raised by pigs had prevented him from completing his studies!

Since it had already happened, he could only keep cursing while passing through the hall's exit.

After walking a few dozen meters along the marked passage, Lumian suddenly felt a disturbance to the side, hearing the sound of something heavy moving through the air.

Holding his carbide lamp and the head of the Abscessed Hand, he lunged forward and rolled away.

Thud!

The sound of something heavy hitting the ground echoed.

Using the sound, Lumian quickly sketched an image of the "enemy" in his mind: a giant sword!

In the underground mausoleum, the only beings carrying giant swords without feeling alive that Lumian could think of were the puppet soldiers.

Am I being attacked by a puppet soldier in this passage?

Hey, we're on the same side! We're both 0-01's soldiers!

Surprised, Lumian heard a whooshing sound as the giant sword swung down again.

Completely blind, Lumian activated the black mark on his right shoulder, teleporting behind the suspected puppet soldier attacker.

Simultaneously, knowledge from the Doll Crafting and Maintenance book flashed in his mind: "The puppet soldiers used in the underground tomb are uniformly two meters tall, made of iron...

"Their weapons come in four types: giant swords, hammers, spears, and bows...

"The weakest point of the puppet soldiers is their neck, due to mechanical structure issues and the inevitable development brought by the mausoleum's corrupting forces..."

As this knowledge flashed by, Lumian leaped, tensed his chest muscles, spread his arms, raised his right fist, and aimed at the back of the puppet soldier's neck, as constructed in his mind.

His fist ignited with layers of compressed white-hot flames, finally striking something hard and cold.

With a clang, the compressed flames were injected into the puppet soldier's neck.

Using the force, Lumian flipped back in midair, while an explosive sound echoed from within the puppet soldier.

A Cull completed with Fire Infusion!

The sound of heavy metal fragments hitting the ground followed.

As Lumian steadied himself, he heard Albus's voice in his ear:

"You can see?"

This member of the Medici family had a peculiar metallic quality in his voice.

Albus is here too? Did he witness me precisely dismantling the puppet soldier? Lumian's right hand stealthily reached into the Traveler's Bag, as he responded with a smile, "Can you see too?"

Albus's metallic voice came from another direction:

"I can't see by myself; I'm blindfolded like you. But I can share the vision of the puppet soldiers here."

This is an example of the power of high-level Hunters... A gift from the Red Angel? This gift can even piggyback on 0-01's puppets... According to Madam Magician, that King of Angels once held 0-01... Lumian deliberately harrumphed and said, "Did you make the puppet soldier attack me?"

Albus switched locations again, seemingly using different puppet soldiers to speak.

"This was a test. Only those who pass the test are qualified to cooperate with me."

"You think you're worthy of cooperating with me? Why would you think I want to work with you?" Lumian said disdainfully.

Albus laughed. "That Demoness has a very dangerous item. If we don't work together, she could take us out one by one."

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Chapter 829 Deception and Betrayal

829 Deception and Betrayal

Cooperate? You just want to use me as cannon fodder, right?

Well, let's see if I can find out what item Julie has... With his eyes covered by white bandages, Lumian wore an expression of skepticism. "How dangerous could it be?"

Albus, also blindfolded and holding a lantern, leaned against the wall of a burial chamber, watching Lumian through the eyes of the iron puppet soldiers twenty meters away.

He chuckled inwardly. You didn't put that ragged head in your bag but carried it in your hand. Not afraid of trouble, or are you planning something?

And your right hand has been in that bag made by a high-level Apprentice...

The half-body should already be inside. You don't want to reunite the head and body now, fearing unforeseen consequences. You plan to use it as an indiscriminate weapon at a crucial moment, don't you?

Perfect for surprising Julie and the others. I won't try it myself to avoid unnecessary consumption.

Cooperation is great; it gathers the dangers together, letting them cancel each other out...

Albus made an iron puppet's mouth move, its metallic voice saying, "The item on that Demoness is one of five created by the Primordial Demoness before Her slumber after the Pale Disaster of the Fourth Epoch. It can make the bearer a vessel for the Primordial Demoness's descent."

"A vessel for a deity's descent..." Lumian repeated.

The Demoness Sect plays high-stake games, don't they?

He had thought Julie's item could only temporarily grant her the power of a Sequence 4 Demoness of Despair, not that she could briefly become the Primordial Demoness herself!

Even a fraction of a true god's power was immense!

Albus's laughter echoed in the metal cavity.

"Yes, a vessel.

"Fortunately, Julie isn't sturdy enough as a vessel. If she were an Angel-level Demoness, she could sustain the descent for a minute or two without dying. A Saint-level Demoness could hold it for a few seconds, but her soul and body would collapse. Julie, as a Demoness of Affliction, can't maintain the state for more than three seconds and that's with the cost of complete annihilation.

"Even without invoking the descent, the item grants her various special abilities, temporarily allowing her to use Sequence 4 powers.

"If we don't cooperate, facing Julie's normal state alone is tough but not hopeless. But if she's pushed to the brink and tries the descent, we won't last three seconds.

"By working together and using all our trump cards, we might last until her descent ends. Then, we rely on our skills."

Last three seconds in front of a Demoness... Such ambiguous words would be a field day for the scandal reporters on Trier's Avenue du Boulevard. They'd twist your words into questioning your prowess... Influenced by vulgar jokes from Trier's Ghost Face and other tabloids and Franca's quips, Lumian mentally criticized.

He didn't believe in Albus's sincere cooperation. He thought this Red Angel's descendant would throw him out as a shield at the critical moment to endure Julie's deity's descent. This might be Albus's ultimate plan to survive.

Like Emperor Roselle's parable: in a forest, you don't need to outrun a bear, just your companion.

Franca often joked that in adventures, companions were the best shields.

But Julie and Celeste likely know my true identity, that I'm a lover of one of their peers, and that I was once an Iron and Blood Cross Order member. They wouldn't place as much importance on me as much as they'd be wary of a Medici. So it's still a question who's the primary target and who's the shield... In a hesitant, distrustful tone, Lumian said, "I can sense Julie's danger but didn't expect it to be this severe.

"Of course, I still don't trust you."

"Cooperation and mutual vigilance are not contradictory. I can't truly trust you either," Albus replied with a hint of amusement.

"When there's a common interest, even enemies who killed one's parents can temporarily cooperate. How much more so for us?"

While speaking, Albus thought to himself, Working together against those two Demonesses is better than fighting you now and facing your hidden trump cards head-on. Even if I win, the cost would be high, and how would I deal with the

Demonesses and Wanak afterward?

Heh heh, in a real fight with the Demonesses, you won't be able to hide your trump cards. The situation will become chaotic, everyone will go all out, and the dangers will cancel each other out. I'm best at winning in chaos...

After a moment of contemplation, Lumian gritted his teeth and said, "Let's cooperate until we deal with the two Demonesses."

"A very wise choice." Albus did not hide his joy.

Lumian, holding the carbide lamp and the Abscessed Hand's head, began to walk slowly.

With a posture of "I am trying to show sincerity," he said, "Besides the two Demonesses and Wanak, we have another enemy.

"That's the Mirror Person from the special mirror world from Fourth Epoch Trier. His name in Morora is Guei."

"Mirror Person..." The iron puppet ahead repeated the term, then laughed. "I'm not surprised. It's a problem left by that lunatic Alista Tudor."

"What do you mean?" Lumian took the opportunity to ask.

Albus, with a tone of clear reverence, said, "You should know my ancestor was a King of Angels. He told me that the special mirror world was likely created by Tudor."

"Red Angel? Wasn't He killed before Alista Tudor became the Blood Emperor? How did He know the origin of the special mirror world?" Lumian expressed his doubts.

"What do you mean 'killed'?" Albus sighed. "That's why I dislike working with Hunters. If it weren't for today's necessity, I wouldn't have sought you out. Hunters really have a way with words."

"I also dislike working with Hunters, like you," Lumian agreed.

Albus switched to another iron puppet: "My ancestor entered the Fourth Epoch Trier and confirmed its various problems. He said the special mirror world might not be a product of those problems but the cause of them."

The Red Angel meant that the special mirror world wasn't created by the fall of the Blood Emperor and the destruction of Fourth Epoch Trier, but existed before and led to the need for a new Trier to seal it after Fourth Epoch Trier's fall? Could the Red Angel be deliberately spreading false information for some consOriginal?

But this matches what I found in the Blue Avenger's treasure vault-the Blood Emperor might have been using the mirror world for His resurrection arrangements before His fall.

Similarly, the Tamara family's connection with the special mirror world was also before the War of the Four Emperors...

Lumian stopped, thought for a few seconds, and said, "'Alista Tudor left too many problems behind, didn't He?"

Though the Knight of Swords said that among the crazy ancient gods of the Second Epoch, the Undying Phoenix Ancestor Gregrace was the most troublesome, causing many issues, and was quite similar to the Fourth Epoch's Blood Emperor Alista Tudor, Lumian had only encountered problems related to the Underworld from the Phoenix Ancestor. In contrast, he encountered troubles from the Blood Emperor frequently. So, in his mind, the Blood Emperor was the most troublesome, much more so than the Phoenix Ancestor.

Albus seemed to share a similar sentiment. Using the iron puppet's mouth, he said, "Because He is the symbol of calamity."

Wh- Lumian suddenly had a deeper understanding of the Hunter pathway.

Albus then asked, "As temporary collaborators, do you need me to share the puppet's vision with you? That way, you won't have to pretend to be blind."

Such a good thing? Lumian instantly became wary.

Thinking about how Wanak had to fully submit to 0-01 to share a bit of power, and considering that all the puppets here were 0-01's minions, Lumian pondered for a few seconds and said, "No need."

In a situation where he was not truly part of Albus's team, he worried that sharing vision might gradually turn him into a puppet.

"Sometimes, being too cautious isn't good," Albus Medici said without further persuasion, his tone containing a hint of undisguised regret.

For the next while, Lumian followed his mental map, winding through the underground tombs. Albus occasionally used the iron puppets scattered around the area to remind him he wasn't left behind.

After a while, Lumian slowed his steps, mumbling to himself, In the Examples of Mausoleum Construction, there's nothing marked ahead...

This is where Albus comes in, isn't it?

Without hesitation, Lumian walked past what seemed to be a gate and entered the blank area on his mental map.

The next second, he felt his skin prickling, as if approaching a fierce lightning bolt yet not touching it.

Lumian immediately recalled the forest of lightning from his previous nightmare.

His ears then caught Albus's voice through the iron puppet:

"Wanak is coming. Just a dozen meters ahead."

Wanak? Lumian's mind immediately pictured the most dangerous figure in Morora, with blood-red hair and iron-black eyes, and his spirit instantly tensed up.

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Chapter 830 Destination

830 Destination

Lumian had always thought Wanak, who could draw power from 0-01, was more dangerous than Albus and Julie. This lightning-filled area was perfect for Wanak to unleash his potential.

No matter if Wanak could only change the weather slightly or if he was on par with Julie and Celeste, who could become vessels for a deity's descent, in this forest of lightning, he was as powerful as a true demigod.

Together, Albus and I would get beaten up by the thunderstorm...

Lumian's first instinct was to exit this area and find another path to 0-01.

That way, even if Wanak pursued him, outside his optimal environment, he wouldn't be invincible.

In a flash, Lumian remembered the nightmares he had.

After the forest of lightning, there were mountains of corpses and bones, with 0-01 possibly at the peak.

This meant this was the only way to the core sealing area-there was no way around it!

This fact was hinted at in "Examples of Mausoleum Construction," even if it wasn't clearly marked.

Or, I could pretend to retreat, draw Wanak out, and avoid fighting him in the lightning forest...

Wait a minute...

Lumian suddenly had a bold idea.

Since previous dangers saw him as one of their own, would Wanak, a puppet of 0-01, make the same judgment?

Wanak wasn't a fully intelligent human but more like a sentient puppet.

Such a target could likely be deceived!

When I first arrived in Morora, I had little corruption from 0-01, with a mix of other influences, so it made sense for Wanak to see me as an enemy. But now, after much learning, the corruption is approaching a critical point.

! should try.

If it fails, I'll use Shadow Animation to withstand the lightning attack and seize the chance to teleport out of the forest, avoiding a direct fight with Wanak...

Lumian made his decision and stepped forward.

As he walked, he recalled the nightmares he had since arriving in Morora, listening to the brass earplugs recounting knowledge to align himself with the corruption. At the same time, he thought aimlessly about various significant and insignificant questions to relax and prevent his body from being too tense.

This could prevent Wanak from noticing anything unusual!

Why did I end up in the forest of lightning?

According to the nightmare, there should be burning palaces and waterfall-like downpours ahead.

Are they on a different route?

...

Lumian endured the increasing prickling sensation, mentally calculating his distance.

Three or four more steps to meet Wanak...

As soon as this thought crossed Lumian's mind, he heard slow but steady breathing, masked by the rolling thunder, just a few meters away.

Lumian's back tensed involuntarily, and his right hand reached into the Traveler's Bag, ready to pull out the headless corpse of the Abscessed Hand.

After its previous writhing approach, they had fused together but were temporarily unable to break through the Traveler's Bag's seal and reunite with the head.

As he got closer to Wanak, Lumian, unable to see his expression, instinctively wanted to hold his breath.

He quickly adjusted, forcing himself to remain calm.

The next second, he felt a gaze fall upon him, making the skin on his face break out in barely noticeable bumps.

It was Wanak's gaze.

At this moment, Lumian wished he were a Hypnotist, but he could only keep telling himself, I am an experimental subject, I am an experimental subject...

He maintained the same pace as the black-robed experimental subjects, walking straight ahead.

Two steps... one step... Lumian tried to clear his mind.

He walked past the imagined figure of Wanak.

One step... two steps... three steps... Lumian didn't dare relax, feeling cold sweat on his back.

Outside the lightning forest, Albus Medici, through a guardian puppet's eyes, watched Lumian holding the carbide lamp and the ragged head, step by step, approaching Wanak, who had unbuttoned two buttons of his shirt.

He saw Wanak's gaze fall on Lumian, follow him for seven or eight seconds, then slowly shift away, watching Lumian pass the most dangerous person in Morora and head towards the end of the lightning forest.

Wh- Albus squinted his eyes, then laughed. So that's how he gets through dangerous areas, no wonder he's been reading and studying these past weeks... When we reach the destination, I'll have to guard against him using this trick...

Lumian walked a bit further, feeling the prickling sensation fade as faint echoes of sound from the brass earplugs leaked out, indicating he had left the lightning forest and entered a narrow corridor.

After this corridor, I should reach the area around the mountain of corpses...

Should I wait for Albus to catch up, or go face Julie and the others alone?

Heh heh, I wonder how Albus will get past Wanak...

Lumian stopped and listened for sounds from the direction of the lightning forest.

Thud, thud, thud. He heard slow, steady footsteps.

"Why did you stop?" Wanak's sharp voice suddenly rang in his ears.

A chill ran up Lumian's spine to the back of his head, making him almost pull out the headless corpse of the Abscessed Hand.

He stiffly wanted to "explain," but after a moment's thought, he chose to remain silent and continued walking.

In the nearly frozen air, Lumian heard the thudding footsteps pass him and head towards the end of the corridor.

Phew... He quietly exhaled.

He didn't stop again but slowed his pace, moving like a snail.

Soon, he felt countless eyes on him.

Seeing Wanak rush towards 0-01, Albus Medici laughed at Lumian's pointless risk-taking as he leisurely passed through the lightning forest.

Using the guardian puppets in the corridor, Albus saw the walls made of square iron plates, with surfaces as smooth as mirrors.

At this moment, twisted, pale faces appeared in these "mirrors."

These faces belonged to the residents of Morora, silently staring at Lumian. Occasionally, someone would cautiously extend a hand from the metal surface, quietly reaching for Lumian's body.

Lumian merely swung a fireball in that direction, not making any aggressive moves.

Seeing the pale hand retract into the iron wall, Albus made a puppet speak: "I see Wanak didn't blindfold himself. Do you want to try it too?"

In the underground mausoleum, puppets of Wanak's level don't need to blindfold themselves, not fearing replacement by a Mirror Person.

Theoretically, I should be able to do the same, given I'm almost like him now... Albus must have noticed Wanak didn't attack me and is suspecting my condition... Lumian calmly responded to Albus, "! don't want to die yet."

He then asked, "Should we wait here for a while, let Wanak and the two Demonesses fight it out, and then take advantage?"

Wanak rushing to the mountain of corpses must be to stop Julie and Celeste from doing something to 0-01!

Albus replied through a puppet: "I haven't seen the two Demonesses ahead."

Julie and Celeste haven't arrived yet? Did you two Demonesses get lost?

You were the first to enter the underground mausoleum! Or have you arrived but are hiding, waiting for the right moment? Lumian's thoughts raced, and he resumed his normal pace.

As he walked, he smiled at Albus. "You must have noticed Wanak won't attack me. So, will you let me go ahead unimpeded, join me, or rush ahead of me?"

Lumian worried Albus might lag behind, letting him face any unexpected dangers around the mountain of corpses alone. So he pointed out his unusual condition,

making Albus cautious.

The next dangers, of course, should be faced together. No one should think of hanging back to reap the benefits after the fact!

Albus's laugh came from Lumian's side.

"Since we've agreed to cooperate, we'll go in together."

"That colors you in a different light," Lumian responded insincerely.

After several more steps, Lumian suddenly stopped, feeling he was about to reach the mountain of corpses.

"Why did you stop?" Albus asked through a puppet at the entrance.

"Why did you stop?" Lumian retorted.

"You still don't trust me," Albus sighed.

Lumian chuckled in amusement and replied, "Aren't you the same?"

Suddenly, he sped up, as if trying to leave Albus behind and rush to the foot of the mountain of corpses.

Moments later, he heard a swooshing sound, the noise of a flaming spear piercing the air.

Lumian scoffed and left the corridor completely.

The next second, he felt an intense sense of danger.

This wasn't a premonition but a Hunter's instinct to dodge an attack aimed at his head.

"Are you here to die too?" Julie's cold, indifferent voice echoed in Lumian's ears.

Lumian quickly activated the black mark on his right shoulder and withdrew his hand from the Traveler's Bag.

He pulled out a bluish-black, swollen, headless corpse!

...

Trier, in the apartment Franca and Jenna rented.

Jenna said to Franca, "Your suggestion worked. I've digested the Witch potion. Turns out, getting close to mystical dangers was the key."

Franca's face lit up with joy.

"Are you going to take a couple of days to adjust before going to the sacrificial square in the underground catacombs for the advancement, or do it now?"

Jenna pursed her lips and said, "My spiritual intuition tells me it's best to do it now."

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Chapter 831 Something's Wrong

831 Something's Wrong

When Lumian withdrew the headless corpse of the Abscessed Hand and activated the black mark on his right shoulder, he heard Julie's voice along with the sharp, exaggerated sound of a heavy object falling rapidly.

Instinctively, he chose the farthest place he could sense as his teleportation destination.

Just as Lumian's figure vanished, Albus entered the area with two iron puppets.

He hadn't been influenced by Lumian's feigned attempt to rush towards the mountain of corpses. Instead, he took advantage of Lumian's blindness, conjuring a blazing-white flame spear and manually hurling it forward to drive Lumian out of the corridor, forcing him to face potential dangers and possible concentrated attacks.

Albus himself lagged two to three meters behind, allowing him ample time to react—if Lumian were to be surrounded or controlled, Albus could avoid the dangerous zone and approach the mountain of corpses from the side.

Of course, Albus couldn't afford to fall too far behind. Lumian had just proven he could prevent Wanak from attacking him, potentially reaching the destination quickly and unhindered. If Albus delayed for more than ten to twenty seconds before entering the area, Lumian might have already made direct contact with 0-01!

In war, acting too quickly or too slowly can both lead to failure... As this thought crossed Albus's mind, he heard the terrifying explosion of something hitting the ground.

One of his iron puppets looked up, seeing a massive meteor engulfed in bright flames, illuminating the entire area. It plummeted towards the armored soldiers and countless corpses in the wasteland, heading towards the entrance area where Albus and Wanak were.

The meteor fell faster and faster, soon surpassing the speed of sound.

Further away, Julie, wearing a slit low-cut dress, stood in midair with the help of icy steps, holding a lantern.

With a sapphire ring on her left hand, she drew a downward arc, pointing at where Wanak and Albus were.

"Son of a bitch!"

For the first time since entering Morora, Albus cursed uncontrollably in his mind.

Isn't she supposed to not have invoked divine descent yet?

Isn't she not in a state of divine descent?

How could this sow summon a meteor?

What about Morora's rules? What about 0-01? Shouldn't there be some restrictions? This is the ability of a Demoness of Catastrophe!

And this Demoness isn't even blindfolded!

Something's wrong!

Although the meteor hadn't reached the level to destroy a city, or the true power of a Demoness of Catastrophe, Albus still felt genuine fear at that moment.

As a member of the Red of War rebuilt by the ancestor, he could concentrate his power towards the King of Angels, share some of the power in return, and distribute part of the damage he received. However, in Morora, within the core area of sealing 0-01, this special interaction was significantly weakened. Albus could at most temporarily use Sequence 4 powers and some weakened higher abilities, but could only transfer a third of the damage at most.

Now, even if he could transfer half or two-thirds of the damage, the remaining part would still be more than his current body could bear.

If the meteor had fallen instantly, Albus would have already turned into a charred corpse.

Wearing a black blindfold, he leaned back slightly, his hair igniting with red flames extending to his back.

Beneath his skin, his bones and flesh faintly glowed with an iron-black hue.

Next, he transformed into a blazing white flame spear, carrying the two iron puppets rapidly to the right.

He had borrowed the Red Angel's power. The plan was to first avoid the meteor's impact zone, then use the ancestor's damage sharing, his temporary metal transformation, and the two iron puppets as shields to survive the subsequent impact.

Yes, Albus didn't bring the iron puppets because he was fond of them or because he didn't want to lose his "eyes."

They made excellent shields!

As the primary target, Wanak made the same choice as Albus, but without the final protection of the iron puppets, and was hindered by layers of invisible webs around him.

As the strands of web became visible, turning grayish-white, Wanak's blazing white flame spear slowed down.

Bang!

The blazing meteor hit the ground about ten meters behind Wanak.

Boom!

Rolling dust, intense flames, and terrifying shockwaves engulfed Wanak.

The metal-colored body of Morora's most dangerous person cracked instantly, turning into a charred corpse.

Albus, who had fled some distance, was slammed into the white flame spear by the rushing shockwave, driving it to the ground.

With a clanging sound, the first iron puppet, acting as a shield, quickly dented and partially shattered, instantly losing its puppet-like feel and becoming scrap metal.

Next, the second iron puppet suffered severe damage, and then Albus Medici, who emerged from the flame spear state, spat a mouthful of blazing blood, his metalized body sustaining damage.

Not knowing where he had teleported to, Lumian first heard the explosion, then felt the tangible shockwave slam into him, followed by the burning flames.

His ears momentarily deafened, unable to draw knowledge from the brass earplugs. His whole body was flung out, but the shockwave's intensity had dropped to a level a Reaper could withstand.

As for the flames carried by the shockwave, they could only ignite clothes, bandages, and hair, barely causing significant burns to his body, and were quickly extinguished by his flame control ability.

Thua!

Lumian landed heavily, almost dropping the carbide lamp in his hand.

The burnt bandages on his face fell off, but fortunately, he kept his eyes shut.

At the same time, Lumian felt the headless corpse of the Abscessed Hand in his right hand and the rotting head in his left hand become agitated, each dragging his body towards the other with terrifying force.

Lumian didn't stop them; instead, he released his grip.

He once again activated the black mark on his right shoulder, teleporting to the limit of his current sensing range.

He needed to distance himself from the merging parts of the Abscessed Hand to avoid becoming the first target of attack. Otherwise, he might find himself surrounded and attacked!

When choosing a teleportation destination, Lumian deliberately avoided the impact zone and the place where Julie's voice had come from.

In the thick, smoky environment, Lumian's figure disappeared, and the two rotting parts of the Abscessed Hand moved towards each other.

The headless corpse grasped the tangled-haired head with its only hand, urgently placing it on its neck.

But this attempt was hindered by some force, as if an unspoken rule in the underground mausoleum required the head and body to remain separate.

Of course, the obstruction didn't truly prevent the head from reattaching; it only increased the difficulty and slowed the reassembly process.

On the other side, the rolling flames and scattered dust calmed down a bit. Julie, standing on the icy steps, saw that Wanak had lost his life force, lying on the ground with deep cracks and charred marks all over his body.

She quietly sighed in relief.

Wanak had always been her most dreaded opponent. She regretted that Lumian fled early, missing the chance to team up and kill Wanak.

Just then, Wanak's charred body moved.

The most dangerous person in Morora leaped up, with two dark red flames burning in his eye sockets.

He had become an undead creature!

For Wanak, who was a special puppet of 0-01, being alive or existing as an undead made little difference.

Moreover, as an undead, he could tap into additional powers!

He spread his arms, tilted his head back slightly, and let out a roar like a battle cry.

Suddenly, the lantern Julie held went out, and the flames around the mountain of corpses were extinguished. Only the lantern in Albus's hand and the carbide lamp Lumian held, protected by their Hunter powers, flickered but continued to burn.

Darkness surged back but failed to engulf Julie.

Nothing? Using the last iron puppet as his eyes, Albus couldn't help but frown upon seeing this scene.

That sapphire ring can protect Julie from the underground mausoleum's dark corrosion and dissolution?

That doesn't make sense!

Even if it could, why did Julie carry the lantern before? To mislead us?

And, there shouldn't be a Demoness of Catastrophe's ability, even if it's a weakened version...

Something's definitely wrong!

At this moment, Julie let out a low, soul-scratching laugh and pointed her left hand skyward again.

In the darkness above, faint light appeared as sharp icicles formed, raining down like a storm towards the wasteland, targeting Wanak, Albus, and Lumian.

Wanak roared again.

It was like a battle drum, striking Julie's heart and causing her to stiffen momentarily.

Next, a tornado connecting heaven and earth formed, sweeping all the icicles and reversing towards Julie.

At that moment, whether it was Lumian with his eyes shut, Albus with his eyes covered, or Julie and Wanak with normal vision, they all felt the world shake and heard the creaking sound of the void around them.

The rotting corpse of the Abscessed Hand had finally reattached its head to its neck.

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Chapter 832 Reunion

832 Reunion

The rotting chunks of flesh on the blue-black corpse's neck and head began to wriggle and merge back together.

It felt as if the whole world started to shake, with the void around them creaking.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

It was as if something outside the void was pounding forcefully, trying to get in.

Crack! A strange, ethereal breaking sound came from afar, piercing Lumian's ears.

Is Hand Bro trying to get in and reunite with its body?

Is the breaking sound a sign that the seal is temporarily broken?

Lumian, with his eyes still tightly shut, could only speculate from the sounds he heard and the movements he felt.

Just as these thoughts crossed his mind, he heard the metallic, scraping voice of an iron puppet several meters away: "Next to the assembled corpse, the space is cracking like glass."

This was Albus, relaying to Lumian what he saw through the iron puppet and the detail he thought was most important.

Unable to see, Lumian had teleported near Albus-he had to avoid the impact zone and Julie's location while staying away from the Abscessed Hand's corpse. The choices were limited, making an encounter with Albus likely.

Cracking like glass... Hearing Albus's description, Lumian suddenly had a realization.

He had been puzzled by Julie's display of confidence and the terrifying commotion she created.

He felt that if he hadn't teleported away in time, he would surely have died from such an attack.

This exceeded his assessment of Julie's strength, making him suspect she was in a state of divine descent, though it clearly didn't seem that way.

Now, Lumian had a vague guess.

Amid the intense shaking of the ground, Albus stopped using the iron puppet's voice and spoke directly, "Do you think it looks like a mirror shattering?"

A mirror... Yes! Lumian instantly understood the situation.

This is the mirror world!

This is an extension or projection of that special mirror world around 0-01!

After Julie and Celeste reached their destination, they set a trap, creating an entrance to the mirror world at the corpse mountain's entrance. So, whether it was Wanak, Albus, or himself, none of them saw the two Demonesses when they peered into the corridor, but were attacked after entering.

The Demoness of Black had told Franca that the Demoness Sect once controlled that special mirror world, losing some control after the War of the Four Emperors, and further diminishing after the Pale Disaster.

At this moment, Julie must have already worn the divine artifact left by the Primordial Demoness, possessing various special powers. One of these might be the limited use of the special mirror world's power.

With the special mirror world's support, she could launch such a terrifying attack!

If my guess is correct, and this really is the mirror world... Lumian felt the world's shaking, listened to the sounds of the void breaking, and the commotion caused by Julie and Wanak attacking the Abscessed Hand's corpse. He suddenly turned his head towards Albus.

He asked in a deep voice, "Is Julie blindfolded?"

"No," Albus replied firmly.

As expected! Lumian decisively opened his eyes.

If this truly was the mirror world, there was no need to worry about 0-01's power leaking out and creating a corresponding Mirror Person through the eyes, the mystical window of the soul.

In the next second, scenes filled Lumian's vision: Fallen soldiers in iron-black armor like stalks of straw, the corpse mountain several hundred meters to the side, Julie standing on icy steps with an unlit lantern by her feet, and Wanak with dark red flames burning in his eye sockets.

At this moment, Julie and Wanak both saw the bluish-black corpse of the Abscessed Hand as the primary target, launching rounds of attacks. To them, it seemed more dangerous than each other, Lumian, or Albus.

"Indeed..." Albus's voice carried a hint of laughter.

He even sighed in relief without hiding it when Lumian looked over.

Lumian's thoughts raced, quickly understanding what Albus meant by "indeed": This guy was also guessing this is the mirror world but couldn't be sure, so he encouraged me to open my eyes to verify?

Dammit! That's so sneaky!

Good thing I was certain before I opened my eyes!

In Lumian's sight, Albus, in his black jacket with red patterns and hair like burning flames, removed the burned blindfold and laughed.

"No wonder that Demoness kept carrying a lit lantern, to mislead us into not thinking this was the mirror world.

"No wonder nothing happened when her lantern went out. Truly insidious."

"Are you any less insidious?" Lumian replied just as the Abscessed Hand's corpse experienced a sudden change.

The surrounding void cracked like glass struck by a fist, dense white cracks spreading outward, becoming sparse and transparent.

Crack!

The cluster of dense white cracks shattered, and a rotting, pus-dripping, bluish-black swollen hand flew in.

The Abscessed Hand finally broke through the barriers and arrived here!

As soon as it appeared, it used Spirit World Traversal to place itself directly at the severed wrist.

Seeing this, Julie had a strong sense of foreboding.

She immediately let the sapphire ring on her left hand emit a faint light.

Next, she let her hands fall and then lifted them from below.

The ground shook violently, and a small volcano quickly formed under the bluish-black corpse of the Abscessed Hand, spewing out red-white lava and clouds of dust.

This immediately engulfed the bluish-black rotting corpse, melting its flesh and attempting to solidify it within the volcanic rock.

Wanak, with dark red flames in his eye sockets, had blood slowly oozing from his brow, twisting into a strange pattern.

As this change occurred, Wanak raised his right hand.

The dead soldiers in iron-black armor lying on the ground stood up again, their eye sockets rekindling with pale or dark red flames.

Wanak then formed an almost entirely green flame spear with a hint of blazing white, hurling it at the bluish-black corpse struggling in the fierce lava.

The undead soldiers followed suit, creating blazing-white flame spears, mimicking Wanak's action, and throwing them at the target.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

The flame spears nearly obscured half the sky.

Seeing this, Albus moved towards the entrance, with Lumian silently following.

Soon, the flame spears covered the bluish-black corpse of the Abscessed Hand, tearing it into countless small chunks of rotting flesh.

These pieces ignited, falling into the red-white lava.

Suddenly, a part of the lava unexpectedly caved in, and the flaming rotting flesh seemed to be drawn by an invisible force, gathering together.

In the blink of an eye, the bluish-black corpse reappeared in the lava and flames.

The rotting flesh on its surface peeled off in pieces with flames, revealing fresh, vibrant flesh and pale skin as healthy as if it hadn't seen sunlight for a long time.

Julie and Wanak's attacks continued, with hailstones like cannonballs, black flames, lightning strikes, and flying fireballs, but the damage couldn't keep up with the reassembly and healing speed of the Abscessed Hand's complete body.

Within seconds, the charred skin and rotting flesh on the Abscessed Hand's face also fell off, revealing a delicate, handsome face.

Thick, long black eyelashes fluttered, and beneath the soft, pale eyelids, the eyes began to move slowly.

Whether living in the Demonesses' circle like Julie, frequently dealing with Demonesses like Lumian, or the deeply rooted Albus Medici, as well as the uniquely conditioned Wanak, they all held their breath at this moment, briefly entranced by the indescribable beauty.

It was like admiring a perfect, timeless work of art.

They didn't notice their hair growing visibly, previous injuries healing rapidly, and consumed spirituality replenishing as if a rainstorm had filled numerous evaporated lakes.

They saw that on the flawless but slightly feminine face, under the high nose bridge, the just-right lips parted slightly, revealing clean white teeth. The entirely white yet clearly muscular and perfectly proportioned body was completely exposed.

Seeing what was between the Abscessed Hand's legs, Julie instinctively swallowed, clenching her right hand.

The perfect body leaned back slightly, seemingly in some pain.

His chest began to swell, his nether region shrinking rapidly, and his body's lines softened.

He grew increasingly beautiful, nearing the limit of perfection.

But this transformation was stalled, as if missing some crucial element to succeed.

Taking advantage of this stall, Albus broke free from the stunning beauty's shock and immersion, touched the stubble around his mouth, burned it off with flames, and slightly frowned at Lumian. "What kind of monster did you put together?"

Lumian, barely recovering, chuckled. "I don't know either."

"..." Albus was momentarily speechless.

Lumian's gaze lingered on the complete corpse of the Abscessed Hand.

Indeed, it was a bro, but he seemed to be turning into a sister.

But if this change is due to Beyonder characteristics, like a Witch's, the gender should be fixed, not reverting to male after death and then turning female upon resurrection...

This feels more like corruption... He was killed and sealed in pieces before the corruption could fully change his body? To prevent his reassembly and revival, and the return of the corruption?

Now, what's stopping that corruption from fully transforming him? Is it an issue with the source of the corruption, or something special about Morora?

Just as Lumian made some guesses based on his limited mystical knowledge, he saw the white eyelids of the Abscessed Hand twitch and slowly open.

They revealed a pair of beautiful, crystalline scarlet eyes.

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Chapter 833 Activation

833 Activation

Lumian and the others were all captivated by those beautiful, crystalline eyes, feeling as if their very souls were being drawn into the depths of that scarlet.

But those eyes soon filled with irrational rage, madness, and chaos, creating a vortex of indescribable emptiness at their core.

It made all who saw it feel a deep discomfort, as if a flawless object had suddenly cracked.

Just as Lumian broke free from the trance, he saw the scarlet eyes of the Abscessed Hand focusing on him.

It first noticed its own contractee.

It showed no hesitation, displaying a ruthless, bloodthirsty impulse.

Lumian's heart skipped a beat, and his body hair stood on end.

Damn, it's going to attack me first! Lumian immediately prepared to teleport to the side of the corpse mountain in the mirror world, to avoid the impending attack from the Abscessed Hand.

He felt it was unfair-he had only been watching and hadn't tried to interfere with the reassembly of Hand Bro, yet he was being targeted.

The real culprits were Julie and Wanak!

And I went through all that trouble to gather your body. I don't expect you to thank me, but at least don't kill me first! Lumian grumbled internally while activating the black mark on his right shoulder, following his Hunter instincts and personality.

At this moment, both Julie and Wanak sensed that the body, which had transformed from a rotting mess to near perfection, had become even more dangerous.

Taking advantage of the Abscessed Hand's focus on Lumian, they each prepared their most powerful and effective attacks.

Julie raised her left hand and pointed to the sky.

High above, dark clouds swirled into a massive vortex, driven by a violent wind. At the center of the vortex, an iron-black meteor began to take shape, heavy and ominous.

The Abscessed Hand's gaze shifted from Lumian's disappearing figure to Julie.

In those crystalline, scarlet eyes, Julie's figure in her slit dress was reflected, followed by the image of the Abscessed Hand raising its white palm.

That hand clenched into a fist.

Julie's neck made a cracking sound, visibly indenting inward.

Crack, crack, the mirrors on her body shattered, but she couldn't escape her predicament.

She floated upward slowly, her face contorted in pain as if someone were lifting her by the neck.

Her hands instinctively pulled back, trying to pry open the invisible hand strangling her.

The forming iron-black meteor disintegrated, the wind stopped, and the clouds dispersed.

Lumian, who had just appeared at the side of the corpse mountain, saw this and genuinely marveled at the terror of the Abscessed Hand.

If this had happened outside, carrying out the contract without having Madam Magician as a safeguard would be suicide.

At this moment, Lumian felt a strange sense of relief, as if an invisible shackle within him had been broken.

He had completed the pact and was no longer barred from acquiring godhood.

Lumian's gaze swept over Julie, whose mouth was opening and her face turning a darker shade of blue and purple. He frowned in confusion.

Where is Celeste?

Julie is responsible for blocking and interfering with intruders in the mirror world. Is Celeste targeting 0-01?

His thoughts raced as he looked towards Albus Medici, now several hundred meters away.

This guy is also suspicious...

He could influence and use the iron puppets in the underground tomb.

Why did he wait until Julie and Celeste took action to enter here?

Was he preparing something or afraid he couldn't get past Wanak, waiting for a chaotic opportunity?

Just as Julie's eyes began to bulge and she resolved to unleash the full power of her sapphire ring, the mirror world shook violently again, and clear cracks appeared all around.

From within these cracks, nearly invisible flames emerged and seeped through.

In an instant, the sky and ground began to burn.

Lumian suddenly felt an urge to submit, his body instinctively avoiding the nearly invisible, flower-like flames and the melting earth, rocks, and void.

He realized his resistance to burning damage was useless against these flames; contact would surely reduce him to ashes.

At the same time, his right palm became unbearably hot, and a violent, crazed aura surged within him, unable to break free from the icy, deathly stillness of the Underworld Daoist mark's restraints.

The residual aura of Blood Emperor Alista Tudor had fully activated, completely triggered!

This left Lumian feeling like an overinflated balloon, pushed to its limit and still being pumped.

The pain was excruciating.

The area around the Abscessed Hand, where the mirror cracks were most numerous and the flames most dense, became a burning hell. Its head lowered, and the hand squeezing Julie's neck loosened.

Witnessing this change and feeling an indescribable pain, Lumian recalled a passage from the 0-01 sealing information: "Beyonders with strength surpassing Sequence 5 are forbidden from approaching.

Warning, Beyonders with strength surpassing Sequence 5 are forbidden from approaching!"

Now, the reassembled and revived Abscessed Hand clearly possessed strong godhood.

0-01 has detected the presence of a demigod level Beyonder and is forcibly breaking the mirror world's barrier?

My Blood Emperor mark was stimulated by 0-01's aura and triggered uncontrollably? Lumian thought painfully, his thoughts disjointed.

Albus Medici also lowered his head, his flaming hair growing another inch.

Julie fell to the top of the frosty steps, finally escaping a near-death state.

Her long, pale neck was swollen and bruised, marked by deep, blood-embedded finger imprints.

Julie exhaled, raising her left hand once more.

She intended to seize this chance while the enemy, who nearly killed her, was restrained by 0-01's power and eradicate it completely.

On the other side, Wanak ignited nearly blue flames.

He stretched out his right palm, directing the flames forward to form a giant fireball.

The fireball attracted the nearly invisible flames around it, drawing them in layer by layer.

Behind Wanak, his undead army was ignited by the flames seeping through the cracks, but instead of turning to ash, they merged with these flames, one by one flying into Wanak's fireball.

The fireball grew larger, its color gradually turning purple.

Wanak, his eye sockets burning with dark red flames, bit his lips tightly, reaching his limit.

He then pushed the enormous, pale purple fireball towards the Abscessed Hand.

As the fireball touched the Abscessed Hand's perfect body, a meteor ignited by air friction fell from the sky.

The meteor fell faster and faster, hitting the immobilized target directly.

Struggling against the residual aura of the Blood Emperor, Lumian first saw the explosion of light, then the rising dust, and finally heard the deafening boom, feeling the earth shake wildly.

The world turned colorless and dark.

Did it work? Julie eagerly looked towards the area where the meteor had fallen.

Though it was filled with dust, smoke, and invisible wind, Julie used her connection with the mirror world to make her eyes like mirrors, reflecting the scene at the explosion's core.

The perfect body had been blown to pieces, its flesh either charred or vaporized, leaving only a broken, black skeleton standing.

But on that skeleton, new tender flesh was growing, and the bone was slowly shedding its charred appearance.

It's still not dead? The weakened Julie felt an immense heaviness in her heart.

In the next second, Julie's forehead throbbed with pain, as if the flesh there had a will of its own, trying to break free from her skin.

Her ears buzzed, and her mind was filled with images of lofty, gently floating scarlet flags.

Her face twisted in pain, she thought with difficulty, H-has 0-01 noticed me?

I-I can't hold on any longer...

I'm going to become its puppet...

Julie's body bent forward under the invisible weight, her eyes turning black with visible veins.

She looked at Wanak on the wasteland, at the rising dust, her gaze growing crazed, resembling her state when first entering Morora.

Clenching her teeth, she whispered, "I will take everyone here with me!

Celeste, the rest is up to you! Remember the famous line from 'Eternal Love'? Stupid, live well!"

Live well! Julie silently screamed, and her sapphire ring burst into blinding light.

She was invoking the Primordial One's divine descent!

In the light, the bloody mark on Julie's forehead faded quickly, her hair floated and grew longer and thicker.

Gray-white quickly spread around her, turning the entire wasteland gray-white.

Lumian stiffened as if turned to stone, the residual aura of the Blood Emperor in his right palm causing endless burning pain.

Then he saw Julie, transformed by the gray-white, suddenly turn towards him.

...

Trier, in the sacrificial square at the entrance to the third level of the underground catacombs.

Franca had finished checking the surroundings, ensuring no one else was present, and had set up a mirror maze.

"You can drink the potion now." She nodded at Jenna.

Jenna took out the necessary materials from her Traveler's Bag and mixed the Pleasure potion in a crystal glass.

Without hesitation, she raised the glass and gulped it down.

She felt herself float as if walking on clouds, her body pricked by tiny, needle-like pains. Her hair, influenced by an unseen force, defied gravity, extending away.

Jenna vaguely saw snakes slithering through the surrounding gloom, rising up.

Each snake had a strange eye on its head, giving Jenna a strong sense of danger, as if she would be torn apart any second.

The hallucination quickly faded, and Jenna saw a blurry, holy figure in a plain white robe.

The figure sighed in a hollow, ethereal voice. "As a woman, do you know how dangerous this path is?"

"I have no choice," Jenna replied, half-awake and dazed.

The holy figure was silent for a moment and then said,"Make peace with your mirror self, for you were always one. Any other questions?"

The figure started to fade as if about to disappear.

Jenna blurted out, "Are you Lady Krismona? Who is your father?"

As soon as she asked, Jenna wanted to slap herself.

Had she gotten into the habit of discussing nonsense with Lumian and Franca? There were so many important things to ask, yet she asked such an irrelevant question!

The holy figure in the plain white robe was silent for a moment and then said, "My father is Alista Tudor."

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Chapter 834 Divine Descent

834 Divine Descent

The entire world seemed to turn gray and white, even the almost blue flames on Wanak's body solidifying into stone.

Lumian's first instinct was to reach into his Traveler's Bag to retrieve the mirror cufflink. He intended to use the opportunity, created by 0-01 breaking through the mirror world's barrier and Julie being too preoccupied to intervene, to escape the mirror world and return to the real corpse mountain, avoiding the impending divine battle.

He realized Julie had been praying for a divine descent.

And now, a fragment of the Primordial Demoness's power had descended!

Lumian couldn't avoid the influence. His body turned gray and stiff. The burning pain from the residual aura of the Blood Emperor in his right palm was the only thing keeping him moving, allowing him to slowly reach into his bag and grab the glass-like cufflink.

Just as he withdrew his hand, before he could activate the mirror cufflink, Julie, with her hair floating in the air, turned to look at him.

Her hair had turned raven black like thick, long serpents, and her eyes were now a brilliant, crystalline blue.

In that brief moment of eye contact, Lumian lost control of his body.

He saw the grayness spreading around him, climbing from his feet. Every inch of skin and flesh it touched turned to real stone.

Why am I the first target?

Wanak and Albus are far more dangerous, and the Abscessed Hand isn't completely dead. Why target the weakest one first?

Shouldn't I be caught in a broad attack instead?

Then I'd have a chance to escape the mirror world and wait out the divine descent!

Facing this hopeless situation, Lumian, as an Ascetic, couldn't help but feel intense anger and frustration.

Despite his limbs turning to stone, he tried to channel his spirituality to activate the Mirror Cufflink and other contract marks on his body.

But as his spirituality approached the grayness, it solidified, turning to stone and falling like rain to the ground.

His neck turned to stone, then his face and brain began to gray.

His last effort was to look toward Albus Medici's position.

The wasteland was empty.

The descendant of the Red Angel was gone.

He had disappeared or escaped somehow!

Son of a sow... Lumian couldn't help but curse.

In the next moment, his thoughts seemed to turn to stone.

His gray eyes saw Julie, transformed and radiating charm even to stone, floating in mid-air, engulfed in black flames.

The Demoness descended like a giant bird, trailing black flames that twisted and branched like countless serpents, their long tails gently swaying.

Silently, the mirror world began to collapse, dark voids mingling with black flames, swallowing the still skeletal Abscessed Hand, the immovable Wanak, and the petrified Lumian...

The end of this world had come.

Silent darkness filled every void.

After an indeterminate time, a violent, invisible flame flickered to life, illuminating Lumian's mind.

He felt the burning pain and icy rot in his right palm, the heat in his left chest.

He snapped his eyes open and saw a hundred-meter-high mountain of corpses and bones.

I'm... alive? Lumian was bewildered.

His last memory was turning to stone and the destruction of the mirror world by Julie.

He instinctively looked down, seeing the grayness rapidly recede from his body.

This confirmed it wasn't a nightmare or hallucination.

How did I survive?

Did someone help me?

Lumian doubted he could have survived such an apocalypse alone.

At that moment, he heard Albus Medici's voice, tinged with amusement.

"You can traverse the mirror world too, just like my escape plan, and you did it while partially petrified. Impressive. Did you rely on that cufflink in your hand?"

Lumian turned to see Albus, in a tattered black and red jacket, a crystal necklace around his wrist.

Albus had his eyes closed but was surrounded by undead soldiers in iron-black armor, their eyes burning with pale or dark red flames.

Lumian remembered he should also close his eyes.

This is likely the real area around the corpse mountain. Keeping his eyes open might result in being silently replaced by his mirror self!

Nothing happened... Just as I expected, I'm now Wanak's ally, one of the dangers, a puppet of 0-01. No need to fear any forbidden rules anymore... If only I'd realized it earlier, instead of being stunned and confused by my survival, I could have closed my eyes before Albus looked over, taking advantage of the situation to trick him... Lumian regretted this missed opportunity but also started to understand how Albus avoided the divine descent of the Primordial Demoness.

Like him, he took advantage of 0-01 breaking through the mirror world's barrier and Julie being too preoccupied with her prayer to notice them.

He used an item that allowed him to traverse the mirror world and escape back to the real mausoleum.

The only difference was, Julie, who hadn't fully completed her divine descent, targeted Lumian instead of Albus, allowing him to escape while he couldn't.

Why were you watching me? You should've focused on sealing the entire world. Then no one could've escaped! Lumian mentally cursed Julie, realizing that he must have activated the Mirror Cufflink just before his thoughts completely turned to stone, which saved him.

But as he checked, he realized something was wrong.

The Mirror Cufflink still had two uses left!

He hadn't used the Beyonder item at all!

Wh- Could Archbishop Heraberg secretly have helped me? After all, gods need special arrangements to descend a fraction of their power into Morola's underground mausoleum. It's unlikely an external entity intervened suddenly... It couldn't be Julie, who suddenly felt how kind I was as a boss and pushed me out of the mirror world at the last moment, could it? Lumian decided to put these thoughts aside for now.

Now wasn't the time to seek the truth!

There were still many dangers ahead!

He glanced at Albus, noticing the Red Angel's descendant studying him through the eyes of the surrounding undead soldiers.

Indeed, Albus didn't attack me just now, not because he didn't want to, but because he had concerns. My actions exceeded his expectations, and my escape was full of mysteries. He feared acting rashly might trigger a trap... Lumian's thoughts were interrupted by a sudden change in the sky.

Julie, wearing a long slit dress, appeared in the dimly lit sky.

Lumian's scalp tingled.

She's still alive and in the divine descent state?

He quickly noticed Julie's figure was unusually transparent, and the sapphire ring on her left hand was gone.

Phew... He heard Albus Medici sigh in relief.

Julie lowered her head and gazed at the top of the corpse mountain.

Following her gaze, Lumian saw a two to three meter tall iron-black metal pole with a charred banner at the top. The banner was covered in dark red and black bloodstains.

Just a glance made Lumian feel dizzy, his neck inexplicably stinging, and the smell of blood seeped from various parts of his face and forehead.

0-01? Salinger's Blood Banner? My corruption has deepened... It seems I don't need to finish reading all the remaining books. Mastering the current one should be enough... I can't rely on such direct corruption to save time; it's easy to surpass the critical point... Lumian quickly averted his gaze, noticing Celeste standing not far from the banner.

The Demoness, wearing a black robe, was looking down at the spot where the iron-black metal pole was embedded in the top of the corpse mountain.

The next second, she sensed something, raised her head, and looked at Julie in the sky.

Julie's lips curled into a beautiful and radiant smile.

She parted her moist lips as if to say, "I'll leave it to you."

In an instant, Lumian saw Julie's figure rapidly fade and shrink, turning into a puddle of filthy blood.

The blood, only palm-sized, fell straight down.

Its target was the charred banner of 0-01, seemingly to become one of the many bloodstains on it.

Celeste finally snapped out of her daze and shouted in pain, "Julie!"

At that moment, Albus's expression changed slightly. He transformed into a long spear of blazing white with a hint of blue flames, shooting towards the banner in mid-air.

He seemed unwilling to let Julie's remaining blood stain the charred banner.

You're finally putting in some effort... Lumian muttered, not rushing to follow Albus to the top of the corpse mountain to leave a mark or stop him and Celeste.

He planned to "join" after Albus and Celeste had fought for a while.

Of course, Lumian could see that Albus valued Julie's blood and didn't want it to become a mark on the 0-01 banner. If Albus didn't perform well and failed to stop the blood from reaching its intended spot, Lumian would teleport to help in time.

Seizing this rare opportunity, Lumian took an item from his Traveler's Bag.

It wasn't the Sword of Courage but the Devil's Whispers bone ring from Hisoka.

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Chapter 835 Source of Corruption

835 Source of Corruption

As soon as Lumian's fingers touched the glossy black bone ring, he felt searing pain spread from the point of contact throughout his entire body.

He looked down to see thin wisps of purple-blue sulfur flames emerging from every pore, charring the surrounding skin bit by bit and giving off a pungent odor.

This pain was so familiar to Lumian that he merely furrowed his brow slightly, gritted his teeth, his expression barely changing.

He then took out the Devil's Whispers bone ring, slipping it onto his right ring finger with the twisted, agonized Devil's face facing up.

Lumian's gaze turned icy cold, a deep blackness forming in his blue irises that no light could penetrate.

The malice within him rapidly swelled, overwhelming the Ascetic's tolerance and clashing fiercely with his own will in a fragile balance, the excess spilling outward.

Lumian took out some Ice Lemon Fish fillets from his Traveler's Bag, stuffing them into his mouth and chewing to temporarily boost his fire resistance a bit. At the same time, he sensed the surrounding malice.

He was searching for the Mirror Person Guei!

One negative effect of the Devil's Whispers was that it made the wearer and anyone within a hundred meters more prone to malicious thoughts and impulsive actions. And since Mirror People tended toward extremism and distortion to begin with, they would be even more obviously affected.

With this premise, the Devil's Whispers also granted the Malice Perception ability, allowing the wearer to sense if those around them harbored ill intent. It could not detect dangers in their brewing stages like a true Devil, but it was still a mystical form of perception.

As long as the Mirror Person developed malicious intentions toward him within a certain distance, Lumian believed he could use Malice Perception to pinpoint their location!

Sulfur flames slowly burning across his body, Lumian's icy gaze swept the surrounding area littered with corpses clad in iron-black full-body armor amid

smoldering fires, remnants of some recent slaughter.

Faint, nearly invisible flames also flickered at various points on the corpse mountain itself.

They illuminated the wasteland and sky, preventing total darkness from taking hold and allowing Lumian, Albus, and Celeste to remain visible despite no longer holding their carbide lamps or lanterns.

After just a second or two, the corners of Lumian's mouth curled into a cruel, cold smile.

He sensed intense malice directed at him from about ten meters behind and to the side!

It emanated from a corpse-no, from the smooth, mirror-black breastplate on the corpse.

Found you... Without turning around, Lumian abruptly teleported to the corpse's side amid his slow movements and activated the Mirror Cufflink.

Through the metal mirror's surface, Mirror Person Guei peered outward from within the black breastplate.

After discovering the two Demonesses had used the mirror world to reach this area, he had slipped out quietly, leaving it to Julie and Celeste.

He wasn't worried they would beat him to 0-01, since based on his knowledge and on-site investigations, he believed no one could gain 0-01's approval before its agent Wanak was eliminated. Brute force or exploiting loopholes would achieve nothing until the "throne" was vacant and chaos ensued, giving others an opportunity.

Guei felt relieved he had made this wise choice, having directly experienced the mirror world projection's destruction just now.

A mere aftershock of that apocalyptic scene could have vaporized him instantly.

Confirming Wanak's death, he then slipped back through an ordinary mirror world to the corpse mountain's vicinity, seeking a chance to gain 0-01's approval and take it for himself.

He saw Julie turning to filthy blood and fall, Albus Medici transforming into a fiery spear to stop it, Celeste screaming Albus's name in anguish, and Lumian Lee calmly putting on the ring, preparing to make his entrance and reap the spoils of victory.

An intense malice welled up within Guei: You're all obstructing me from completing my mission!

After entering Morora as one of the rare Readers turned Mirror Person, Guei had initially felt confident, supplementing his knowledge at the Knowledge Cathedral while conducting field investigations to gather intel for his final operation.

But after covertly observing the capabilities of Albus Medici, Wanak, Julie, and Lumian Lee, Guei began doubting himself.

Which of them could I actually defeat one-on-one by exploiting the special mirror world's power? Probably only Lumian Lee, the one my superior warned me to watch out for...

And when it comes to learning speed, although I far outpace Lumian, it seems I can't handle nearly as much corruption as him...

Am I really the one with the least hope among these people?

Shaken by these doubts, Guei devised a plan to lurk in the shadows, using his special nature to emerge once the heavyweights had clashed and weakened each other, then sweep up the remains.

So far, his plan had progressed smoothly.

The biggest obstacle, Wanak, and the most dangerous threat, Julie, were dead, their souls completely extinguished with no chance of revival through 0-01's leaking power as undead beings!

Once Albus Medici and Celeste decide the winner between them, I can join the fray, kill the survivor, and take on the weakest Lumian Lee alone...

Should I, should I ambush Lumian while he's off-guard? He's no Demoness or Mirror Person, with no substitute active, a single hit could kill him for real...

These malicious thoughts grew clearer and stronger in Guei's mind.

But before he could decide, Lumian's figure abruptly enlarged, appearing right before his eyes.

Then Lumian vanished from his sight.

In his place, a viscous pool of black liquid emerged underfoot, as if the deepest, most vile desires of the human heart had taken physical form.

Desire Incarnation!

The black liquid suddenly surged upward, enveloping Guei.

Crack!

The sound of shattering glass came from within the inky fluid as Guei's silhouette appeared on the edge of the dim, empty space behind the metal mirror.

He saw the liquid rapidly coalescing into Lumian's form, chuckling coldly with a fondness of teaching others. "Didn't know I had a Mirror Substitution, did you?"

A direct attack like this only costs me one mirror.

Before the words had left his mouth, an exceptionally violent emotion welled up within Guei.

He instinctively reached for his neck, feeling warm blood.

Pain immediately lanced into his mind.

Crack!

Guei deliberately triggered his own Mirror Substitution, shattering countless shards of glass that rained to the ground.

His silhouette now flickered in another corner behind the mirror, but a thin, deep bloody gash remained on his neck.

His emotions had become completely frenzied, vicious, and insane. His facial skin rapidly aged and withered like patches of brown tree bark. The words "my child, my child" echoed in his ears as flesh rippled on either shoulder, seeming to sprout additional heads.

His abdomen slowly swelled while his eyes took on a silvery-white with streaks of black. His aura rapidly dissipated as his body visibly decayed, chunks of flesh sloughing off and wriggling like maggots...

Lumian saw the various corruptions afflicting him directly manifested in this stark way.

It was a veritable smorgasbord!

When he used Desire Incarnation, that inky black pool didn't just contain his own emotions and desires, but also those from the corruptive emotions and desires deeply influencing him.

These higher-level corruptions would be difficult for any non-godhood being to resist-even Saints would suffer serious effects!

Facing such potent corruption, failure to proactively trigger one's Mirror Substitution immediately would be too late once the viscous fluid made contact. By then, it would already have tainted the target!

Now Guei was a horrifically corrupted monstrosity.

Seeing the Mirror Person degenerating toward an unspeakable form, Lumian had the intuition that continuing to observe might catalyze a similar transformation within himself.

He immediately stepped back, leaving the metal mirror surface to return to the corpse and surrounding wasteland at the base of the corpse mountain.

He then saw the smooth mirror-like surface of his chest plate, with tendrils of black mist seeping out, like illusory shadows seeming to try and grasp him.

Lumian swiftly turned his body and sprinted toward the corpse mountain peak.

Sometimes transforming into a blazing-white flaming spear to propel himself forward, sometimes teleporting dozens of meters, he continually climbed upward through the mountain formed of corpses and bones, scattered with lingering embers.

He aimed to lead the out-of-control, collapsing Mirror Person Guei, corrupted into monstrosity, to Albus Medici and Celeste, telling them "you're welcome."

Whether climbing by hand and foot, using his contracted abilities for short-range teleports, or ascending in flaming spear form, Lumian felt an immense oppressive presence behind him. An indescribable, constantly shifting black shadow was cast onto him and his path ahead, inevitably filling him with fear.

He now had no way to know what horrific form the pursuing monster had taken or what state it was in-he only knew for certain it was not something a normal human should observe or discern.

Suddenly, Guei's deep voice rang in his ears: "Mommy..."

Mommy... Lumian's mouth twitched, realizing that even with all the strange corruptions on himself, the one from the Great Mother, from the Omebella bloodline, still stood out as the most exceptional-after all, Mr. Fool had left behind a seal, not a corruption.

Lumian fled even faster.

Finally, he saw the summit of the corpse mountain peak, Celeste and Albus Medici.

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Chapter 836 Unorthodox Feint

836 Unorthodox Feint

Albus transformed into a blazing-white, blue-tinged flaming spear, flying to the peak of the corpse mountain, toward Julie's filthy blood descending onto the charred 0-01 banner.

But in the blink of an eye, he lost his target, reverting from his fiery state to land beside the corpse where 0-01 should have been embedded.

At the peak, opening his eyes no longer seemed an issue, but Albus Medici's vision no longer contained the charred banner, Julie's filthy blood, or Celeste.

With his past experience, Albus quickly understood what was happening: This was the mirror world, or a Mirror Maze!

After waiting so long at the peak, Celeste must have made some preparations!

As Albus guessed, this was a Mirror Maze created by multiple mirrors reflecting each other. Celeste stood outside, her gaze pained and distant as she watched the filthy blood race towards the charred flag.

For some reason, the filthy blood slowed its descent, as if repelled by 0-01, but it still sank inexorably, just at a reduced pace.

Albus tried using the crystal necklace coiled around his wrist but found no mirror world to traverse or escape through, confirming he was trapped in the Mirror Maze. He immediately condensed blazing white, blue-tinged fireballs, sending them in all directions to blast the hidden mirrors forming the maze.

As its name implied, the Mirror Maze was just a maze, not a true barrier with defenses!

Thunderous explosions erupted almost simultaneously, yet Albus still could not break through the Mirror Maze.

Not a single mirror had been damaged!

With a slight narrowing of his eyes, Albus decisively abandoned any further such attempts.

Outside the Mirror Maze, Celeste felt the explosive winds and inwardly scoffed.

In other locations, widespread bombardment might overwhelm a Mirror Maze meant to trap Hunters. But here at the corpse mountain's peak, the heart of 0-01's seal, it would not be so easy.

As a Demoness of Affliction corrupted by 0-01 to some degree like Julie, Celeste could wield traces of that special mirror world's power!

The Mirror Maze's mirrors were not at the peak itself, but scattered among the corpses and bones below, their reflections then projected around 0-01's vicinity through that special mirror world, forming the Mirror Maze.

Seeing Julie's filthy blood nearing the charred banner, Celeste felt a mix of elation and confusion, underlaid by anguish.

From somewhere, she produced a black teardrop-like ornament and affixed it to between her brows.

Inside the Mirror Maze, Albus calmly lowered his head and half-closed his eyes, preparing to do what would inevitably be required.

He murmured in ancient Hermes, "The great God of War, the symbol of iron and blood, the ruler of chaos and strife."

With this three-passage invocation of the honorific name, the iron-black metal flagpole suspending the charred banner shuddered slightly, its drooping flag fully unfurling with a rattling sound despite the stillness, each bloody stain growing vivid.

Julie's filthy bloody halted, hovering a couple meters from 0-01, as if grasped by an unseen hand.

High above, clouds rapidly swirled into an immense vortex tinged with faint purple firelight, larger than the mountain itself, its far end suggesting some vast entity straining against an invisible barrier.

Cracks spread from the Salinger's Blood Banner with snapping sounds, the special mirror world over the peak shattering.

The Mirror Maze dissipated as its special mirror world projection broke apart.

Albus's head snapped up, his irises now flecked with iron-black, a bloody mark stark on his brow.

His gaze fell on Celeste, now adorned with her own black teardrop ornament, meeting her eyes.

Before combat could erupt, Lumian nonchalantly climbed over the peak's edge, a mere seven or eight meters from 0-01.

No communication was needed as Albus and Celeste simultaneously attacked Lumian.

Albus casually thrust out a fist expelling a massive blue-tinged fireball, while frost coalesced around Celeste's head into mirrors, each preceding an eerie, smoldering black flame.

But just as Celeste's icy mirrors would have reflected Lumian, his figure faded, vanishing with a mocking smile.

Behind him, an immense silhouette suddenly loomed into Albus and Celeste's view.

Already over five or six meters tall yet still growing, twisting appendages sprouting, it was covered in patches of brown bark and sickening knobs that oozed clear fluid from the gaps.

For now, the monstrosity cradled a blood-stained, vertebrae-trailing head in one hand, its silvery-black empty eyes dead and sunken.

On either shoulder was a fleshy, head-sized bulge, the surface rippling with some contained liquid.

The next second, the monster leaped to the peak, shedding puddles of wriggling maggot-flesh.

Countless black gaseous tendrils dragged at it from behind, trying to pull it back into the sleek, iron-black breastplate mirror.

The mere sight catalyzed a visceral sensation of corruption in Albus and Celeste.

Celeste's hair billowed outward, rapidly thickening and coarsening, while Albus's face became mapped with protruding black veins.

Boom!

Albus's immense blue-tinged fireball with white remnants exploded against the monstrosity as Celeste's flickering array of frost-mirrors reflected its figure, engulfing it in roiling black flames.

Crack!

The monster shattered mirror-like, its silhouette immediately reappearing beside 0-01, making Albus and Celeste's scalps prickle-it could use Mirror Substitution too.

Raising its severed head, the monstrosity emitted a sound like it came from another world.

Celeste felt herself plunged into cloying, frozen blackness, constrained on all sides in inescapable oppression.

Albus likewise found himself surrounded by stifling darkness.

This was a mystic technique inspired by the Mirror Person's state of being.

At that moment, Lumian, having teleported away to avoid the earlier clash, reappeared at the corpse peak's base.

His silhouette flickered behind Albus in the darkness, mouth opening to harrumph, sending a pale-yellow gaseous breath that washed over him.

For an instant, Albus's eyes went blank, his body swaying before he recovered his senses.

The Red Angel had helped him resist part of the Spell of Harrumph's effects.

Seizing Albus's momentary disorientation, Lumian's left fist blazed with white flames as he struck at his vulnerable point-the neck connecting head and body.

Cull!

As Lumian's fist neared Albus's neck, the member of the Medici family transformed into a humanoid blaze of white, blue-tinged fire.

Not the merger with a flaming spear, but transmutation into living flame itself.

In this fiery state, his neck was no longer a weakness!

Bang!

Lumian's punch only made the flaming figure waver and dim slightly.

In the next instant, Albus became a roaring blue-tinged flaming spear, bursting through the black icy shackles into the air.

Wheeling about like a javelin cast from the high vortex's hidden depths, he unleashed dozens of blue-streaked white fireballs in a thunderous barrage toward the peak.

Boom! Rumble! Boom boom!

Horrific explosions engulfed the area in relentless succession.

The indescribable monstrosity repeatedly used Mirror Substitution yet could not escape the bombardment's range.

Meanwhile, Lumian had teleported pre-emptively back to the mountain's base.

Still teleporting? Hand Bro isn't dead yet? As a chill ran down Lumian's back, he saw Celeste's face reflected in a nearby corpse's smooth breastplate.

The Demoness had not met Albus's assault with Mirror Substitution, instead deploying a mirror to swiftly traverse the mirror world to the wasteland-one of Lumian's backup plans.

Seeing she did not immediately attack him, Lumian turned his gaze back toward the peak.

He did not regret missing the opportunity to eliminate Albus earlier, as that was the outcome he wanted.

If he had intended to kill Albus with that strike, he would not have used only his Cull ability-he would have surely drawn the Sword of Courage or attacked in his Desire Incarnation form instead.

If I killed Albus now, who would help me deal with Celeste and that monster? Just me alone? Lumian inwardly muttered with obvious malice.

His earlier attack had a hidden purpose: to deceive Albus into thinking his defenses were ineffective against Lumian, to make him believe the pitch-black bone ring on his hand could not target him.

Then, at the crucial moment, he could "surprise" Albus by exploiting this misconception!

The thunderous explosions finally subsided. The corpses and bones atop the peak had suffered severe damage, and Julie's filthy blood had dissipated somewhat.

The indescribable monster no longer had Mirror Substitution, its surface charred and tattered.

Albus reappeared, his iron-black eyes lifting his right hand to push forward.

A spiraling storm of white-blue Fire Ravens flocked relentlessly toward the monster's exposed abdomen in overwhelming numbers.

Rumble!

Its weak point battered, the staggering monster collapsed into fragments.

Seeing this, Lumian instantly drew a straight sword resembling the Sword of Courage and teleported to the peak, while Celeste also raced toward it.

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Chapter 837 Each With Their Own Schemes

837 Each With Their Own Schemes

Lumian did not directly teleport behind Albus Medici, nor did he approach the fragmented corpse of the monster Guei. Instead, his figure quickly materialized at the edge of the peak area.

Earlier, while observing the battle from the mountain's base, he had already stopped the knowledge recitation from the brass talisman made by Archbishop Heraberg and removed the corresponding earplugs, placing them in the Traveler's Bag. This was out of concern that the upcoming intense battle might cause devastating damage to them.

Similarly, he wore the Mirror Cufflink on his cuff, preparing to use it.

As soon as Lumian appeared at the mountain peak, he saw the pus flowing from Guei's corpse fragments seep into the bodies and bones forming the ground, igniting nearly invisible and colorless flames.

Those flames instantly engulfed Guei's dismembered body, burning it to ashes, giving no chance for it to writhe and grow.

At the same time, Lumian noticed that the almost invisible remnant flames that had existed at the peak had mostly extinguished, with the remaining ones about to burn out completely.

He had also noticed earlier from the mountain base that the scattered remnant flames on the wasteland were successively extinguishing.

Of course, this did not affect the illumination of the corpse mountain and its surrounding areas. Light came from the purple fiery glow seeping through the massive vortex high in the sky, from the corpses, bones, and different parts of the wasteland ignited during the battle between Albus Medici, Celeste, and the monster Guei, and from the charred banner that was shaking and vibrating with increasing frequency.

The original remnant flames are extinguishing? Were they not always present, but rather created by 0-01 in response to the appearance of Hand Bro, a being with godhood? As this thought struck Lumian, he gripped the ordinary straight sword resembling the Sword of Courage with both hands and ran towards Albus Medici, who was about a dozen meters away.

With a whoosh, the straight sword burst into blazing-white flames.

Albus, with his brow mark vivid and seemingly about to drip, bent down, letting his hands touch the corpses and bones forming the mountain.

The flesh of some corpses suddenly melted, becoming viscous, while bones rapidly gathered.

Albus then straightened up, forcibly pulling from the corpse-and-bone ground a huge white sword temporarily formed from countless spines and neck bones, with melted viscous flesh entwined around it, bringing a bloody and bizarre appearance.

Albus dragged this bizarrely shaped, horrifying giant sword to meet Lumian.

Crack! The giant sword of bones protruding through waxy flesh split Lumian's blazing white flame sword in two with a single strike.

Lumian's figure vanished, rapidly reappearing behind Albus.

He swiftly drew another iron-black straight sword resembling the Sword of Courage from the Traveler's Bag and struck heavily at the neck of this Medici family member before him.

Albus swiftly turned, swinging his monstrous giant sword horizontally, once again shattering Lumian's weapon.

Lumian teleported once more, again flashing behind his enemy.

But as soon as his figure began to materialize, sharp icy spears condensed in mid-air, raining down like a storm.

Celeste, who had concealed herself and circled to an unknown location, launched an area attack targeting both Albus and Lumian.

Lumian then saw dense fog.

It surged out from around Albus, instantly enveloping the area, reducing visibility to ten meters and preventing Lumian from sensing spirit world coordinates beyond the fog, making it difficult to directly teleport out.

Fog of War!

Immediately after, Albus, now out of Lumian and Celeste's sight, pressed a layered, compressed, yet still massive blue fireball towards the ground of the corpse mountain.

Boom!

A terrifying explosion that temporarily deafened swept across the area, dispersing the dense Fog of War, vaporizing the falling icy spears, destroying part of the corpses and bones, and igniting others.

Almost simultaneously, Lumian's figure was reflected in the black breastplate of a corpse on the wasteland.

Earlier, when his teleportation was restricted, he had immediately taken out a mirror from the Traveler's Bag and activated the Mirror Cufflink on his left cuff.

Using this Beyonder item, Lumian had entered the mirror world just before Albus created the indiscriminate explosion and the dense icy spears fell, escaping from the peak of the corpse mountain.

This was similar to his choice when escaping from Albus and Gusain's encirclement in that underground cavern filled with the fog of war.

Lumian jumped out of the smooth black metal breastplate, and the glass-like ornament on his cuff instantly turned grayish-white, crumbling into dust that scattered to the ground.

The Mirror Cufflink had been used for the last time.

At the peak of the corpse mountain, Albus had already turned and was rushing towards the increasingly violently shaking 0-01.

At this point, Julie's pool of filthy blood was only about a meter away from the surface of the charred banner.

Since Albus's battle with the monster Guei began, the blood no longer felt as if it was being held up by an invisible hand and continued to fall, albeit at an increasingly slower pace.

Seeing 0-01 within reach, a mirror of ice and snow, two to three people tall, suddenly rose in front of Albus.

The mirror instantly reflected Albus's figure.

Similar ice mirrors abruptly appeared to Albus's sides and behind him, reflecting different angles of this Red Angel descendant.

As these giant ice mirrors formed, thick, snake-like strands of blackened hair emerged from the edge of the mountain, carrying the quiet and eerie Demoness's black flames, rapidly extending towards those mirrors.

Celeste intended to curse Albus with this!

Albus swiftly turned sideways, facing the source of those snake-like black hairs, and saw Celeste, cloaked in a black robe with an oddly flushed face.

Boom!

Multiple blazing white, blue-tinged fireballs quickly condensed, shattering those four huge ice mirrors into pieces. However, these fragments melted slowly, continuing to reflect Albus's image from different angles, densely awaiting the arrival of the snake-like hairs carrying the Demoness's flames.

Holding the bizarre giant sword, Albus suddenly transformed into a blazing white, blue-tinged fire person, expanding to three to four meters tall.

This brought continuous high temperatures, completely melting those ice mirror fragments.

Silently, Celeste withdrew those long hairs covered in black flames, once again concealing her form, moving to an unknown location.

Lumian teleported over.

This time, he drew the iron-black Sword of Courage from the Traveler's Bag-the true Sword of Courage!

Enduring the continuous burning pain of sulfurous flames, Lumian was instantly filled with courage.

What's there to fear from just a Sequence 5 who can borrow some power from the Red Angel?

Why hide?

Lumian swung the Sword of Courage at Albus Medici, only igniting the godhood-possessing straight sword with blazing white, blue-tinged flames just before it was about to clash with Albus's bizarre bone and flesh sword.

Having courage didn't mean not using schemes and tricks!

Albus's now iron-black eyes showed no surprise; instead, a smile curled at the corners of his mouth.

His bizarre bone and flesh sword suddenly burst into near-blue flames.

You've been pretending to be weak all along, only using ordinary straight swords. How could I not be prepared for you to suddenly use a godhood-possessing attack?

Albus's body abruptly metallized, instantly boosting his strength to its peak.

Boom!

The two swords collided, creating a sound like an exploding shell.

The blast of wind failed to shake Albus, whose skin now had an iron-black tinge, pushing Lumian and his Sword of Courage back.

Suddenly, Lumian melted into a viscous black liquid that seemed to be formed from the most sinister desires deep within the human heart.

He disintegrated on the ground, rapidly flowing to the bottom of Albus's feet, covering him like a shadow.

Crack! The illusory, viscous, chilling black liquid suddenly dispersed, and a mirror tinged with silvery-black fell onto the corpses and bones, shattering into pieces.

Mirror Substitution? Lumian was shocked.

Albus has Mirror Substitution too?

No, he hadn't used it in several dangerous situations before!

Albus's figure emerged from a mirror near the peak of the corpse mountain, smiling as he transformed into a blazing-white, blue-tinged flame spear, flying back to the battlefield-that mirror was a remnant of Celeste's Mirror Maze.

He didn't have Mirror Substitution, but he could still traverse the mirror world using the crystal necklace coiled around his wrist. During Lumian's first attack, he had prepared a mirror in advance, hiding it at his waist under his tattered jacket.

The indescribable monster appeared so abruptly and strangely, pursuing you. How could I not be prepared for you in this aspect?

As for how to quickly escape combat without Mirror Substitution and avoid being affected, you've demonstrated it twice already!

Seeing the flame spear flying towards him, Lumian, still in his viscous black liquid state, immediately seeped into the gaps between the corpses and bones, using this to leave the mountain peak.

Filled with courage, he didn't intend to flee. To avoid being trapped by the Fog of War again without the Mirror Cufflink, he planned to circle around to the other side, seeking new opportunities to corrupt Albus Medici.

Fleeing was definitely not an option!

At this moment, Lumian suddenly felt a rather intense weakness.

Has my spirituality dried up prematurely? No, it's not just a matter of spirituality... Lumian thought as he reverted to human form and released his accumulated spirituality.

Clang!

His right hand inexplicably lost strength, making it difficult to hold onto the Sword of Courage. He could only watch helplessly as the iron-black straight sword fell to the ground, clanging against a stark white skeleton.

Why didn't I teleport to create distance first?

I... I seem to be sick...

Lumian was suddenly alarmed and immediately activated the black mark on his right shoulder, disappearing from near the peak of the corpse mountain.

He left the Sword of Courage there, not retrieving it for the moment.

He was hoping the opponent would trigger one of its negative effects- in about ten minutes, if the Sword of Courage wasn't sealed away, it would indiscriminately attack nearby people.

And now, the people around the Sword of Courage were Albus Medici and Celeste.

As soon as Lumian's figure materialized on the wasteland, Albus at the peak of the corpse mountain slightly furrowed his brow.

This descendant of the Red Angel swayed slightly, noticeably weaker than before.

He seemed to have fallen ill as well.

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Chapter 838 Bluffing

838 Bluffing

Albus's right hand holding the weapon drooped down, seemingly too weak to bear the weight of the bone and flesh sword. He planted it on the ground made of corpses and bones, but compared to Lumian directly dropping the Sword of Courage, he was clearly much better off.

At the same time, Celeste's voice, filled with anticipation and cruel amusement, emanated from various mirrors and mirror-like objects scattered across the corpse mountain and wasteland, "How are you feeling? Confused about when you got infected with the plague?"

Sure enough, it's a Demoness's Plague... Standing on the wasteland, Lumian took advantage of the moment before his muscles completely lost strength, when he could still lift light objects, to quickly remove the Devil's Whispers bone ring from his finger and stuff it back into the Traveler's Bag.

Wearing this ring would cause Lumian to be constantly burned by sulfurous flames, inside and out, continuously weakening his resistance and tolerance to Plague. Although he was already poisoned by sulfur and had some degree of burns, stopping the damage in time was still very important.

After putting away the Devil's Whispers bone ring, Lumian took out the brass talisman and matching earplugs given by Archbishop Heraberg, gripping one in his left palm and putting the other back into his left ear.

"Listen!" Lumian again uttered this ancient Hermes word, continuing his learning process.

Meanwhile, Celeste's voice continued to emanate from various mirror surfaces and mirror-like objects: "We were certain that the operation targeting 0-01 would face interference and competition from Beyonders of the Hunter pathway, and we would inevitably have to confront Wanak. So, we prepared a Grade 1 Sealed Artifact in advance. The mystical pathogen it produces has a very notable characteristic-it can survive in high-temperature flames for a period of time.

"And I can use the power of the special mirror world to let those pathogens spread quietly through different mirror surfaces, silently dispersing throughout this wasteland and corpse mountain.

"You've been setting fires all along, but I've also been continuously releasing frost, pretending to attack and curse. This actually freezes those mystical pathogens inside, allowing them to survive longer in high temperatures. Combined with their

own special nature, it's enough for you to be contaminated partially, slowly seeping into your bodies..."

Celeste explained in great detail, as if wanting to bring pain and savor despair.

This might be her hobby, or perhaps a negative influence brought by certain items.

Albus Medici, leaning on that bone and flesh sword, kept turning his body, looking in different directions, seemingly trying to quickly pinpoint Celeste's true form and drag her out of the mirror world.

However, it was impossible to discern which mirror Celeste was in just from the source of the sound. She might have been constantly moving through the mirror world without stopping.

Similarly, even if Albus recited those three passages of the honorific name again, he could only affect the special mirror world in this area at the peak of the corpse mountain. He couldn't damage the "mirrors" in the middle and lower parts of the corpse mountain and on the wasteland.

Celeste's voice gradually became shrill, both painful and pleasurable.

"This pathogen also has flaws. It's not the type that will have fatal effects in a short time. It can only make you quickly lose your physical strength, accelerate the dissipation of spirituality, and eventually make you lie on the ground, unable to move, desperately listening to your own heart gradually weakening and stop beating."

Hearing this, Lumian teleported to change his position, avoiding being assassinated by Celeste taking advantage of the situation.

Some thoughts flashed through his mind: Could I wear the Eggers family's golden mask to counteract the damage from this mystical pathogen?

If I stop my heart from beating in advance, I won't have to worry about it losing strength!

No, this mystical pathogen seems to affect the Spirit Body as well. Perhaps, after physical death, the Spirit Body will gradually lose the power to maintain its own existence...

Moreover, Archbishop Heraberg said that becoming a deceased here would only lead to eternal slumber... Well, perhaps in the future, one might be 'awakened' as a puppet of 0-01...

Albus Medici at the peak of the corpse mountain suddenly laughed.

"So that's how it is. I do feel weakened.

"Even with my ancestor helping me share the impact, in three or four minutes I should completely lose my fighting ability, barely able to crawl.

"But I don't remember if I told you what I was going to do in the underground mausoleum, or if you noticed that the abnormality had already occurred?"

As he spoke, Albus's smile gradually brightened.

His demeanor was composed, appearing very confident and assured, not panicked at all.

Celeste, who had been emitting sounds from different mirrors and mirror-like objects to delay time until the effects of the mystical pathogen deepened, suddenly fell silent.

She seemed to be observing her surroundings, trying to find the abnormality Albus mentioned.

Albus moved his neck and said with an upturned corner of his mouth,

"I only have three things to accomplish here:

"First is to kill Wanak, so that 0-01 no longer has a proxy of this level;

"Second is to recite my ancestor's honorific names around 0-01, causing it to resonate and gradually awaken;

"Third, heh heh, is to delay time, waiting for 0-01 to break free from this corpse mountain on its own.

"Haven't you noticed that the frequency and amplitude of 0-01's trembling and shaking are getting higher and larger?

"Haven't you noticed that 0-01 is about to break free from the corpse mountain?"

Wh- Celeste, hidden near the peak of the corpse mountain, concealed in one of the components of the previous Mirror Maze to closely observe Albus's movements and ready to interfere with the target's self-rescue at any time, tensed up and instinctively looked towards the violently shaking and trembling 0-01.

She then saw that charred banner with the dangerous blood spots densely covering it.

Her head suddenly buzzed, and her neck ached.

She was further corrupted!

Crack!

The mirror where Celeste was hiding instantly shattered, revealing her figure, with a blank expression, her head trying to separate from her neck.

Now! Albus seized the opportunity, discarding the heavy bone and flesh sword, transforming into a blazing white, blue-tinged flame spear, swooshing down near Celeste.

Then, he created a dense Fog of War, enveloping Celeste and the area within about ten meters around this Demoness.

After completing this, Albus didn't give Celeste a chance to break free from her corrupted state and escape the Fog of War through the mirror world. Mustering his remaining strength, he condensed several blue fireballs and sent them crashing into the Fog of War one after another.

Rumble!

Relatively violent explosions occurred, and pale blue flames rose up. Celeste's Mirror Substitution was passively triggered.

But affected and misled by the Fog of War, her figure reappeared still within the blast range, still covered by shock waves powerful enough to destroy a Demoness's body.

Albus controlled the power of the fireballs, ensuring the Fog of War was never dispersed, causing Celeste's Mirror Substitutions to shatter one after another.

Similarly, he also controlled the frequency of fireballs bombarding that small area of fog, not giving Celeste even a slight chance to recover and enter the mirror world.

Finally, Celeste's shadow froze. That beautiful and seductive body blackened and disintegrated, falling to the ground in the form of corpse fragments.

Plop, the black teardrop-shaped ornament she had been wearing on her brow fell onto a corpse.

Albus stopped maintaining the Fog of War and looked at the dead Celeste, laughing mockingly.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you, my calmness just now was feigned. I needed to delay for five to six minutes to wait for 0-01 to resonate with my ancestor to the extreme, initially awaken, and break free from the constraints of the corpse mountain.

"Why were you in such a hurry? So hurried that you forgot direct eye contact with 0-01 would lead to corruption, and you were already corrupted to some extent.

"Remember, being too hasty or too slow are both major taboos in war."

While mocking the dead, Albus didn't go to pick up that black teardrop-shaped ornament which clearly possessed Beyonder power, fearing it might trigger corresponding negative effects and impact subsequent matters, especially since he was already considerably weakened.

At this point, his hands and feet had become powerless, running had become difficult, so he could only transform again into a blazing white, blue-tinged flame spear, flying back near 0-01.

He glanced at Julie's filthy blood slowly falling in mid-air, estimating it was only about 30-40 centimeters away from the target.

Albus then threw a blue fireball at it, burning that pool of filthy blood, causing it to slowly evaporate and dissipate without triggering any additional changes.

After closing his eyes to sense the frequency and amplitude of 0-01's shaking and trembling, Albus silently said to himself, It seems to be progressing faster than expected, two or three more minutes should be enough.

Heh heh, Celeste, I lied about one thing earlier. In the end, 0-01 still can't break free on its own, it needs me to help it with Medici family blood...

I didn't mock your corpse earlier because I had too much time, some words needed to be heard by Lumian Lee, to make him overlook the part where I lied...

Albus Medici then turned to look at the wasteland, at Lumian who had just completed a teleportation to change his position to avoid being locked onto, and said loudly with a laugh, "You're very alert. In such a pressing situation, you actually didn't follow that fool Celeste to observe the abnormalities of 0-01."

Lumian raised his hand to scratch his right ear, telling a lie that couldn't be more obvious, "Sorry, I was learning, I didn't hear your conversation just now. Alright, I admit, I was thinking Celeste would help me confirm the current situation of 0-01."

Albus looked at this guy and said thoughtfully, "You're very calm. Your physical combat ability should be almost depleted by now. As for me, with my ancestor sharing the burden, I can definitely hold out longer than you."

Lumian laughed, laughing with composure and confidence, exuding the brilliance of atop student. "Haven't you noticed that there are other abnormalities here?"

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Chapter 839 The "Hidden" Taboo

839 The "Hidden" Taboo

Other abnormalities? Albus's first reaction was that Lumian was imitating him, trying to trick him into looking at something he shouldn't.

He cautiously scanned the wasteland below the corpse mountain, only seeing undead soldiers fallen in different places and nearly extinguished colorless embers.

During this process, Albus also listened for any movements around him, but apart from the increasingly violent trembling and shaking of 0-01, he received no other information.

"Are you trying to delay time this way? I think this is more advantageous for me," Albus replied to Lumian with a smile.

The image of this competitor was reflected in his iron-black eyes as he quickly estimated the probability of launching a successful surprise attack in his mind.

He wanted to eliminate the last hidden danger before losing his close combat ability.

Lumian didn't give Albus this opportunity. Although his arms had weakened to the point where he could only pick up relatively light objects, and his legs were so weak he could barely walk, the accumulated spirituality he released was still quite abundant, enough to support him in completing many teleportations.

His figure disappeared from Albus's sight, then reappeared on the side of the corpse mountain.

Before Albus could find him, Lumian said with a smile, "It's understandable that you didn't notice other abnormalities here. After all, you don't seem to be someone who enjoys studying. And your ancestor, that Red Angel, although having a very thorough understanding of 0-01, the current 0-01 is no longer the same as before.

"From the Sealed Artifact information, I know that after your ancestor was killed by the Blood Emperor, 0-01 changed hands twice-once to Alista Tudor, and once to Death from the Southern Continent. Therefore, it has been corrupted by other, equally high-level corruptions."

Seeing Albus's gaze turn towards him, seemingly listening and discerning the truth of his words without immediate intention to launch an attack, Lumian stayed in place and continued, "Of course, your ancestor visited Fourth Epoch Trier and

understood the various details of the corresponding seal. Morora's seal was modeled after Trier's, so you definitely wouldn't lack understanding of the situation here. But the seals on both sides are only mostly similar, with many details still having critical differences.

"The book 'Principles of Sealing' tells me that this is because 0-01 and its corruption are purer compared to Fourth Epoch Trier; it's less complex, can form fewer balances and constraints, and many characteristic issues are more prominent.

"If your ancestor were to come in person, take a turn in the underground mausoleum, no, just take a few glances, He would definitely understand what abnormality I'm talking about. But unfortunately, He can't descend to Morora, and probably can't see or hear directly through the seal using your eyes and ears. He can only give you power, help you share the damage, and listen to your reports periodically.

"Under these circumstances, heh heh, it's indeed understandable that you didn't notice other abnormalities here."

Albus Medici stared down at Lumian, listening to his narrative with a smile on his face, while pondering where the problem actually lay.

Rambling on and on about irrelevant things, it does seem like he's trying to buy time.

But buying time is more beneficial to me... The resonance between 0-01 and my ancestor is getting stronger and stronger. In two or three more minutes, I'll be able to approach and drip some Medici family blood...

His condition will only deteriorate faster than mine, the longer we delay, the weaker he'll become...

Is he waiting for reinforcements? But unless the Archbishop of the Church of Knowledge personally intervenes, there should be no one in Morora who can participate in this struggle, and those outside Morora can't come in... The Church of Knowledge currently appears quite neutral, at most with a slight inclination in secret, they won't directly get involved. Hehe, I need to be vigilant about this point, so-called scholars are more treacherous than us Hunters, the more knowledge they have, the more treacherous they become...

It's a pity, this trash can is very alert, he'll teleport away at the slightest sign of trouble, while I need to get close to release the Fog of War... No wonder my ancestor said that before Alista Tudor became a god, he found Bethel Abraham more troublesome...

Continuously feinting attacks, forcing him to use teleport repeatedly, draining his Spirituality? That's one way. If we really go on according to his pace, by the time his spirituality is insufficient to support teleport, I'll also be almost unable to complete the battle, even standing will be difficult, only able to rely on Fire Ravens-scatter shots-like a blind man shooting birds...

But if feints are to be convincing, they need to consume a lot of spirituality, and if they're not convincing, they can't bluff anyone...

Why does this dog shit-like pathogen target the physical body first, then affect the Spirit Body? If the rate of spirituality dissipation could be as fast as the loss of muscle strength, the problem would be simple. In that case, I wouldn't need to hold out for too long, just longer than this trash can.

As Albus's thoughts raced, Lumian smiled and said, "Do you need me to give you a hint?

"I don't know if you've seen the sealing information for 0-01, but you must be very familiar with the various taboos here. Haven't you noticed that two sections of the content, or rather, two of the taboos, hide problems?"

Two taboos hiding problems? Albus suddenly had a dangerous intuition, he began to believe that some of what Lumian said might be true.

Lumian said with a mocking tone, "Haven't figured it out yet? See, this is the consequence of not studying. I didn't notice it at first either, but after reading a large amount of related books and materials in Morora, I gradually developed doubts.

"Let me give you another hint. The first problematic taboo is that experimental subjects must cover their eyes and carry a lamp, and if the lamp goes out, that experimental personnel will directly disappear, and everyone who knows him will simultaneously believe that he died long ago."

"What's wrong with that? I've already had people verify the authenticity of this taboo. Hehe, it's only because there are many light sources here, otherwise we would have all disappeared by now," Albus quickly thought about the details he might have overlooked.

At this moment, Lumian's figure suddenly disappeared.

He teleported to change his position, appearing near the top of the corpse mountain, next to the Sword of Courage.

Taking advantage of the fact that he could still move the Traveler's Bag, he crouched down and slipped the bag he had been holding in advance over the Sword of Courage, returning it to its companions.

At this time, Albus, not expecting Lumian to appear so close to the top of the corpse mountain, was still searching for the target with his gaze across the wasteland.

By the time he reacted and condensed blue fireballs to bombard downwards, Lumian had already activated the black mark on his right shoulder and truly teleported to somewhere in the wasteland.

He risked picking up the Sword of Courage because he now realized that he might be the one facing its indiscriminate attacks later.

As the rumbling explosions just began to subside, Lumian's voice sounded again:

"Haven't you figured it out yet?

"After I arrived at the real corpse mountain, I actually doubted my guess and completely abandoned it, but the later results made me more certain, and allowed me to figure out more problems along the way."

Lumian spoke to Albus Medici from afar in the tone of a teacher, "The answer is, why must it be experimental subjects carrying lit lamps to enter, why not place burning wall lamps at intervals inside the underground mausoleum and replace the lamp oil regularly? Although this would consume more resources, it would be more convenient and safer. The Church of Knowledge's financial power couldn't possibly be unable to support such an arrangement.

"Is it to make the seal seem mysterious and terrifying? Obviously not, there are clearly deeper reasons."

Albus Medici's eyes flickered slightly, vaguely having some guesses.

He cast his gaze towards the embers scattered across the corpse mountain.

Lumian's figure disappeared again, appearing among Celeste's corpse fragments.

He then inverted the Traveler's Bag over the black teardrop-shaped forehead ornament, collecting it.

This time, Albus tracked Lumian's figure in time, but he didn't make a move, nor did he transform into a flame spear to throw himself over.

This was firstly because the other could teleport away at any time, and secondly because what Lumian was doing now was also beneficial to him.

Albus was almost certain that the forehead ornament was the "source" of the current mystical pathogen. After placing it in another space, the concentration of pathogens here would gradually decrease, preventing their conditions from rapidly deteriorating, allowing them to hold out longer.

After putting away the forehead ornament, Lumian immediately teleported to the wasteland on the other side of the corpse mountain, smiling at Albus.

"The second problematic taboo is 'Beyonders with strength surpassing Sequence 5 are forbidden from approaching. Warning, Beyonders with strength surpassing Sequence 5 are forbidden from approaching.'"

Albus immediately understood Lumian's line of thought and asked in a deep voice, "You mean there's no need to specifically emphasize that Beyonders above

Sequence 5 cannot approach?

"Indeed, in reality, as long as they're not already corrupted experimental subjects or special people like us, whether they're above Sequence 5 or not, they shouldn't approach 0-01."

Lumian wanted to applaud, but even adjusting the Traveler's Bag was quite strenuous for him now.

He said with a tone that approved his educatability, "Yes, so why specifically emphasize that Beyonders above Sequence 5 cannot approach?

"Probably because when Beyonders above Sequence 5 approach 0-01, besides bringing danger to themselves, it would also trigger additional, more terrifying abnormalities. Therefore, it must be specially warned!

"Just now, the appearance of Hand Bro brought about an attack from 0-01, leaving embers all over this wasteland and corpse mountain. And from my observation, these embers will extinguish on their own.

"What does this indicate? It indicates that before we came in, this place was in darkness, without any firelight.

"Combining this with the first problematic taboo I mentioned, and with what the book 'Principles of Sealing' says about self-balance and self-sealing, the potential hidden danger becomes very clear."

Albus's expression changed slightly, obviously realizing what the possible abnormality might be.

Lumian once again changed his position using teleportation and continued, "That hidden danger is that there's a latent taboo:

"The underground mausoleum needs eternal, deathly darkness. It can occasionally have light, but there can't be continuous light in the same place. And when Beyonders above Sequence 5 with godhood approach, it instinctively causes 0-01 to burn this area, bringing embers that can last for a period of time."

At this point, Lumian's smile grew even brighter.

"Now, the embers have been burning for a while, and you're still continuously creating firelight.

"I'm very curious about what will happen next."

What will happen? Albus Medici's gaze instantly froze, his back suddenly tensing.

He knew where the problem lay now!

The frequency and amplitude of 0-01's trembling and shaking were more violent than he had anticipated, progressing faster!

At this moment, the entire sky suddenly took on the color of burning.

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Chapter 840 The Importance of Knowledge

840 The Importance of Knowledge

Inside Morora.

Two exiles who were dueling suddenly dropped their swords and clutched their necks with their hands.

Blood seeped through their fingers.

Nearby onlookers and pedestrians also experienced a stuttering effect, as if their heads were being grabbed by invisible hands and forcefully pulled upwards, causing the muscles in their necks to gradually tear.

In the endless graveyard near the Knowledge Cathedral, all the trees suddenly burst into bright red flames. The soil in the corresponding graves writhed as if something was trying to crawl out.

More and more clouds gathered in the sky, taking on the color of burning fire.

At the top of the corpse mountain.

Albus Medici's neck also stung with pain. He raised his hand with great difficulty and weakness, trying to press down on it.

He already understood what was happening. He didn't hastily turn his head to look directly at 0-01, as that would not only result in considerable corruption, but could also break his neck, causing his head to detach!

Albus slowly turned his body to face 0-01, but closed his eyes.

At the same time, he heard rustling and clanging sounds from the wasteland.

Lumian saw those undead soldiers in iron-black full body armor standing up one after another, the dark red or pale flames in their eye sockets clearly flickering.

The huge cloud vortex in the sky tinged with purple firelight was being torn apart and smoothed by an invisible force.

The abnormality had finally manifested.

Albus didn't hesitate. He immediately let his skin take on an iron-black hue, his entire body seeming to transform into a metal-cast puppet.

Keeping his eyes tightly shut, he approached 0-01 step by step.

During this process, his neck was noticeably stretched, causing the iron membrane that made up his skin to be torn into countless tiny metal threads.

Deep, chilling cut marks appeared on his iron-black flesh and bones, with bright red blood visibly oozing out.

In just a few seconds, Albus Medici walked to 0-01's side. He released his right palm that had been weakly pressing on his neck, letting it extend towards the charred flag, carrying his own blood.

As a fellow Hunter, Albus also had very strong spatial perception and positioning abilities. Moreover, 0-01's flag was violently shaking, fluttering loudly, with sounds entering Albus's ears, making it easy for him to determine the target's location.

Of course, if he directly touched 0-01's main body, the corruption would truly occur. This couldn't be avoided just by not looking. But Albus now had no other choice.

Just as he reached out towards that charred flag, Albus heard a "snap" sound- the sound of the iron skin on his metal neck being completely torn apart.

He immediately changed his form, transforming from an iron-black metal-cast puppet into a blue human-shaped flame.

This caused the blood on his palm to evaporate rapidly.

While guarding against a sudden attack from Lumian, Albus quickened his movements, continuously flicking the mostly evaporated bright red blood towards the front.

On the wasteland, Lumian was mingling among the undead soldiers, his palm both scorching hot and ice-cold.

He didn't dare to look towards 0-01, so he naturally didn't know Albus's current actions, but he could roughly guess that the other was making a final gamble.

It's useless, the situation has already spiraled out of your control... Lumian muttered, not moving to stop him.

He was more worried that if he really teleported next to Salinger's Blood Banner to stop Albus Medici from dripping blood on it, he might step into a trap set by the other.

Given the current situation, Albus could completely change his approach-since he couldn't achieve his intended goal, he might as well eliminate all competitors, making his side the more advantageous camp, and then use this to reorganize.

So, Albus was likely pretending to drip Medici family blood onto 0-01's flag, but actually trying to lure Lumian to stop him, thus seizing the opportunity to kill the last competitor.

At the top of the corpse mountain, the human-shaped flame that Albus had transformed into was severely stretched, with the upper and lower parts seeming about to separate.

At the same time, the flaming light he emitted dimmed considerably, like ordinary flames doused with a bucket of ice-cold fresh blood.

Plop, Albus heard the tiny sound of liquid hitting the flag.

After thousands of years, the Medici family's blood finally fell on 0-01's charred flag again.

However, there was no additional change.

This was also within Albus's expectations, after all, the degree of resonance had not yet reached its limit, and 0-01's awakening situation had significantly exceeded any threshold.

Albus's desperate attempt to leave blood on the charred flag was more about reserving a chess piece for the future, making some preparations.

The next second, Albus, existing in the form of a human-shaped flame, felt an intense pain between his eyebrows.

Some strange force extended from 0-01, seeming to want to assimilate him, turning him into its own flame.

Albus suddenly turned around, opened his eyes, and looked towards the wasteland.

He wanted to kill Lumian before being absorbed by 0-01, eliminating the last competitor!

That trash can actually managed to stay calm and didn't come to stop me from smearing blood on 0-01's surface... Amidst Albus's regret, Lumian's figure was "reflected" in his flaming eyes.

Lumian smiled at him, activated the black mark on his right shoulder, and disappeared from his spot.

Albus didn't hide his disappointment and regret, reverting to his human form.

His neck was already torn open, revealing white bones and blackened blood vessels.

He then activated the crystal necklace wrapped around his wrist, causing it to explode directly.

Bang bang bang, the consecutively exploding crystals formed a deep vortex in front of Albus, with a deep, dark world covered by a glass-like barrier at the bottom of the vortex-that special mirror world.

Under extremely urgent circumstances and unable to directly leave Morora, Albus Medici chose to jump into the dark vortex in front of him, falling towards that special mirror world.

At this moment, his neck was about to break, with his cervical vertebrae exposed.

He fell into that special mirror world, disappearing into the deep darkness.

The dark vortex next to 0-01 was immediately ignited by invisible, colorless flames and dissipated completely.

In midair, the blue flame that had lost Albus's maintenance quickly extinguished, with the remaining tiny bit of Julie's filthy blood continuing to fall, touching the charred flag.

All over Morora.

Nearly ten thousand heads dragging white, blood-stained spines flew in the sky, while their headless bodies ran wildly through the streets.

In the graveyard, countless skeletons crawled out from underground, with dark red or pale flames burning in their eye sockets.

Red "rainwater" that could ignite buildings and humans began to fall from the sky.

Inside the Knowledge Cathedral, Archbishop Heraberg of Morora, wearing a plain white robe trimmed with brass wire, stood in front of the open stained glass window, feeling the walls faintly showing signs of melting.

He sighed lightly and raised his palm.

...

In the underground mausoleum, on that anomalous wasteland.

Lumian teleported to the side of the corpse mountain.

Just as he was about to sit down against the corpses and skeletons, his legs already unable to support his body weight, he was suddenly pulled by an invisible force, slowly standing up again and walking towards the group of undead soldiers.

This required no effort from him-he had no strength to use anyway.

Lumian didn't resist or struggle, as if only his self-consciousness still belonged to him.

The burning pain and icy rotting sensation in his right palm kept him basically alert.

As long as my head isn't torn off my neck, everything else is fine... Lumian muttered to himself while listening to the knowledge narrated by the brass talisman, continuing to walk towards the gathering troops in the wasteland as 0-01's puppet with the help of the external force.

The current situation was basically consistent with his expectations.

If he had read even a little less earlier, his head and body would have already gone separate ways by now.

Knowledge is power, knowledge is wealth!

After about ten seconds, the sky suddenly dimmed, and darkness surged back into this area.

0-01 seemed to be gripped by an invisible hand, with its trembling and shaking starting to calm down.

The flames in this area extinguished one after another, and the deathly silent, cold darkness once again ruled this place.

The Church of Knowledge has finally suppressed 0-01's disturbance. If it kept up a while longer, I'd really have become a puppet... Lumian secretly breathed a sigh of relief, feeling the darkness invade his body like an invisible, eerie, cold flow of water.

The Underworld Daoist mark on his right palm emitted an even stronger sense of decay than before, helping him resist this invasion.

Lumian teleported back to the position he had chosen earlier, weakly sitting down against the corpses and skeletons that made up the mountain.

He closed his eyes, focusing on listening to the knowledge transmitted from his ear plugs in this lightless, pure darkness.

...

In Trier, on the sacrificial square at the entrance of the third level of the underground catacombs.

After answering Jenna's question, that blurry and holy female figure disappeared from Jenna's sight, as if it was just part of an illusion.

Jenna shook her head, her gaze returning to reality, seeing Franca's concerned face.

"D-during my advancement, I seemed to sense Lady Krismona again, and even had a few words of dialogue with Her," Jenna carefully told her companion about her recent experience.

Hiss, do Angel-level high-rank beings truly not die? Franca asked curiously, "What did She say?"

Jenna suddenly felt a bit embarrassed. "She said to reconcile with my mirror self, because we are originally one. Sh-She said Her father was... was that 'Blood Emperor'..."

"Huh?" Franca was both shocked and confused, "Why did She tell you this?"

Jenna felt even more embarrassed. "I asked, I asked without thinking..."

"Is it really the 'Blood Emperor'? Then it shouldn't be your hallucination. You couldn't have come up with such an answer even in a hallucination." Franca whispered, gradually getting excited.

"Dammit, what do you mean I couldn't have come up with it even in a hallucination? Well, indeed, who could have thought of that?" Jenna reflexively retorted.

Franca then clapped her hands together.

"That was a good question, a good question indeed! This information is extremely, extremely important!"

Her eyes sparkling, she said, "Lumian previously suspected that the special mirror world was created by the Blood Emperor Alista Tudor to deal with the Primordial Demoness, and the Tamara family might have played a very important role in this matter.

"Now it seems this guess needs to be abandoned. Perhaps that special mirror world was jointly created by the Blood Emperor Alista Tudor and the Primordial Demoness!

"Otherwise, how could a true god of the Hunter pathway without mirror magic create such a special mirror world?"

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Chapter 841 The Brand

841 The Brand

Jenna paused before responding, "True."

Initially, they believed the special mirror world was a result of the War of the Four Emperors, created in the aftermath of fierce battles among beings like the Primordial Demoness and the Blood Emperor. However, after Lumian explored the treasury of the Blue Avenger, he uncovered new information suggesting the special mirror world existed before the War of the Four Emperors. He speculated it was a tool crafted by Blood Emperor Alista Tudor to counter the Primordial Demoness and a means for resurrection.

Their greatest confusion at the time was why Alista Tudor, a true god of the Hunter pathway, could create such a uniquely bizarre mirror world. Did high-rank beings of the Apprentice pathway under Him participate?

Franca then remarked wistfully, "According to Lumian's theory and our experience, both Hunters and Demonesses bring calamity. Wouldn't a true god of the Hunter pathway combined with one from the Demoness pathway essentially epitomize the concept of disaster? No wonder Fourth Epoch Trier ended up the way it did...

"However, is it possible for true deities from neighboring pathways to cooperate amicably, instead of immediately succumbing to the urge to converge and battle for dominance?"

Jenna, puzzled by this question, pursed her lips in thought before asking, "Is there a way to control that urge to converge?"

"That's beyond my knowledge for now, at least until I come into contact with the corresponding mystical knowledge after becoming an Angel," Franca self-deprecatingly said, her thoughts wandering. "Perhaps the Primordial Demoness could, but definitely not the Blood Emperor. Given our understanding of the history of the Fourth Epoch, He was a violent, bloodthirsty madman. How could He control Himself unless someone helped Him? Who could that be?"

Jenna paused thoughtfully and then said, "The Tamara family..."

"Uh..." Franca's eyes lit up. "Right, the Tamara family at that time was primarily known for the Apprentice pathway. High-rank beings of the Apprentice pathway excel at sealing and controlling space, and could utilize the mirror world to a certain extent. Yes, this explains why the Tamara family was involved in the creation of the special mirror world."

One of the two Special Mirror World Fragments they held came from a tomb of the Tamara family.

Growing more excited, Franca said, "The Tamara family must have been the bridge between the Blood Emperor and the Primordial Demoness, carrying out a secret mission! And since they had long been exposed to the Demoness Sect, it makes sense that some of their members sided with them after the split.

"And, moreover, since Lady Krismona is a descendant of the Blood Emperor, then Her twin brother, the current Demoness of Gray, probably is too. The Apprentice lineage of the Tamara family has borne many humiliations over the past thousand years, willingly becoming women to continue serving the direct descendants of the Blood Emperor. Such loyalty, such loyalty!"

As she spoke, Franca mockingly wiped away a tear, moved by her own words.

Jenna, long accustomed to her companion's boundless digressions and jokes, raised her own question, "Could a Sequence 2 Apprentice pathway Angel from the Tamara family really seal the Blood Emperor's urge to converge?"

"If the Tamara family can't, what about Mr. Door?" Franca turned serious, pondering. "Lumian said He is the foremost noble of the Tudor Empire, and ranked behind Him, Amon, is a confirmed King of Angels. Then it's likely He is one too. A King of Angels of the Apprentice pathway might be able to temporarily seal the Blood Emperor's urge to converge, right? Was Mr. Door also involved in the matter of the special mirror world?"

"Possibly," Jenna agreed.

The normal mirror world was essentially an embodiment of the concept of "doors."

Franca's thoughts suddenly took a playful turn, chuckling softly. "There's also a possibility that the convergence behavior of the true deities of the Hunter and Demoness pathways differs from other pathways. First, they attract each other, dancing around each other, and only after reaching a certain climax do they start to devour each other, deciding the ultimate victor."

Jenna couldn't help but roll her eyes.

Franca was at it with her crude jokes again.

Of course, for Jenna, who had once frequented bars and dance halls in the market district, living as a Showy Diva for a long period, such coarse humor was hardly adult-only material.

Franca then composed herself. "I can now truly understand what the Demoness of Black meant. No wonder she asked me why I thought the Demoness Sect didn't control the special mirror world. She said it had been under the Primordial One's control until the end of the War of the Four Emperors.

"But she also believed that the special mirror world was initially created to combat the Primordial One, only later controlled by Her. Is she unaware of the secrets of those times and the Demoness of Gray's lineage, or is she just deceiving me, trying to mislead me? Or, did the Blood Emperor indeed initially want to combat the Primordial One, but She then took control of the nascent special mirror world, leading to Their cooperation?

"Or, was their cooperation aimed at combating something else?

"Ah, what was their purpose in creating such a special mirror world?"

Jenna shook her head honestly. "I don't know."

Franca thoughtfully stroked her ponytail.

"The Demoness of Black is both a descendant of the Primordial One and has the Tamara family's bloodline. She probably knows more about the special mirror world than I imagined."

Jenna hummed in response, rubbing her temples. "Either way, we need to report this information quickly."

Franca glanced at Jenna and cleared her throat. "You also need to go back and rest, adapting to the changes the potion has made to your body."

...

At the foot of the corpse mountain, Lumian sat with his eyes closed, his back against the piles of bodies and skeletons, intently listening to the monotonous voice emanating from the brass earplugs.

He was completing his studies.

He no longer needed to listen to all the remaining books; mastering this one would likely suffice. Yet, even so, it would still take over ten hours.

As time ticked away, Lumian's body grew weaker. Even with the support of the corpses and skeletons, he could no longer sit upright, relying solely on external forces to keep from collapsing.

His spirituality was evaporating faster, rendering him unable to use his teleportation ability anymore.

Fortunately, he had stowed away the artifact left by Celeste and the mystic pathogens had been dissipated completely by 0-01's activation; his condition hadn't worsened to the point where his heart was too weak to beat or his Spirit Body began to disintegrate, allowing him to barely keep at it.

After an indeterminate period, Lumian suddenly felt invigorated, his body regained strength, and his spirituality was replenished.

It was six in the morning based on Cordu time.

His body refreshed and free from illness, Lumian sat up straight and resumed the final part of his study.

Nearly 45 minutes later, he uttered an ancient Hermes word in a deep voice, "Stop!"

He felt he was on the brink of corruption and could not accumulate any more!

Just as the brass talisman finished transmitting the knowledge, Lumian's mind became hazy.

Vaguely, he "saw" the charred flag dotted with dangerous blood spots, surrounded by dense darkness, gently swaying.

Lumian also "saw" the ground covered in corpses, a vast army marching, the earth soaked in blood, countless severed arms and limbs...

A strong smell of blood and rust pierced his nose, as if coming from himself.

Lumian felt a certain call, not just from the charred flag but also from the dense darkness enveloping it.

The burning heat and icy cold in the palm of his right hand became more distinct.

They originated from the residual aura of the Blood Emperor and the seal left by the Underworld Daoist.

At that moment, Lumian suddenly realized another, deeper purpose of the Aurora Order's arrangement of the Dream Festival: With the Underworld Daoist's seal, I truly share a mystical similarity with 0-01...

0-01 once belonged to Blood Emperor Alista Tudor, then fell under the control of Death and suffered the corruption of the Death pathway's powers, which were also utilized by the Church of Knowledge to seal 0-01 itself. And now, I carry the residual aura of the Blood Emperor and the seal left by the Underworld Daoist, bearing powers of the Death, Evernight, and Warrior pathways...

With these thoughts flashing through his mind, Lumian combined the knowledge he had learned with the behavior of Albus and Julie, and amidst the strange and dangerous summons, he stood up and teleported to the top of the corpse mountain.

He didn't open his eyes. In the deathly silent, icy darkness, he couldn't see anything even if he did.

But as he drew closer, a sharp pain developed between Lumian's eyebrows, and his blood-or something else-seemed to want to burst through his pores and flesh.

Lumian didn't resist, enduring the pain.

Finally, a droplet, resembling blood, tore through his forehead and flew towards where 0-01 was located.

With a plop, the residual aura of the Blood Emperor inside Lumian suddenly boiled over, turning into a raging river of flames that ravaged between his Spirit Body, organs, and flesh.

The icy, rotting sensation in his palm intensified, preventing this river of flame from carrying away all his flesh and breaking the seal.

Lumian soon suffered so intensely he nearly lost consciousness; only when the residual aura of the Blood Emperor gradually subsided did he slowly regain his thoughts.

He let out a long breath and whispered to himself, I should be the proxy for 0-01 now...

If it weren't for the Underworld Daoist seal, I would definitely have become another Wanak, no, not another Wanak, but Blood Emperor Alista Tudor, who would have used my body to return.

Lumian didn't dare to linger near 0-01, afraid that the Sealed Artifact might detect a flaw in its new proxy, a defect with a will of his own that still persisted.

And Lumian knew that with his current status and power, it was impossible to take 0-01 out of Morora; even if the Church of Knowledge agreed to let him do so, it would only lead to his own destruction.

Leaving a mark and becoming a proxy is enough to complete this task.

Unfortunately, 0-01 is tightly sealed, and a proxy's special abilities can only be fully manifested in Morora... Lumian muttered a few words and teleported back to the wasteland.

He immediately sensed a team of undead soldiers and iron puppets patrolling silently in the darkness, seemingly eternal in their movements.

Suddenly, Lumian felt a stir in his heart.

The connection between contractors told him that the leader was the Abscessed Hand!

This mysterious being had regrown bones and flesh after being subjected to the bombardment of divine descent, but it seemed to have been conquered by 0-01, becoming its guard.

Is Hand Bro's unique trait being indestructible? Lumian turned his body, letting the Abscessed Hand and its puppets pass by.

Unexpectedly, the Abscessed Hand stopped in front of Lumian and uttered in a low voice, "Omebella..."

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Chapter 842 Departure

"Omebella…"

Hearing the voice of the Abscessed Hand and the name it shouted, a chill ran up Lumian's spine, making his hair stand on end and cold sweat break out.

He didn't know when the Abscessed Hand had regrown bones and flesh from the ashes, returning to its original form, but he was prepared for any abnormalities when it passed by him, given the contract stemming from the Inevitability pathway's powers between them.

Lumian wasn't overly worried; they were "colleagues" now, and the situation shouldn't turn dangerous. What he didn't expect was that the Abscessed Hand would call out "Omebella."

It was like a horror story!

For a moment, Lumian couldn't help but wonder if he had already been subtly eroded by the Great Mother's Child of God, Omebella, to the extent that he was gradually being replaced.

Standing in the pure darkness, the unseen Abscessed Hand paused for a few seconds, then continued moving forward with the group of iron puppets and undead soldiers, marching mechanically.

Only then did Lumian snap back to reality, pondering the reason for what had just happened.

According to Ludwig, some beings created directly by the Great Mother or granted her boon, lacking necessary intelligence, can sense the trace of Omebella's bloodline in me and regard me as the Great Mother's Child of God…

Hand Bro was first revived and interrupted by divine descent, then controlled by 0-01, becoming its puppet. The feminine transformation trend seemed to have stopped, meaning it hasn't fully revived and lost its self-awareness, truly lacking necessary intelligence.

Was it directly created by the Great Mother, or did it receive Her boon? The corruption turning it into a woman and pushing it to the limit of beauty likely originated from the Great Mother…

That does seem plausible. Even a single drop of blood can regrow a complete body, evoking a sense of rebirth…

But something's off. By this logic, the Abscessed Hand should call me an Honorable Child of God and show some subservience. Heh heh, to directly call the Child of God's name is blasphemy!

Lumian grumbled to himself, growing more puzzled.

Also, if Omebella itself is a title, the Abscessed Hand should only know I'm a Child of God, not a specific name. The Great Mother likely has multiple Children of God, perhaps continuously created. How could the unwise Hand Bro distinguish who is who and what their name is…

Unless, Omebella is the most special Child of God, or Hand Bro knew Omebella —the Giant Queen—in its previous life?

Lumian raised his right hand, rubbing his chin, thinking he should quickly report this to Madam Magician after leaving and see if they could uncover the Abscessed Hand's original identity. Perhaps the ancient records in the New City of Silver contained some clues.

After a few seconds, Lumian vanished from the spot, teleporting back near the top of the corpse mountain.

Distracted by the Abscessed Hand incident, he remembered he still had spoils to collect.

That was the Beyonder characteristic of the Demoness of Affliction from Celeste, which could later be used by Jenna.

As for Julie's characteristic, after the divine descent and filthy blood incident, Lumian had no idea where it was.

In the deathly silent darkness, Lumian stored the shapeless Demoness of Affliction Beyonder characteristic in his Traveler's Bag.

He even placed two chunks of Celeste's corpse inside.

Maybe they can be used as supplementary ingredients. If not, I can give them to Ludwig. With me as godfather away for so long; I should bring him a gift. But will he consider this dirty… Lumian mumbled and teleported to the edge of the wasteland, leaving the area steeped in deathly darkness.

As 0-01's proxy, he quickly and smoothly exited the underground mausoleum, returning to the entrance area.

Lumian then opened his eyes, seeing the blue sky.

At that moment, the morning sun was bright but not harsh, the air fresh and carrying a slight burnt scent after the rain.

Having spent over ten hours in the eternal darkness of the underground tomb, Lumian felt as if a lifetime had passed.

Then, he saw numerous heads, each trailing a bloodstained, pale spine, hovering in the air.

They were countless, thousands, all staring at the entrance of the tomb, at Lumian.

Among them were faces Lumian recognized, regulars at the Carnivore bar.

The aftermath of 0-01's activation?

There must be thousands, if not tens of thousands…

Is this a form of sacrifice?

Red Priest…

Thoughts flashing through his mind, Lumian raised his hands.

His forehead became hot, with a slight prickling pain.

Ooo!

A violent gale suddenly blew, scattering the thousands of heads with trailing spines back into the city.

The flying heads seemed to sense Lumian's will, drifting with the wind, and landed back on their headless bodies.

So this is the special power of a proxy? Unfortunately, it can only be used in Morora… Lumian lowered his hands, feeling regretful, and walked out of the cemetery.

At the cemetery gate, an exile was twisting his own returned head back in place.

Crack!

His head turned from facing his spine back to the front.

Seeing Lumian watching him, he smiled and spoke normally, "Today's… weather… is really nice…"

"Yeah," Lumian responded with a relaxed smile.

He teleported directly to the Carnivore bar, appearing at the door of Julie's room.

The corpse of Lez was gone from the bed, along with Julie's collections.

The enforcers have been here… Did they bury Lez's body in the cemetery? Lumian mused and vanished from the spot.

This time, he appeared at the door of the Knowledge Cathedral.

He walked inside, up to Heraberg in his plain white robe with brass threads, and smiling, took out the books he had borrowed from the Traveler's Bag.

"Archbishop, I've finished them all."

As he spoke, Lumian felt Heraberg looked slightly older.

"Finished them all, really?" Heraberg asked with a smile.

Lumian made a sound and honestly replied, "There are two books I didn't listen to, but I can't continue anymore."

Heraberg nodded approvingly. "If you know, you know. If you don't know, you don't know; there's no need to pretend."

As he took the books, he said, "There's indeed no need to read these anymore. I must remind you, these books are infected with a plague, as are the other items in your bag. You need to handle them properly, burn or purify them to prevent the plague from spreading."

"Celeste's Grade 1 Sealed Artifact is so potent? It continues to produce a Plague even inside the Traveler's Bag…" Lumian said sincerely, "I'll be careful. Thank you, Archbishop. Archbishop, how do I seal an object that spreads a deadly plague?"

Heraberg looked at Lumian for a few seconds, then laughed.

He pointed to another brass bookshelf. "That one, that one, and that one, take a look and learn."

Indeed, teachers never give direct answers… Lumian didn't resist continuing his studies. He pulled out the books and placed them in his Traveler's Bag.

Then he smiled and asked, "Your Grace, what should I do to leave Morora?"

The white-haired Heraberg said meaningfully, "No one has ever forbidden the residents here from leaving Morora, they simply don't want to leave."

Lumian was momentarily stunned, then asked with sudden realization, "Leave the way you came?"

Heraberg showed a look of approval, then pointed to Lumian's clothes. "Do you want a change of clothes?"

Lumian looked down and saw his clothes, pants, and shoes had become tattered from the previous intense battle.

He was about to take out spare clothes from the Traveler's Bag but remembered they were also infected with the mystical plague.

Heraberg pointed to a room near the stairs.

"There are clothes you can change into."

"Thank you, Your Grace." Lumian sighed in relief and quickly entered the room, finding several plain white robes with brass threads hanging inside.

These were the vestments of the Church of Knowledge clergy.

Lumian glanced back thoughtfully at Heraberg, who had resumed reading, and swiftly changed into a robe that fit his size.

He then opened the cathedral's heavy, ajar wooden door and descended the stone steps layer by layer, deep into the underground.

The passageway hadn't changed since he came; the glowing gems embedded in the walls still provided some illumination.

That indescribable terrifying sound echoed in Lumian's ears again.

Lumian walked at a steady pace towards the exit. As 0-01's proxy, the more he walked, the more he felt this might indeed be a long esophagus.

What kind of creature would have such an esophagus? Lumian pondered but couldn't find an answer.

Alert to this possibility, he neither transformed into a flaming spear nor teleported, instead walking obediently for several hours until he reached the double bronze doors.

He extended his hands and pulled, making the door emit a heavy sound as it slowly opened.

Outside, no one was guarding it.

Lumian sneered silently and stepped out.

He didn't forget to close the door behind him.

Wearing the plain white robe with brass threads, he walked back, feeling unseen, unknown gazes upon him.

Reaching the prison where he had been held, Lumian activated the black mark on his right shoulder.

He chose to teleport back to Trier, to the apartment he rented.

His body and spirit were in decent shape, but he felt a strong sense of fatigue, wanting to rest.

Just as his figure materialized, he saw Ludwig enjoying afternoon tea.

Ludwig looked up and froze.

Clang!

The silver fork in the boy's hand fell onto the dessert plate.

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Chapter 843 Black Tear

843 Black Tear

Seeing the genuine fear in Ludwig's eyes, Lumian looked down at himself and noticed the plain white robe with brass threads he was wearing.

He laughed and reassured his godson, "Don't be afraid. There's no exam, and no study."

Ludwig's eyes lit up, and his expression gradually relaxed.

For a moment, he had feared that his godfather had joined the Church of the God of Knowledge and Wisdom, thinking the sky was falling.

Lumian glanced at Lugano, who had hurriedly stood up. He took the former Carnivore bar owner's stomach from the Traveler's Bag and tossed it to Ludwig.

"This is a gift for you."

Having completed his journey to Morora, Lumian was no longer bound by his promises and could now obtain godhood. He decided to accelerate the formation of his hunter team, with Ludwig being the most important member.

Taming this sealed Angel involved granting favors.

Ludwig's expression turned ecstatic, as if he had just ascended from the abyss to heaven.

He eagerly prepared to devour the stomach of the Depriver on the spot.

Lumian rubbed his temples and cautioned, "That's infected with a mystical pathogen. You'd better handle it properly to prevent the disease from spreading."

"A mystical pathogen..." Lugano exclaimed, instinctively distancing himself from Ludwig.

As a professional Doctor, Lugano activated his Spirit Vision, focusing on the stomach for two seconds before confirming the presence of the disease.

Ludwig took a bite at the stomach's pylorus and mumbled, "Once it's in my stomach, the plague won't spread."

"And what about you?" Lumian asked, amused.

"At most, I'll have an upset stomach for a while," Ludwig answered nonchalantly.

Should I skip purifying the food in my Traveler's Bag? Since it wouldn't hurt you...

Lumian mumbled and turned toward his bedroom.

After taking a few more bites, Ludwig lifted his head and hesitantly said, "Thank you. Thank you, godfather."

Lumian smiled, nodding in satisfaction. "Not bad. Your manners have improved a lot."

Ludwig shivered suddenly.

His godfather's tone and expression now resembled those of his most feared people-his teachers!

Lumian said nothing more, heading to his bedroom. He spread out a letter paper and wrote down the key points of his journey to Morora, detailing the problems he had encountered.

Then he summoned the "doll" messenger, handing over the letter along with the Traveler's Bag.

The "doll" messenger disdainfully picked up the Traveler's Bag with two fingers, complaining, "Don't put everything in here! It's too dirty! It's too dirty! It's a trash can now!"

Lumian smiled sheepishly. "I had no other choice."

I can't carry those Sealed Artifacts directly, right?

Their negative effects combined could kill me instantly.

After sending off the "doll" messenger, Lumian collapsed onto his bed without cleaning up the makeshift altar on his desk. He closed his eyes, letting his body relax.

In Morora, he had stayed up late reading and couldn't sleep soundly with a mad Demoness living next door and other enemies possibly ambushing him at any moment, keeping his mind on high alert.

Now, he finally felt a long-lost sense of safety.

Lumian quickly fell into a deep sleep. When he woke, it was already six in the morning of a new day.

Ah, refreshing and comfortable. Lumian sat up, stretched, and saw his Traveler's Bag and a letter on his desk.

"The messenger came without me awakening... This means I trust her quite a bit..." Lumian muttered as he walked to his desk and drew the curtains.

In the morning light, he sat down and read Madam Magician's reply: "For now, leaving a mark to become a proxy is enough. Other matters can be dealt with later. In short, regarding 0-01, you've at least gotten ahead of the Demoness Sect and the Red Angel.

"However, no matter how beneficial something seems, it always has its drawbacks. This means you've officially stepped onto the stage vying for the Red Priest position. You will face more attention and danger. Previously, the Demoness Sect might have seen you as a potential ally, and the Red Angel might have considered using you. Now, eliminating you to vacate the proxy position will be a practical option for them.

"You should also remind Two of Cups to be cautious to avoid being exploited by the Demoness Sect.

"Of course, since both the Demoness Sect and the Red Angel have gained something from this, each leaving a bit of blood on 0-01, their immediate urgency to target you is not very high.

"Regarding the Abscessed Hand, due to significant catastrophes in the Fourth, Third, and Second Epochs, many folklore and legends have not survived. The high-level corruption from the Great Mother on the Abscessed Hand prevents us from direct divination, requiring indirect methods, making it hard to obtain the most effective information. We haven't determined when the related legends first appeared but can confirm their existence at the beginning of the Fifth Epoch.

"From your description of its appearance and state, we reasonably suspect that the Abscessed Hand was a Vampire of Angel rank before its death. According to information from the Sanguine, one of the three dukes, an ancient being born in the Second Epoch, Round Moon Duke Olmer, has no memory of such a kin.

"Note that a Sequence 2 Angel is equivalent to a duke among the Sanguine. Even in the long history of the Sanguine, the number of dukes is very limited, and it's impossible for them not to recognize or remember each other.

"The New City of Silver is currently searching through historical texts related to Omebella for possible clues. I will inform you if they find anything."

Hand Bro isn't a Sanguine. No wonder Madam Magician calls him a vampire.

High-level beings of the Moon pathway are not equivalent to the Sanguine, just like the followers of the Primordial Moon in the Rose School of Thought are not considered Sanguine but are referred to as Artificial Vampires or something...

Lumian leaned back in his chair and continued reading.

"You can also try to get information from the Aurora Order. The secrets the one they believe in holds are among the top even among true gods.

"According to my divination, Albus Medici is still alive. His ancestor, the Red Angel, reached some sort of tacit agreement with someone or something in the special mirror world after entering Fourth Epoch Trier through the Hostel plan. This had significantly reduced the danger for Albus to escape from Morora through the special mirror world.

"No need for regrets. This is good news. At least we know the Red Angel might be cooperating with powerful beings in the special mirror world.

"The Grade 1 Sealed Artifact is called Black Tear, created from the tear of a Demoness of Despair after her death, fusing with her Beyonder characteristics.

"Black Tear continuously produces the mystical pathogen that infected you, spreading it around without stopping.

"Wearing Black Tear significantly enhances your charm, with a slight feminine touch, but it won't change your gender.

"Black Tear can help you master some mirror magic, including passing messages through the mirror world, Mirror Traversal, and mirror illusions.

"It also makes your Cull more lethal, allowing you to infuse all your power into a single Cull.

"In places with a special mirror world, Black Tear can help you utilize its special characteristics and power.

"Those were the effects. The negative effects are:

"The wearer also gets infected with the mystical pathogen, with Demonesses of Affliction being less affected and more resistant;

"The wearer experiences intermittent Pleasure, every 45 to 90 seconds;

"Even just carrying it makes you more emotional, more easily moved, and persuaded;

"Having Black Tear also increases the likelihood of unwanted romantic encounters, based on the curse from the Demoness of Despair before her death."

Reading this, Lumian couldn't help but raise an eyebrow.

This Sealed Artifact seems more suitable for a forbidden book like Monks Chasing Dogs.

Pleasure every 45 to 90 seconds is a major problem in battle!

Franca can't use it either, unless it's a quick fight. The mystical plague takes time.

For now, I can only treat it as an unlimited Mirror Cufflink, using it briefly and then sealing it... Lumian pondered and continued reading Madam Magician's sealing methods.

"The most versatile solution is to find a Sealed Artifact of the Sun pathway that continuously purifies the surrounding area, placing it with Black Tear. How to mitigate the Sun pathway Sealed Artifact's negative effects is another matter.

"The simplest but most demanding solution is to place Black Tear in a mirror, confining the pathogen to the area behind the mirror. Don't worry, the Plague can't travel through the mirror. The issue is that without other items to interact with the mirror world, you can't retrieve Black Tear. If the mirror sealing it breaks, Black Tear will be lost in the mirror world, wandering who knows where.

"The custom solution is that I've isolated a separate space in your Traveler's Bag. Regularly throw in a flame that can burn for over half an hour to incinerate the mystical pathogen.

"I've also purified the other items in your Traveler's Bag. No need to worry about infection."

Lumian finished reading the letter and exhaled deeply.

This is the benefit of the Tarot Club!

After burning the letter, he checked the Traveler's Bag, confirming that Celeste's Demoness of Affliction Beyonder characteristic was a beautiful eye, stored with the corpse chunks in the isolated space with Black Tear. To use it later, he would need to purify or "disinfect" it first.

Hanging the Traveler's Bag, Lumian walked to the full-length mirror in the room.

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Chapter 844 Changes in the Body

844 Changes in the Body

Lumian placed his hand on the mirror's surface, activating the contract ability that represented the Mirror Mark.

Immediately, he sensed multiple marks he had left behind. Some were clear, others blurred, and some were like distant glimmers on the horizon.

The clear ones came from Moran Avigny's study and Franca's rented apartment.

The blurry ones, which often changed locations, originated from the treasury of the Blue Avenger. The distant glimmers gave Lumian a feeling of being separated by a vast night, unreachable-they were the marks he had left on various mirrors in Morora.

At the same time, Lumian felt a strong calling. He sensed a unique, solid, and tight connection between himself and the City of Exiles.

In his mind's eye, a dark, illusory world and the mountain of corpses appeared.

The scent of rust and blood filled his nostrils, and his forehead tingled slightly.

If I want, I can use Black Tear now, enter the mirror, and teleport back to Morora...

Lumian suddenly realized.

Of course, such a teleportation had to pass through the special mirror world, which was extremely dangerous for Lumian.

He refocused, examining the changes in his body after becoming a proxy for 0-01.

It didn't take long for him to reach a conclusion.

In Morora, 0-01 will help me absorb some of the damage. I can influence the weather, either making it similar or turning it into a disaster. I can create a small area of Fog of War, use abilities like War Cry and War Song to enhance myself and my team, and weaken enemies...

Additionally, I can temporarily become equivalent to a Sequence 4 Iron-blooded Knight, lacking only godhood and an incomplete mythical form. Otherwise, I possess all the qualities, albeit slightly weaker than a true Iron-blooded Knight.

It's like receiving a Sequence 4 boon, although high-level boons also come with godhood...

If I abandon my sense of self, I can momentarily approach Sequence 3...

However, all this can only be realized in Morora. With 0-01 sealed, it cannot exert influence outside Morora.

But the changes to my body as a proxy, or rather the corruption, are real and irreversible.

My physical resistance to damage has significantly improved. Although it's not as good as a Dawn Paladin in full armor, I'm no longer at risk of instant death from a headshot. Without targeting weaknesses or using Cull, it takes two to three shots to crack my skull...

My strength, speed, reflexes, constitution, and agility have also improved. My body is becoming more robust and masculine. Luckily, I can use flame shaving.

Otherwise, half a day would leave me scruffy...

My spirituality has increased by about forty to fifty percent. Now, with regular accumulation and storage, I no longer suffer from anxiety due to a lack of spirituality...

According to Grande Soeur's and Franca's terminology, my resistance to flames has also increased significantly. Flames not hot enough won't hurt me. At least Sequence 5 blazing-white flames are needed for any effect. When using Devil's Whispers in the future, the damage and pain from the sulfurous flames will be much lower... Huh, I've also grown three to four centimeters taller...

Lumian felt like an oversized, reinforced Reaper.

My long studies weren't in vain... He sighed, opening his bedroom door and stepping out.

Ludwig had just woken up, wearing a blue hat with yellow stars and energetically drinking milk.

Lumian glanced at Lugano busy in the kitchen and asked his godson with a smile, "What did you make with the Depriver's stomach yesterday, and how much is left?"

Ludwig was stunned for a second. "I ate it all."

"..." Lumian raised an eyebrow. "I thought you'd save some to make a special dish and share it with us."

Ludwig was silent for a few seconds, then honestly replied, "I couldn't resist its allure."

Lumian stared at the boy until he looked down guiltily.

"I'll let it go this time. I understand your desire, but know your mistake and correct it, understood?" Lumian's expression softened.

He wasn't angry about Ludwig eating the entire Depriver's stomach, missing out on his share. To him, it was no big deal. His sternness was part of the education.

As a godfather and the team leader, he was responsible for this. Only by doing so could he quickly complete the ritual and advance to an Iron-blooded Knight.

"Yes, godfather," Ludwig whispered.

Lumian sat down, waiting for his breakfast, and asked Ludwig, "Have you advanced to Depriver yet?"

"Almost, but I can use some Depriver abilities," Ludwig said, gulping down more milk.

Lumian nodded lightly, not asking further questions.

...

Trier, Quartier de la Cathédrale Commémorative, 9 Rue Orosai, Apartment 702.

After breakfast, Lumian went to see Franca and Jenna.

He politely rang the doorbell, mindful that at this hour, the two Demonesses might be scantily clad.

With winter over, the Demonesses could wear only light clothes indoors thanks to their resistance to the cold.

Ding-dong, ding-dong. Wearing a woman's shirt, fitted trousers, and fluffy slippers, Franca opened the door.

She looked at Lumian in surprise. "You're back from the City of Exiles?"

That's too fast!

Last time they contacted, he was still studying!

Lumian walked past Franca, saying with a smile, "I used up your Mirror Cufflink."

"That's fine." With her new Ice Amulet, Franca generously waved it off.

Lumian was about to speak when he saw Jenna at the dining table. Her facial skin looked deeply cleansed, smooth and delicate. Her crystalline eyes were like autumn streams, hiding a thousand emotions and words, inviting immersion. The simple, light-colored dress outlined a perfect but not exaggerated figure. Her

exposed skin radiated indescribable charm.

Lumian's throat tightened, and he felt an uncontrollable heat.

After a few seconds, he averted his gaze and asked Jenna thoughtfully, "Did you advance to Pleasure?"

"Yes," Jenna replied with a mischievous smile. "Looks like that potion wasn't fake."

Lumian let out a derisive snort.

"Were you showcasing your charm just now?"

"No," Jenna laughed softly. "Maybe the potion's power is still leaking after my recent advancement. But, your self-control isn't as strong as I thought."

Um... Lumian thought his reaction was uncharacteristic of an Ascetic. He suspected residual malice from using Devil's Whispers, needing time to dissipate.

And the Traveler's Bag now held Black Tear-though isolated, the bag couldn't fully block the Grade 1 Sealed Artifact's influence. Some negative effects would always seep out.

That's why he needed to burn the mystical pathogen in the isolated space regularly.

Finding an excuse, Lumian scoffed.

"That's because I'm still weak, with noticeable emotional and desire fluctuations."

Watching their interaction, Franca felt a pang of jealousy for some reason. She quickly changed the subject, excitedly sharing, "When Jenna advanced, we got some crucial, unexpected intel. Guess what it is."

Lumian pulled up a chair and sat down, thinking."Related to Krismona?"

Franca sat nearby and clicked her tongue.

"Sharp. Guess who Krismona's father is."

Lumian wanted to observe Franca and Jenna's expressions, but their combined beauty made him instinctively look away.

After some consideration, he guessed, "With your tone and attitude... I'll go with the least likely option: Blood Emperor Alista Tudor!"

Franca and Jenna's expressions froze.

Lumian asked in slight disbelief, "I got it right?"

"Yes, congratulations." Franca nodded solemnly.

"Th-this isn't mystical..." Lumian echoed their earlier doubts.

The two Demonesses then recounted their discussion.

As Lumian listened, he frowned slightly.

"What's wrong?" Jenna asked perceptively.

Lumian stroked his chin.

"I remembered something from my time in Morora."

"What?" Franca had been curious about Lumian's experiences in Morora.

Considering the corruption from knowledge related to 0-01, Lumian focused on his conflicts with Albus, Julie, and Wanak, emphasizing the importance of books and knowledge.

"In short, I'm now the proxy for 0-01, but this power only works in Morora."

Lumian pondered. "What puzzles me is why I escaped after being petrified by Julie's divine descent and didn't die."

Franca clicked her tongue.

"You Hunters, always fighting with schemes and layers of plans, not straightforward at all!"

She then laughed.

"I think the Primordial One threw you out to save the Blood Emperor's last hope of resurrection during the divine descent. What's this? True love!"

Lumian didn't immediately refute her near-joking statement. After a few seconds, he thoughtfully said, "Maybe it's not true love, but a practical need. Maybe the purpose of the Primordial Demoness and Blood Emperor creating the special mirror world can only proceed after the Blood Emperor's resurrection..."

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Chapter 845 Busy Franca

845 Busy Franca

Jenna agreed with Lumian, "Whether it's true love or not, there must be a specific purpose behind creating that special mirror world, and it seems that purpose hasn't been achieved yet."

"What could that purpose be?" Franca pondered.

Lumian thought for a few seconds, then pulled out the corpse wax candle he had obtained from the Blue Avenger from his Traveler's Bag, and mused aloud, "That special mirror world might have been jointly created by a true god of the Hunter pathway and a true god of the Demoness pathway. This corpse wax candle was crafted from the corpse wax of demigods from both pathways, mixed with other substances. According to the Law of Similarity in mysticism, there might be a connection between the two.

"When I become a demigod, I'll visit Bansy, find the specific location mentioned by Madam Magician, light the corpse wax candle, and complete a secret deed ritual to see what I can discover. This might help us uncover the secrets of the special mirror world."

As for Fourth Epoch Trier, entering the sealed area after the Hostel plan would be a true god-level difficulty.

"At that time, apply for a Major Arcana card holder to watch over the matter."

Franca had no objections, just reminding Lumian to be cautious.

After exchanging experiences over the recent period, Franca relaxed, leaned back in her chair, and said with bright eyes, "You went to Morora and didn't gain much on the Hunter side, only becoming the proxy for 0-01. But you got a lot from the Demoness pathway, like the Beyonder characteristic of a Demoness of Affliction, a Grade 1 Sealed Artifact equivalent to that of a Demoness of Despair."

"What are you implying?" Lumian asked with a smile.

Franca chuckled. "I don't need it. I should be able to get what I need from the Demoness Sect. The only concern is how to complete the ritual. I wish I could go to Morora. It's perfect for the Demoness of Despair ritual-no guilt involved. Just hearing your examples, I know that place is full of talent, criminal talent, people exploring the limits of human evil!

"I mean, Jenna's Beyonder characteristics up to Sequence 4 are in our full possession. You don't plan to sell them, do you?"

Jenna said instinctively, "But I still haven't saved enough money for the Demoness of Affliction Beyonder characteristic. I'm still short by tens of thousands of verl d'or..."

Lumian chuckled. "No need to worry. From now on, you two are officially part of my team. As the team leader, I'll reward you based on your contributions. It could be money or items."

He made it clear-these things were meant for Jenna. It's not like he could consume them himself. But since they were a team, there had to be clear rewards and punishments, not giving away things for free.

Even giving Ludwig the Depriver's stomach was under the pretense of a godfather returning from a trip and bringing a gift for his godson.

Jenna's expression relaxed, and she teased with a smile in her eyes, "Should we call you Captain now?"

"No need. A good team can address each other by names or nicknames." Lumian turned his gaze to Franca, revisiting the old topic. "I used up your Mirror Cufflink. What compensation do you want?"

"No need to be so polite." With her Ice Amulet, Franca waved it off generously.

"If I need to use Black Tear or the Sword of Courage in the future, I'll borrow them from you. Don't worry, I'm thick-skinned and won't feel embarrassed."

As she spoke, she took out the Lie earring and tossed it back to Lumian. "You should keep this. I'm afraid I'll be tempted to permanently alter my face and body, getting addicted to Lie."

Lumian knew Franca wasn't pretending to be generous. He caught Lie and reminded her, "Be extra careful when dealing with the Demoness of Black. She'll soon learn about my involvement in the 0-01 battle in Morora and suspect I was the one who persisted till the end."

"Understood." Franca nodded solemnly.

Jenna's eyes flickered, and she thoughtfully said, "Should I move out for a while?"

Seeing Franca's puzzled look and Lumian's approving nod, Jenna explained carefully, "The Demoness of Black might secretly monitor you to gather information about Lumian. If I continue living with you, I'll inevitably attract her attention. Facing prolonged observation from a high-ranking Demoness, I don't think I can keep my secrets.

"Think about it. I now have the charm of a Demoness of Pleasure, different from the beauty of a Vampire. A few more glances from the Demoness of Black, and she'll notice something's wrong. If I live elsewhere, I can disguise this charm before visiting you with makeup or using Lie."

Lie couldn't be worn all the time, and maintaining makeup even while sleeping would also arouse suspicion from the Demoness of Black!

"Alright." Franca was convinced by Jenna's reasoning.

She glanced at Lumian with some resentment, thinking, You really do bring trouble. With the Demoness of Black watching me, how can I help Jenna digest the Pleasure potion?

Franca sighed and asked Lumian, "When will you take Amandina to the Samaritan Women's Spring?"

"You came back too quickly. I haven't had time to get to know her better yet," Franca complained.

Lumian pondered for a few seconds. "When my condition stabilizes."

The rest of the time, Jenna packed her personal belongings and went out to find an apartment in the surrounding area that she could move into that day, while Lumian returned to his place to continue "taming" Ludwig.

Franca continued to track the whereabouts of the Mirror Person, Jasmine, until nightfall.

Looking at the empty and cold apartment, she sighed inwardly and threw herself onto the long sofa.

After a while, the surface of the full-length mirror in the living room suddenly shimmered with a dark light. The face of the Demoness of Black faintly appeared.

Franca stood up abruptly and respectfully bowed. "Good evening, Madame Clarice."

At the same time, she mumbled in her heart, The Demoness of Black really knows where I live...

The Demoness of Black, Clarice, looked at Franca outside the mirror, her expression somewhat detached, and asked, "Has your lover, Ciel, returned to Trier?"

"He has." Franca had prepared for this and answered honestly.

The Demoness of Black scrutinized Franca for a moment, then chuckled softly.

"You've been apart for several weeks. You must be thoroughly enjoying each other's company upon reuniting. Has he become more vigorous?"

You're asking me? Whom should I ask? How would I know... What's the point of this question? Franca silently grumbled.

Such a question was entirely outside her and Lumian's expectations!

At that moment, cold sweat appeared on Franca's back as her mind raced, pushing her thinking ability to its limits.

Vigorous...

The Demoness of Black once said that the taste of a Hunter isn't bad either-the higher their Sequence, the more vigorous they become...

Is the Demoness of Black trying to confirm Lumian's current state from this detail, to see if he has become the proxy for 0-01?

If Lumian and I were truly lovers, such a detail would be easily overlooked, and it's normal for Demonesses to discuss such things. In that case, I would naturally reveal the answer the Demoness of Black is looking for.

Should I hide it for Lumian? No, he's already highly suspicious. Hiding it would mean dragging myself into suspicion. Though I might already be suspected...

Lumian said this morning not to lie about it, but not to be too clear...

Within two or three seconds, Franca raised her right hand, covered her mouth, and let out a small yawn.

Then, she said with a mix of shyness and pride, "Although he hasn't advanced yet and is quite far from it, he has indeed become much more vigorous. I almost feel conquered..."

As she spoke, Franca's words carried a bit of longing, as if dreaming of becoming equally vigorous.

This was part of her "acting training" from Jenna and Anthony-performance needing layers.

The Demoness of Black in the mirror nodded and said with a smile, "Truly enviable."

Franca's eyes moved slightly, and she said, reminiscing, "Whether it's due to the long separation or his many hidden secrets, I feel he's become a lot more unfamiliar. Sometimes, when he looks at me, I think, 'Who is he?' and feel like I don't recognize him..."

The Demoness of Black nodded slightly.

"He might have undergone some kind of corruption. Keep your current relationship. If he shows any unusual behavior, let me know immediately. I might be able to help.

"Heh heh, this might also be one of your opportunities to digest the Affliction potion."

"Yes, Madame Clarice." Franca displayed the sense of security that came from having a powerful backer.

The Demoness of Black glanced around the mirror and asked with a smile, "Where's your Vampire lover?"

"Her brother is returning to Trier soon, so she's embarrassed to continue living with me." Franca recited her lines.

The Demoness of Black asked no more questions, gave some instructions regarding the Mirror People, and disappeared into the dark light.

Once the full-length mirror returned to normal, Franca quietly breathed a sigh of relief and prepared to "date" Lumian.

She hadn't even had time to open the door when a soft light appeared before her -a transparent, crystalline ice-blue jellyfish with many tentacles quickly materialized.

One of the jellyfish's tentacles was wrapped around a letter.

Franca recognized the jellyfish as Ongla, the messenger of Madam Judgment.

Every time she saw Ongla, Franca instinctively felt a sense of fear, believing it to be very powerful. However, Ongla the jellyfish, unlike the intelligent puppet messenger of Madam Magician, often acted purely on instinct.

Receiving the letter, Franca silently grumbled, I'm feeling swarmed... I was already busy helping Lumian with his affairs, and even now that he's back, I'm still so busy.

Thanking Ongla the jellyfish, Franca opened the letter: "Mr. Star has confirmed the first task that requires your help."

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Chapter 846 "Negotiation"

846 "Negotiation"

Upon reading the first line of the letter, Franca felt a sense that the moment had finally arrived.

She had been waiting, waiting for Mr. Star to make a request, so she could exchange it for Mid-to-Low Sequence potions from the Evernight pathway for Amandina.

Franca read the rest with a mix of anticipation and nervousness: "He hopes you can help him decipher the text in the attached materials. They are somewhat similar to those in Emperor Roselle's diary.

"He hasn't set a time limit, so you can take your time.

"The information you provided about Krismona's father possibly being Blood Emperor Alista Tudor is very useful and important.

"Now, we suspect that the entity in the deepest part of the special mirror world, the one worshiped by the Mirror People, may not be the Primordial Demoness in the complete sense. Rather, it could be connected to the creation of the special mirror world by the Blood Emperor and the Primordial Demoness. It seems to have gone out of their control, and this might be why the Primordial Demoness is in a bad state.

"Your main tasks with Seven of Cups are to find the Mirror Person, Jasmine, and probe the Demoness of Black to see if she has a deep understanding of the special mirror world. Of course, your safety must be ensured.

"If you encounter any anomalies, you can ask me for help."

Madam Judgment sure goes straight to the point... Franca turned to the next page of the letter.

The rest were the attached materials.

Franca's pupils dilated upon seeing them: This wasn't anything like the text from Emperor Roselle's diary!

It was either oracle bone script or bronze script, one of the oldest forms of writing from her and Emperor Roselle's country pre-transmigration!

Where did this come from?

Who the hell knows this stuff...

Not sure if it's genuine oracle bone script or bronze script, since I don't understand it either. I'm illiterate in this...

Is it a mysticism language unknown to this world, just similar to oracle bone script?

But it does look like hieroglyphics!

Franca began to examine it carefully.

Although she hadn't studied oracle bone script or bronze script, as a young person growing up in the internet age, she had seen a few and remembered the meanings of some of the simplest characters, like "person."

Before long, she found several similar pictographic characters.

A bit different from what I remember, but mostly the same...

Let's treat it as oracle bone script or bronze script first... Where did Mr. Star get this from? Did they find Harrison of Resurrection Island? No, if they did, they would have told me...

Or, when the Major Arcana card holder of the Moses Ascetic Order was tracking the missing Ten Pillars Kmerolo, they encountered something related to the Celestial Master?

Very possible! No wonder the preface of this material told me that the order of the text had been disrupted to prevent corruption during interpretation. As expected from the Celestial Master, who oversees the Mystery Pryer and Savant pathways!

But without context, the difficulty of interpretation is more than doubled...

Chen Tu! Armored Shadow Chen Tu might know, but I can only ask three or four questions per summoning... Don't know if I can directly ask what the general meaning of this material is...

Franca's mind raced, deciding to seek help from the Curly-Haired Baboons Research Society first.

Many members of the society came from the same country as her, and there were quite a few highly educated ones, some of whom might have studied oracle bone script or bronze script.

Franca didn't need them to be masters in oracle bone script or bronze script, just being able to recognize the commonly used characters would be enough. The rest could be guessed by the Major Arcana card holders based on the original context.

With this decision, Franca enthusiastically began writing a letter, planning to summon Madame Hela's messenger to request a gathering soon.

She was too lazy to head out to go on a "date" with Lumian and discuss the Demoness of Black. After eating a cream bun, she sat at her desk and carefully selected the characters she barely recognized, studying them repeatedly.

...

In the apartment Lumian rented in Quartier de la Cathédrale Commémorative.

Lumian sat on the sofa, watching Ludwig read the Ghost Face magazine, and pondered the next steps of "taming."

After a few minutes, he smiled at Ludwig.

"You've been pretty free lately, haven't you? Besides eating, you have nothing else to do.

"Let me give you an assignment."

The key to "taming" was to make the other party follow orders, even forcing themselves to do things they didn't want to do.

Of course, pure intimidation and suppression wouldn't work. Once or twice was fine, but more than that, Ludwig would definitely run away again.

Ludwig's expression turned to horror, as if saying: "See, you have indeed been corrupted by the Church of Knowledge!"

Without giving him a chance to speak, Lumian continued, "This assignment is to taste Trier's famous meat pies. Gather information yourself, plan the route yourself, and finally compile a food report."

The first step in following orders was to make the orders acceptable to the child, something he could and would do, then gradually increase the difficulty.

Ludwig's eyes lit up.

He licked his lips and said, "Alright!"

The little boy glanced out the window and eagerly stood up. "I'll go right now!"

Lumian chuckled. "It's already dark, and it's too dangerous outside. You're just a child."

Too dangerous... just a child... Lugano couldn't help but glance at Ludwig, his face full of disapproval.

Lumian sighed and said, "I mean, you're just a child with insufficient self-control. It's more dangerous for the citizens of Trier walking at night."

He then told Ludwig, "Tonight, gather information from newspapers and magazines, make a plan, and go out tomorrow morning."

"Mm-hmm!" Ludwig jumped off the single sofa and started flipping through the newspapers and magazines they had subscribed to, taking it very seriously.

Satisfied, Lumian nodded, returned to his bedroom, and placed a continuously burning incandescent white flame in the separate space of his Traveler's Bag.

After a while, he took out the completely charred, deformed piece of Celeste's corpse, examining it for a few moments.

According to Franca's Magic Mirror Divination, this could be refined and extracted to replace the tail tip of the Two-Tailed Black Snake in the Affliction potion's supplementary ingredients.

The supplementary ingredients' Flower-Faced Bat blood also didn't need to be collected. Franca's blood was a better substitute.

Lumian stuffed the corpse piece back into the Traveler's Bag and took out the books he had borrowed from the Morora Knowledge Cathedral.

Although Madam Magician had already sealed Black Tear for him, useful knowledge was always welcome.

Of course, the more useful the knowledge, the more likely it was heavily corrupted, requiring careful consideration and trade-offs.

Lumian lit the gas wall lamp, picked a book titled "Entering the Mysterious Hall," and leisurely began to read.

As time passed, he suddenly turned his head to look at the door.

His door creaked open, and a figure emerged from the shadows.

It was Jenna, wearing a white shirt and a light gauze skirt. Her slightly darker flaxen hair was pinned up, her blue eyes bright and large, with a faint layer of powder on her face and a small black mole on the bridge of her nose.

Her white blouse, adorned with floral decorations, wasn't revealing, yet its nearly perfect curves made one's mind wander and mouth dry.

At that moment, Lumian felt as if he saw the past Showy Diva Jenna and actress apprentice Celia Bello overlapping, exuding an indescribable allure beneath her fresh appearance.

"I need your help with something," Jenna said with a slight smile as she closed the door.

Lumian suddenly felt a sense of danger-not to his life, but a different kind of unease.

"I'm afraid I can't help you," Lumian said calmly, relying on the traits of an Ascetic.

Jenna lowered her eyes, hiding the brilliance in her blue eyes.

She walked to the bedside, sat down, looked at Lumian again, and said with a smile, "Listen to me first, hear my reasons."

Lumian fell silent for a few seconds before stating, "Go ahead."

Jenna propped her hands on either side, leaning forward slightly in a somewhat playful manner. "It seems you've guessed it. Yes, I want you to help me digest the Pleasure potion."

As expected... Lumian said with a headache, "Why not ask Franca?"

"Two reasons, one superficial, one genuine. Which do you want to hear?" Jenna asked with a smile.

Lumian rubbed his forehead. "The superficial one."

Jenna pursed her lips and smiled self-deprecatingly. "She's very willing to help me digest the Pleasure potion, with no internal resistance, causing little pain. This wouldn't comply with the acting principle of pleasure bringing pain, slowing my potion digestion.

"But you, I know you're unwilling, resistant to this. The more so, the quicker I can digest the potion by making you experience pleasure, ultimately even feeling a bit reluctant, and the self-blame that follows. Also, a very important point is, you have a false Angelic rank. If everything goes smoothly, I might be able to digest the potion within two or three weeks and consider advancing to Demoness of Affliction.

"As team leader, isn't this the best choice? It can effectively help you improve the team's quality and enhance the ritual's effect.

"You don't have to recommend Black Tear to me. Digesting the Pleasure potion requires a target."

Lumian remained silent.

Jenna couldn't help but scoff. "Just think of it as teleporting a teammate, lending strength to a teammate. I'm not seeking your emotions or soul. Without emotions, you've never cared about these things, always thinking you have no morals, right?

Hey, do you have a cleanliness obsession? It's just helping out!"

After a few seconds, Lumian asked, "What about you?"

Jenna lowered her eyes and softly laughed. "I'll also experience pleasure in pain and feel pain in pleasure, very much in line with the acting principles."

Lumian remained silent for a while before asking, "What about Franca?"

Jenna bit her lip, her eyes deep. "If she finds out, it'll help her digest the Affliction potion."

Lumian sighed deeply. "I thought you'd try to seduce me, ignite my desires to achieve your goal. Didn't expect you to negotiate and reason with me."

Jenna wrinkled her nose and grumbled, "If I tried to seduce you, you'd teleport away!

"It's better to explain the pros and cons, tell you it's as normal as drinking water or having a meal. No guilt involved, no emotions needed. This is very common in Intis!"

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Chapter 847 Pleasure in Pain

847 Pleasure in Pain

Seeing Lumian remain silent, Jenna smiled and said, "Doesn't a good team leader need to care about the personal needs of the team members and balance internal conflicts? Sure, when you Hunters reach a high sequence, you can easily subdue people and turn them into puppets without worrying about these things. But now, you can't do that yet."

Jenna's eyes flickered slightly as she added with a smile, "This benefits you as well. You once said that the emotions and desires suppressed by the Ascetic won't disappear completely. Some will accumulate little by little, and if they reach a certain level, they must be vented, or they'll become a hidden danger. And it seems you haven't vented in a long time.

"Killing people isn't enough to fully release these emotions, and there aren't enough bad guys for you to kill all at once."

At this point, Jenna looked at Lumian with clear eyes, teasing, "Alright, I've finished explaining my reasons, the benefits, and possible consequences of this. Captain, you need to make a decision."

Without waiting for Lumian to speak, Jenna pursed her lips and added in a low voice, "Also, there's another reason. We've been through many dangerous things. We don't know when we'll die or lose each other. I-I don't want to bid farewell with regrets."

After a moment of silence, Lumian sighed and said, "You've become quite an excellent Instigator."

Jenna blinked. "Does that mean you agree?"

Lumian nodded solemnly. "Only while you're a Demoness of Pleasure."

Jenna's slightly leaning body suddenly pulled back, and her shoulders, supported by her hands, dropped a little.

The emotions she had been suppressing finally released a little.

She lowered her gaze to her knees and smiled, half self-mockingly, half wistfully.

"When that happens, I can digest the Affliction potion."

Lumian remained silent.

After a few seconds, he said, "I'll find an opportunity to inform Franca about this as a sign of respect."

Jenna fell silent for a moment before saying with a smile, "I thought you'd seek Franca's opinion before making a decision."

Lumian sighed again.

"This is a sign of respect towards you."

He had sighed, having sensed the true emotions hidden in Jenna's words. Jenna knew that Franca was an unavoidable issue in this matter, but she hoped that whatever the outcome-good or bad-it would only concern herself and her partner. As for Franca, she would deal with that separately. That's why when she was asked about Franca earlier, she suddenly became angry and irritated, spitefully saying it would help her digest the Affliction potion. Lumian only realized this through her response, and in that moment understood the mood behind their current banter.

Lumian changed the subject. "You are one of the most proactive people I've ever met."

"The good way of putting it is 'decisive and courageous,' the bad way is 'impulsive and reckless," Jenna said, her eyes like the waters of an autumn lake, now fully exhibiting the charm of a Demoness of Pleasure, smiling slightly, "Now, shouldn't we talk about something else?"

She removed the fake mole from the bridge of her nose and asked Lumian with a smile, "Do you remember what I told you about the different meanings of the fake mole when we first met?"

Lumian smiled wryly. "That was our second meeting."

"I didn't see you the first time, so it doesn't count," Jenna said, her hand holding the fake mole slowly sliding down, past her beautifully curved jaw, her long white neck, and the floral decorations on her chest, stopping at the second button of her blouse.

She smiled brightly and asked, "What does this mean?"

Lumian's gaze involuntarily followed Jenna's hand. He closed his eyes and said, "It means secrets."

Jenna laughed. She stood up slowly and walked over to Lumian, who was sitting at the desk.

Her voice turned low, as if it was scratching Lumian's ear.

"I know it's hard for you to take the initiative right now, that you're hesitating to take that step. It's okay, I'll guide you.

"As expected, you're still a virgin..."

Jenna chuckled softly and walked up to Lumian, placing her hands on his shoulders.

After a second, she lowered her head and pressed her lips against Lumian's.

Lumian smelled the fragrance and felt the softness and sweetness, along with the slight coolness and trembling of her lips, and the nervousness and apprehension.

...

Inside Apartment 702 at 9 Rue Orosai.

Franca studied those characters late into the night and finally received a reply from Madame Hela, who agreed to convene a full gathering of the Curly-Haired Baboons Research Society soon.

Phew, Franca entered the room, sat at the small analyzer, and shared with the telegraph group members that she had come across some ancient characters that seemed to predate their transmigration. She then chatted with 007 and the others until after one in the morning.

The next day, she woke up around eight.

The habits she had developed recently and the matters on her mind kept her from sleeping in.

After washing up and having breakfast, Franca hesitated about her next move.

Should I find Lumian first to tell him about the Demoness of Black and the oracle bone script, or should I find Anthony to see if he's heard anything about the mineralogist, Jasmine, from the adventurers and smugglers who frequently enter Underground Trier?

After a few seconds of deliberation, Franca decided to find Anthony first because the Hypnotist usually left early and returned late, busy collecting intelligence and advancing his membership in the Psychology Alchemists. If she missed him now, she'd have to wait until the evening.

Besides, proactively seeking out Lumian could expose his current residence to the Demoness of Black. She planned to wait until the evening when Lumian would come to her.

...

With the curtains slightly parted, Lumian stood there shirtless, silently gazing at Ludwig who was savoring a meat pie from the shop across the street. He seemed somewhat refreshed and invigorated.

To his side and slightly behind him, Jenna lay on her stomach in bed, the covers draped diagonally across her. Her lower legs were drawn up and swaying gently in the air, while her face still bore a faint flush.

She gazed at Lumian's side profile and chuckled softly. "Are you embarrassed?"

Lumian let out a derisive snort. "Last night, who was the one embarrassed in the end? First, you insisted on drawing the curtains, then you wanted me to create a wall of spirituality to block the noise, then you said the wall of spirituality wasn't enough and demanded a Bottle of Fiction, then you suddenly got scared and wanted to do a rain check, perhaps another time..."

Jenna laughed softly. "That was to make you eager, to unleash the emotions and desires you've been suppressing with the Ascetic's tolerance.

"I must say, you performed well yesterday, much better than I expected. Of course, at first, your performance was quite in line with your state of innocence."

Lumian chuckled in amusement and replied, "Are all you Demonesses so stubborn with words, insistent on getting the last word?"

"Learned from the best, you." Jenna nodded emphatically, indicating that it was true.

She then laughed. "Why won't you look at me? Are you really embarrassed?"

She seemed to have regained the feeling she had when she first faced Lumian.

Lumian tsked. "I have serious business to do. I need to keep an eye on Ludwig and secretly follow him later."

"Why?" Jenna asked in confusion, "Didn't you let Lugano take Ludwig around when we were in places like Port Santa?"

"Back then, I didn't know he was a sealed Angel, and there are many heretics in Trier," Lumian explained in detail, "When I went to Morora, I made sure Ludwig stayed indoors as much as possible. As long as there was food, he could stay at home. My concern is that if he wanders around Trier, he might run into other followers of the Devouring Whirlpool. Lugano is only a Sequence 7 and not particularly good at combat."

"In that case, Ludwig might follow the Devouring Whirlpool's followers, and he's crucial for you to complete the ritual soon." Jenna suddenly understood.

Lumian withdrew his gaze, bent over, and tried to pick up his clothes from the floor.

After scanning the area, he decided to take out a new set from the Traveler's Bag.

Jenna watched him change clothes with a grin, then walk to the door.

Lumian paused at the door, hesitated to turn around, then held back, and said with a hum, "Ludwig is about to leave this street. You should rest well."

Jenna laughed. "Can you say that while looking at me?"

Seeing Lumian open the door and walk out, she laughed even more wantonly.

"Are you afraid to look at me because you can't resist, don't want to leave, and will be delayed?"

Jenna laughed happily the entire time until Lumian transformed into a shadow and left the apartment when tears seemed to well up in the corners of her eyes.

She looked at the full-length mirror in the room and saw a beautiful, enchanting woman with a smile on her lips and sadness in her eyes.

...

Franca found Anthony in the café below his apartment.

Anthony took a sip of strong black coffee, raised his head, and said, "I was just about to find you."

"Got something?" Franca's eyes lit up as she sat down.

She habitually glanced around and noticed many people looking her way, but no one dared approach to overhear her conversation with Anthony.

I might need to disguise myself and go out looking less attractive at times. Each Sequence in the Demoness pathway significantly enhances feminine charm...

Sequence 4 onwards, the greatest increase in charm is from Demoness of Pleasure... Franca withdrew her gaze and looked at Anthony thoughtfully.

Anthony took out a stack of papers and said, "Based on the time and place you provided about mineralogist Jasmine's recent appearances in Underground Trier, I've been searching for adventurers, smugglers, and students who passed through those areas during the corresponding times. In the past few days, I finally made some progress.

"There are three people who fit the conditions, but they didn't encounter Jasmine nearby. However, they did meet someone else. Based on their descriptions, I made corresponding sketches and found they all seemed to have met the same person, who happens to be someone you're looking for."

"Someone else I'm looking for? Another Mirror Person?" Franca was puzzled.

Anthony unfolded three sheets of drawing paper and pushed them to Franca.

Franca received it and turned it around, quickly glancing at them.

Just one look, and her eyes froze.

Although the sketches on the three sheets had differences, it was clear they depicted the same person:

That person had short hair, soft facial contours, and features that weren't deep.

They had a distinctive appearance, not resembling anyone from any Northern Continent country, nor the darker-skinned people of the Southern Continent.

Franca recognized this person: It was indeed someone she was looking for!

He was suspected to be Harrison from Resurrection Island!

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Chapter 848 Project Fishing

848 Project Fishing

Harrison?

He's still in Trier?

007, how come you haven't found him yet? Is your Eternal Blazing Sun Church even capable?

As Franca's spirits lifted, feelings of joy and excitement welled up inside her.

She had mobilized members of the Curly-Haired Baboons Research Society to keep an eye out for Harrison worldwide, but it turned out the target was still in Trier. Of course, he may have just returned recently.

While inwardly criticizing the Purifiers' work capabilities, Franca also sensed something unusual about this situation.

She lowered her voice and said thoughtfully, "Recently, Jasmine has appeared in Underground Trier twice, and people in the vicinity have encountered Harrison both times. This can't be a coincidence.

"Is Harrison collaborating with the Mirror People?"

Anthony ate the last cream puff and took a sip of coffee before saying, "This can actually be deduced.

"Mr. Hanged Man said that Harrison is likely to appear in places closely related to death, darkness, dusk, and decay, like the Samaritan Women's Spring deep in the fourth level of the underground catacombs. Based on the information we currently have, the appearance of the Samaritan Women's Spring originated from the War of the Four Emperors, from Fourth Epoch Trier.

"So, Harrison has a motive to open the seal and enter Fourth Epoch Trier, which aligns with the Mirror People's goals. Although it's unclear how they got in touch, don't forget that the Mirror People have deep cooperation with those Brokers."

"Those Brokers are more annoying than buzzing flies." Franca sighed sincerely.

She then turned to Anthony and said, "You can go take care of your own business now. I'll discuss with Jenna and Lumian how to use this to find Harrison."

"Alright." Anthony had already done his best in gathering intelligence.

After saying goodbye to Anthony, Franca went straight back to Rue Orosai.

Not wanting to expose Lumian's current residence, she planned to use a summoning messenger to have her two companions come over themselves.

I'll summon Rabbit Chasel first. What reward should I give it this time? I can't let Jenna have her way; I feel like she's training Rabbit Chasel in a very dangerous direction... Franca thought for a few seconds, then turned her gaze to the coffee table.

There lay a book-after several months of delay, the sixth volume of Fors Wall's The Adventurer series was finally out!

This volume was titled "The Adventurer 6: The Future" Franca had just bought it yesterday and hadn't read it yet. She had only flipped through the afterword, seeing that the great writer Fors Wall said she had originally wanted to name this volume "Admiral of Stars" or "Biologist", but ultimately abandoned these ideas based on a sudden inspiration.

Soon, Franca summoned Rabbit Chasel.

Behind this coolly dressed Rabbit of Knowledge, a timid rabbit-shaped Spirit Body wearing boxing gloves faintly appeared in the void.

Tsk, putting on a show, are we? Franca smiled as she handed the letter paper and "The Adventurer 6" to Rabbit Chasel, instructing, "Remember to return it to me after reading."

It wasn't that she couldn't part with such a book, but maintaining a give-and-take relationship with Rabbit Chasel would help build a good rapport. In the future, she might be able to ask it to introduce other special "talents" from the Rabbits of Knowledge who could also serve as messengers.

Rabbit Chasel's eyes lit up. "Absolutely no problem!"

After sending off Rabbit Chasel, Franca summoned Penitent Baynfel.

After completing these two tasks, she lay down in the armchair and pondered her next moves.

I need to notify 007 in the telegram group tonight...

Should I try to contact Professor and the others, mobilize the power of the Mystery Pryers to search for Harrison together?

Sigh, now we've only confirmed Harrison is in Trier, lacking substantial clues to investigate. We can't even go all out even if we wanted to...

We can't just wander around Underground Trier every day, waiting for the right opportunity, can we?

Magic Mirror Divination can't provide answers...

Hmm, I still need to report this quickly. Mr. Hanged Man and the other Major Arcana card holders are also looking for Harrison themselves...

Franca sat up abruptly and continued her busy work.

During this process, she also contemplated her own situation.

If we still can't find him, I might end up digesting some of my Affliction potion...

Well, after dealing with the Mirror Person Nikila, I've already digested a bit. The first rule of the Demoness of Affliction's acting principle is quite easy to summarize: Bring pain to the target, not just physical, but also mental.

The second acting principle should be closely related to oneself. ls pain the foundation of a Demoness?

I should strive to summarize all the acting principles soon, digest the potion quickly. Lumian is already preparing for the ritual to advance to Sequence 4 Iron-blooded Knight, I can't let him leave me too far behind...

Just as she thought of this, Franca felt the wind at the open window pause for a second.

Then, Jenna's figure quickly materialized.

This newly advanced Demoness of Pleasure hadn't made herself ugly through makeup techniques, but had adjusted the "direction" of her charm's diffusion- she wore a black robe, concealing her attractive figure. At the same time, she used makeup to give her skin a sickly pale look, as if she hadn't seen sunlight for a long time. Her lips were painted very red, forming a stark contrast with her skin...

This made Jenna look more like a Vampire, with her charm mainly concentrated on the intricateness of her features and overall beauty, rather than sexual attraction.

So it can be done this way... Not bad, Vampire Jenna is beautiful too... Franca smiled as she examined her for a few moments until Jenna hesitated for a moment before asking, "What important intelligence did you obtain?"

Franca sat back in the armchair, crossed her legs, and explained the Harrison situation in detail.

Jenna, already seated in the single sofa, wasn't as excited as Franca, after all, she knew too little to experience that deep and complex emotion.

She pondered for a moment and said, "At this point in time, Harrison is suspected to be cooperating with the Mirror People... Is this also part of the vortex?"

"It's possible." Franca nodded heavily and mumbled, "Why hasn't Lumian arrived yet?"

"He went out," Jenna paused before saying, "Probably."

Franca blurted out in surprise, "How do you know?"

Jenna smiled and answered, "He told me yesterday that his first step in taming Ludwig was to assign him homework related to food, which required Ludwig to go out and complete on his own. Hmm... according to you, it's like creating a food guide for Trier Meat Pie."

"Gradually ramping up the gaslighting, huh..." Franca muttered, "Did you discuss this when you left yesterday? He plans to follow Ludwig?"

"He's afraid Ludwig might converge with other believers of the Devouring Whirlpool, and Lugano is only Sequence 7, unable to stop it." Jenna first briefly explained Lumian's concerns, then her eyes flickered slightly as she said, "This should only be one of the reasons."

"Are there other reasons?" Franca tucked her hair and tried to understand the Hunter's countless hidden intentions.

A smile appeared on Jenna's face.

"Yes, although he didn't say it, that's what I think. His hidden purpose should be to engage in his favorite activity: Fishing!"

Franca was enlightened. "Using Ludwig to fish for other believers of the Devouring Whirlpool?"

Jenna nodded and further added, "Judging from the style of Overseer Perle, no matter what plans the Brokers make, they will most likely gather different forces and people through covert transactions, maximizing the advantages of their own pathway. So, there's a good chance that believers of the Devouring Whirlpool and other heretics have been brought onto the vortex plan.

"If we can catch higher-level believers of the Devouring Whirlpool, we might be able to further understand the situation of the vortex matter and discover its key points."

Franca inwardly hissed. "This is Lumian's style, on the surface he's training Ludwig, but in reality, he's fishing for heretics, investigating the vortex matter.

The most infuriating thing is, his surface goal is indeed very real and important!"

After this exclamation, Franca looked at Jenna and praised with a smile, "You're getting smarter and smarter!"

"Dammit, when you suddenly praise me like this, I don't know whether to accept it gracefully or be modest. If it were Lumian, he would definitely say 'You've barely caught up to my train of thought'." The latter half of Jenna's sentence imitated Lumian's tone.

Franca pondered for a moment, her lips slowly curling into a smile.

"Fishing is indeed a good method.

"We can use the same approach to find Harrison.

"Harrison has a deep understanding and very sinister application of death, and is also looking for scenarios closely related to death, darkness, dusk, and other such powers. Does this mean he can be converged by Beyonders of these pathways?

"This could be convergence from high-ranking individuals, and should also include certain special convergences, such as the Underworld Daoist seal on Lumian, or the Samaritan Women's Spring. Hmm, Amandina's power comes directly from the Underworld Daoist, and the Underworld Daoist seems to possess powers of death, darkness, and dusk simultaneously. Amandina might be able to converge on Harrison as well..."

At this point, Franca's eyes became exceptionally bright.

"I choose all of the above!

"Once Lumian's condition stabilizes, we'll have him take Amandina to the Samaritan Women's Spring to meet the Underworld Daoist. We'll ambush nearby to see if Harrison will converge!"

...

Quartier de la Republic, Rue Richelieu.

Standing in the shadows at the side of the street, Lumian rubbed his nose, feeling as if aromantic scent still lingered.

The emotions and desires he had accumulated since becoming an Ascetic were finally released to a large extent through last night's events, making his condition quite good.

But his mood was very heavy, stemming both from feeling torn and guilty, as well as concern for others' feelings.

True "pleasure" indeed makes one want to indulge, hmm, just want to, but it really does bring pain... Dammit, I'll go back and mock Jenna harshly to vent these emotions... Lumian exhaled slowly, turning his gaze towards Ludwig, who was savoring a red fish hot beef pie not far away.

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Chapter 849 Intercontinental Travel

849 Intercontinental Travel

Ludwig had finished eating the red fish hot beef pie in his hand. He squatted in front of a street bench, took out a pen and a notebook from his red hard book bag, and began writing his post-meal impressions with focus and seriousness.

Watching in the shadows, Lumian pursed his lips.

You say you're afraid, but your body instinctively repeats the habits formed in the Church of Knowledge...

If there weren't so many exams and studies, you might have become a qualified believer of the God of Knowledge and Wisdom...

While mocking Ludwig, Lumian surveyed the surrounding citizens.

His gaze passed over a young man quietly reading a book in the café across the street, over a middle-aged scholar standing at the intersection observing passersby and carriages without crossing, and landed on a painter who had set up his easel under an Intis parasol tree, blankly painting the street scene.

Lumian left the shadows, walked a few steps, and came to stand behind the painter, peering at his work like the previous passersby.

The painting was ordinary, and he didn't detect any supernatural powers.

Lumian continued walking, inwardly sighing, It seems to be a normal painter for now, just with a somewhat off mental state...

Is this what Trier's painters are like? Sometimes they seem more like heretics than actual heretics...

Sigh, in Trier, it's too difficult to identify heretics based on behavioral abnormalities. As Franca would say, many citizens' mental states are quite beautiful... In this matter, Fourth Epoch Trier and the overall seal are half responsible, and they themselves are responsible for the other half...

As Lumian was thinking, he saw a completely naked man walking towards him, with the only piece of cloth on him being a black top hat positioned in front of his lower abdomen.

This man walked with his head held high, looking around proudly, not at all embarrassed by his current appearance, as if he had done something very worthy

of pride.

After passing Lumian by seven or eight meters, his palm was suddenly scalded.

He instinctively withdrew his hand and saw that his black top hat had burst into bright red flames, slowly falling to the ground.

He lost his last piece of cover.

Lumian, his back to him as he continued forward, silently moved his lips.

You're welcome, just letting you show off more thoroughly.

You dare to streak with just that little bit? Next time, I'll send you to the New City of Silver for a free tour.

Lumian walked on with his hands in his pockets, stepping into the shadows, and turned his attention back to Ludwig.

He had been following for a long time but still hadn't found anyone suspicious of being a Devouring Whirlpool believer.

However, considering that since knowing Ludwig, the little boy had never converged with heretics of the same pathway, Lumian suspected that the seal on him must have some restrictions on this. Otherwise, with an evil deity's Angel running around everywhere, who knows how many mystical disasters would have been triggered by now.

There might be another reason. Many evil deities' bestowed, even if they've gained godhood, can disguise themselves as normal humans as long as they haven't lost control or gone half-mad. But those of the Devouring Whirlpool might not be able to. Ludwig, not yet recovered to Depriver, can already eat so much in one meal. The corresponding Sequence 4 demigod, even without letting loose their appetite, would surely have an eating capacity that would alarm the Purifiers and Machinery Hivemind...

Forget it, the main purpose is to 'tame' Ludwig anyway. Fishing out other believers of the Devouring Whirlpool is just an additional idea. It doesn't matter if I don't find any... Lumian had been watching for so long but hadn't found any citizens with problematic eating behaviors.

...

After receiving Franca's second letter, Lumian arrived at Apartment 702, 9 Rue Orosai after dinner.

Jenna had arrived two or three minutes earlier, still wearing Vampire makeup and dressed in an old-fashioned, conservative black robe.

Lumian glanced at Jenna, opened his mouth, then closed it again.

Seeing this, Jenna immediately raised her chin slightly and said, "Were you going to mock my current appearance?"

Lumian chuckled and said, "I just recalled a joke. Once there was a duke who, in order to whiten his skin, followed the advice of a quack doctor and took arsenic-containing pills for a long time. He did successfully improve his complexion, but he also experienced a side effect-he died."

"Where did you read that joke?" Jenna asked curiously.

"In Ghost Face. Not long before I saw that joke, a guest at the Auberge du Coq Doré told me you can make your face look rosy and healthy by slapping your cheeks, to help find a job more easily." Lumian laughed. "You coarse-haired folks need to read more books and magazines. Don't be illiterate, or you'll be looked down upon by the clergy of the Church of Knowledge."

I just wanted you to act normal and wait for an opportunity, not keep mocking...

Jenna suddenly felt an urge to grind her teeth.

"Do you think I'm like you? Having not even finished compulsory education..."

At this point, Jenna trailed off.

Meanwhile, Franca, who had been furtively writing something at the coffee table, stood up and said, "You two, don't lose sight of the important matters."

Lumian, who already knew from the second letter about Harrison the visitor from Resurrection Island reappearing and Franca wanting to quickly take Amandina to the edge of the Samaritan Women's Spring area, nodded gently and said, "My condition has basically recovered."

"That was fast..." Franca was a bit surprised.

Jenna's gaze briefly shifted away before returning to Lumian as she nodded slightly and said, "Indeed, faster than I expected."

Lumian tsked. "Isn't that a good thing? We can ask Amandina about her thoughts right now."

"Mm-hmm." Franca excitedly moved to take out the Ice Amulet.

Before coming over, Lumian had already burned the independent space containing Black Tear for over half an hour. He took out this Grade 1 Sealed Artifact Level 1.

"Let's use this. lt won't consume any charges."

As he spoke, his gaze swept across the full-length mirror in the living room, the glass windows revealing the night, and the metal-surfaced decorations.

Using Black Tear's mirror magic, he found no abnormalities in these reflective objects and didn't sense any gazes directed at them from within.

He then tossed Black Tear to Franca, giving a slight nod to indicate that the Demoness of Black likely wasn't watching them at the moment.

"I've written down everything I want to tell Amandina to prevent eavesdropping..." Franca put on Black Tear, held the letter paper in her hand, covered it with black flames, and pressed it into the glass surface of the full-length mirror in the living room.

She needed to act quickly and finish this before Black Tear's negative effects took hold!

...

South Continent, Matani, Port Pylos.

Amandina lit the gas wall lamp and sat at her desk, once again reading the mysticism materials provided by Ms. Franca.

Each time she read this knowledge, she was genuinely surprised, respectful, longing, and fearful.

Over the past two to three weeks, she had met with her acquaintances from the patrol team several times and attended two mystical studies gatherings. She discovered that the mysticism knowledge recorded in these materials was actually unknown to the vast majority of Beyonders, whether official or not.

This is truly a gift... Just as Amandina had this thought, she saw the dressing mirror given to her by Ms. Franca, which she had specially placed nearby, become dark and ripple with an aqueous light.

Within the aqueous light, Intisian characters were outlined: "Lam Franca. Lumian has returned.

"He asked me to inquire when you plan to come to Trier. He will take you to the area where that shadow might appear..."

Louis Berry has returned to Trier... Amandina thought for a few seconds, then said to the mirror, "Tonight works."

She had originally planned not to see anyone tonight, to focus on studying the remaining mysticism knowledge.

She had already instructed her maid in advance and locked her bedroom door.

As soon as Amandina gave her answer, Franca's slightly urgent voice came from the mirror.

"Put your hand on the mirror."

Feeling a bit nervous yet quite excited and curious, Amandina reached her palm towards the surface of the dressing mirror.

She felt the hard, cold glass lose its solid feel, like a layer of water without temperature.

Amandina's right hand passed completely through the glass surface, and suddenly a terrifying suction force erupted from within.

Her entire body was yanked in, falling into a dark, empty tunnel, plummeting towards the end of a vortex.

Before Amandina could react, she felt dizzy and disoriented.

When she regained her senses, she found herself standing in a small living room, facing Ms. Franca whom she had met before.

This lady was as beautiful as last time, and with the closer distance and no mirror barrier, her charm was clearly stronger, making even Amandina, a woman, feel a bit embarrassed to look too much but unable to resist.

As Amandina's gaze moved, she saw a beautiful woman with pale skin and bright red lips who looked more girlish, and Lumian Lee sitting in an armchair, wearing a shirt and jacket, with his right foot crossed over his left leg.

Are all the women around this guy so beautiful? He seems to have become a bit more handsome... Amandina suddenly felt a little insecure about her own appearance.

She then looked around, examining this unfamiliar place.

Meanwhile, Franca quickly removed Black Tear and tossed it back to Lumian.

How amazing... Amandina finally came to her senses and asked with sparkling eyes, "Did I come here through the mirror? Is this Trier?"

Lumian tucked Black Tear back into that separate space in the Traveler's Bag and smiled as he corrected, "It was through the mirror world."

"Mirror world..." Amandina pondered this term, "Then, do I have a way to travel to different places through the mirror world like you?"

Lumian scoffed. "Don't you know that non-adjacent pathways can't be interchanged? Don't you know about the existence of mystical items?"

As he spoke, Lumian stood up and walked towards the door. "We're leaving now."

"Aren't they coming?" Amandina pointed at Franca and Jenna.

She hadn't even had a chance to exchange pleasantries yet!

"No need." Lumian opened the front door.

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Chapter 850 Slow and Steady Wins the Race

850 Slow and Steady Wins the Race

Inside a four-wheeled, four-seater carriage.

Amandina sat across from Lumian, excitedly looking out at the Intis parasol trees along the road, the still brightly lit shops, the magnificent arcaded streets, gentlemen and ladies walking their turtles, and some citizens in strange attire.

She sincerely praised, "Trier truly lives up to its reputation. It's even more wonderful than I imagined."

"I hope you won't take back that assessment after staying here for a while," Lumian wanted to make a sarcastic remark, but there were so many things worth mocking about Trier that he couldn't find the most representative one at the moment, so he could only respond to Amandina in this way.

Amandina turned her gaze away from the carriage window, saying with some regret, "It's a pity I have to return to Port Pylos at dawn."

She planned to apply for entrance exams to some universities in Trier after graduating from grammar school.

Amandina glanced at the coachman's seat in front, and lowered her voice to ask Lumian, "Why don't we just... just teleport there directly?"

Lumian smiled leisurely.

"You're a guest. Of course I should show you around Trier."

Amandina scrutinized Lumian for a moment.

"I feel like you're deceiving me."

"Your feeling is not wrong." Lumian laughed without concealing anything. "Going slowly allows the Law of Beyonder Characteristics Convergence to take effect."

If he had teleported with Amandina to the entrance of the underground catacombs and rushed to the Samaritan Women's Spring at the fastest speed to complete what needed to be done, Harrison, the visitor from Resurrection Island, might not have reacted in time, might not have been affected by the law of convergence, and might not have made the decision to sneak into the Samaritan Women's Spring

again at night. Everything would have ended without achieving the expected goal.

He had to leave enough time for the Law of Beyonder Characteristics Convergence to take effect!

Sometimes, slow and steady wins the race.

"What... what are you trying to converge with?" Amandina, having witnessed Lumian's performance during the Dream Festival, became nervous all of a sudden.

"A target I'm currently tracking," Lumian leaned back against the carriage wall and answered with a smile. "Don't worry, your safety is absolutely guaranteed."

Hearing this, Amandina quietly breathed a sigh of relief.

Louis Berry was indeed a trustworthy person; he had fulfilled all the promises he made.

What she didn't know was that if Franca or Jenna were here, they would definitely ask in return, "Is only safety guaranteed? Won't there be any injuries, torture, or impacts on the mind and spirit during the process?"

Amandina glanced at the coachman's seat again through the carriage wall and said softly, "Aren't you afraid the coachman will overhear what you're saying?"

You weren't lowering your voice at all just now!

Lumian chuckled.

"He can't hear us."

Amandina was stunned for a moment, trying to understand with her mysticism knowledge.

"Did you... did you quickly create a wall of spirituality?"

"You can think of it that way," Lumian couldn't be bothered to explain to Amandina what a Bottle of Fiction was.

Amandina relaxed and asked with a smile, "Are those two ladies just now your lovers?"

Lumian let out a derisive snort.

"Shouldn't you ask that question in front of them?"

"That would be so embarrassing! They would definitely get angry!" Amandina's emotional intelligence was quite good.

"And I wouldn't get angry?" Lumian asked amusedly.

Amandina giggled.

"You don't seem like someone who would get angry over something like this."

She suddenly pointed out the window.

"Is that the Trier Normal University?"

"Your technique for changing the subject is quite clumsy," Lumian mocked Amandina without mercy.

And so, the four-wheeled, four-seater rental carriage arrived at Place du Purgatoire at a normal speed.

As Lumian descended the stairs, he took out a white candle and tossed it to Amandina, telling her about the various taboos inside the underground catacombs.

Amandina listened very carefully and lit one of the candles by rubbing it with spirituality.

"I've seen some of these in magazines, but never as detailed as what you've told me today.

"Do these taboos really have to be followed? What happens if they're not followed? For example, what if I hadn't lit a candle?"

As they spoke, the two had already arrived at the giant stone archway inscribed with the warning "Stop! The Death Empire lies ahead!"

The catacombs administrator behind the door, with graying hair and wearing a blue vest and yellow trousers, glanced at Lumian but did not stop the two from entering the underground catacombs at night.

Lumian looked straight ahead, walking forward through the piles of skeletons along the sides of the path, and said in a calm tone, "In that case, you would disappear from this world. Your parents would forget they had such a daughter, your former fiancé would forget he once had such a fiancée, your friends would forget you, your servants would forget you, and perhaps only I would remember you."

Although Amandina was a Beyonder equivalent to Sequence 7 and had witnessed some of the tragedies that occurred during the Dream Festival, and her former fiancé was particularly skilled at summoning the dead, being in the underground catacombs-a gloomy, dark place full of skeletons and permeated with the aura of death-she couldn't help but feel a bit frightened and uneasy.

This, combined with Lumian's explanation, made the hair on the back of her neck stand up, and she gripped the white candle even tighter.

"The first time I entered the underground catacombs, I thought this was truly a perfect place for telling horror stories. Unfortunately, until now, such opportunities have been rare." A smile appeared on Lumian's face.

Amandina was stunned for a moment. "Were you just telling a horror story?"

"Yes, and the most terrifying part of this horror story is that every word of it is true," Lumian replied with a smile.

"_." Amandina was scared once again.

She quickened her pace, afraid of being left behind by Lumian.

As the two made their way to the fourth level of the underground catacombs, there were no shortage of skeletons suddenly moving, trying to trip Amandina, nearly causing the young lady to cry out in alarm.

Finally, Lumian led Amandina to the huge, decaying, and mottled tomb chamber that housed the Samaritan Women's Spring.

He looked left and right and silently said to himself, We didn't encounter the shadow resembling Krismona this time... Was She wandering around the fourth level of the catacombs before to find a female Demoness, and no longer has such an obsession after achieving Her goal?

Lumian shifted his gaze back and tossed a mirror to Amandina.

"Hold this and wait for me here."

"Wait here?" Amandina looked around, slightly panicked.

The surroundings were pitch black, with numerous tombs, decaying and dilapidated, with unknown things lurking in the shadows.

"It'll be quick," Lumian didn't offer any comfort, but went straight through the half-open stone door into the tomb chamber.

After walking a few steps, he encountered the deeply wrinkled catacombs administrator who looked more like a corpse than a living person.

The elderly administrator, also wearing a blue vest and yellow trousers, did not stop Lumian but stood silently in place, allowing him to pass.

After reaching the gentle downward slope, Lumian took out a mirror and the Black Tear accessory that had been burned for over half an hour from the Traveler's Bag.

Outside the huge tomb chamber, Amandina saw Lumian's face appear on the surface of the mirror by the yellowish light of the white candle, and heard his voice.

"Press your hand against the mirror."

With experience, Amandina quickly pressed her hand holding the white candle against the mirror surface.

Again, she passed through the familiar cold water flow, experienced the familiar terrifying suction force and weightless falling sensation, and soon found herself appearing beside Lumian.

Lumian put away the Black Tear and the mirror, pointing to the depths of the slope. "It's down there."

...

In the gap between two ancient tomb chambers, twenty to thirty meters away from the huge tomb chamber housing the Samaritan Women's Spring.

Franca, holding a white candle, carefully peeked out and glanced towards the target location.

She then withdrew and muttered to Jenna, "This candle is really annoying. We can't hide well at all. How are we supposed to ambush Harrison like this?"

The dim yellow light of the white candle was quite conspicuous in the deep, pure darkness.

Jenna looked at Franca and smiled. "It works both ways. Harrison also can't approach silently without us noticing. Besides, hiding in this corner can effectively reduce the impact of the candlelight. It won't travel that far."

Franca knew all this and was just complaining casually.

She suddenly remembered something and asked with a twitching corner of her mouth, "Have you seen Anthony?"

"Uh..." Jenna was also stunned.

At this moment, Anthony's voice came from outside the gap.

"I've been here all along."

Along with his voice, Franca and Jenna finally saw their companion.

He was standing openly on the path outside, holding a lit white candle, and the two Demonesses hadn't noticed him before.

"Psychological Invisibility is really great..." Franca praised enviously.

Psychological Invisibility worked on a completely different principle from other invisibility abilities. lt mainly involved placing oneself in the psychological blind

spots and cognitive dead angles of the surrounding people, making them ignore the situation here. Therefore, whether Anthony was holding a lit candle or not did not affect his ability to become invisible.

Anthony simply replied, "Candlelight is a powerful attention-drawing element here. It also reduces the effectiveness of my Psychological Invisibility. I need to be very focused to maintain it."

Franca and Jenna stopped talking and hid in the gap between the tomb chambers, listening to the sounds around them.

...

In front of the faintly contracting and expanding thin grayish-white fog.

Lumian once again examined his own state.

That cold emanating from within his heart occupied his body, causing most of his emotions and desires to wither, but the malice and irritability resulting from the negative effects of the contract still existed and were growing stronger.

He was in a very good state now, having endured without much reliance on the abilities of the Ascetic.

Amandina had a similar reaction, one side of her face turning deathly pale from the "freeze", while she gritted her teeth to prevent an unfamiliar version of herself from emerging.

Lumian grabbed her arm and extended his left palm holding the white candle towards the grayish-white fog.

As his chest warmed, the two successfully walked into the mist.

Everything became even more silent.

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Chapter 851 A Marvelous Experience

851 A Marvelous Experience

Lumian let go of her hand, pressed his left chest, silently praised Mr. Fool, then led Amandina towards the bottom of the slope through the grayish-white fog.

The further Amandina walked, the more uncomfortable she became with her current state. The icy coldness emanating from within made her feel as if she had already died and become a corpse, while it seemed like another version of herself inside her body was trying to tear its way out.

"Shall we... go back?" she hesitantly said to Lumian.

"We're almost at our destination," Lumian pointed in the direction where the faint, illusory sound of water could barely be heard, then added, "If you really decide to go back now, I can fulfill your request."

Amandina hesitated for a few seconds. "We're already at the edge..."

Wouldn't it be a waste to go back now?

Lumian chuckled. "Don't worry, if it really gets to the point where we can't bear it, I'll definitely run faster than you."

"You saying that makes me even more worried..." Amandina replied softly.

Lumian continued forward, thinking for a moment before saying, "When I tell you to close your eyes, close them. When I tell you to open them, open them immediately."

"Alright." In such an environment, Amandina could only choose to trust Lumian.

Soon, the gray fog in front of them became very thin, revealing a spring the size of a pond.

Pale-white water flowed in the spring, surrounded by deep, dark objects of indescribable color.

Amandina saw a wet, seaweed-like black hair floating in the water, and at the bottom, there seemed to be multiple faint figures hidden, struggling as if they had just drowned and were trying to crawl out.

At the same time, she noticed a lady wandering beside the spring water, wearing a white robe, with black hair, exquisitely perfect features, and a holy aura that

seemed out of place in the catacombs.

Amandina was immediately attracted, and if it weren't for the lady's blank and cold gaze, lacking necessary charm, and if the spring water hadn't suddenly retracted into a pitch-black hole that light couldn't penetrate, she might have been unable to pull herself away.

Lumian also saw Krismona's figure, and several thoughts flashed through his mind, I could bring Jenna here to meet Amandina directly, without having to wait until an advancement every time...

The Krismona here is more like a wandering ghost, bound to the area around the Samaritan Women's Spring. Whether she can communicate normally, whether she would indiscriminately attack approaching Demonesses, whether this would cause any abnormalities, is still unknown...

I need to find a way to confirm before bringing Jenna in...

Seeing that Krismona's shadow didn't even glance at him, Lumian turned his head to Amandina and said, "You can close your eyes now."

"Okay." Amandina felt a certain fear and obediently closed her eyes.

Lumian then took two steps forward, reaching the edge of the Samaritan Women's Spring.

The next second, Amandina heard the sound of gushing spring water and felt a violent, frenzied aura descend upon her.

She couldn't help but tremble, her knees weakening.

At the same time, she had hallucinations, believing that multiple figures were approaching her, each extremely terrifying-the kind that would cause nightmares if seen and lead to a tragic death if encountered.

Amandina cried out in fear, "Let's go back! I want to go back!"

As she screamed, the violent and frenzied aura subsided, and the multiple figures in her hallucination retreated.

She heard Lumian's deep voice in her ear. "You can open your eyes now."

Amandina broke free from the extreme fear, relaxing a little.

She didn't hesitate and opened her eyes.

She saw that familiar figure, wearing a strange, rust-spotted iron crown, skin as crystalline as jade, with a white beard gently floating, already quite elderly.

At this moment, the old man's figure was sitting cross-legged at the deep hole, which was violently shaking as if some unknown entity was trying to squeeze out.

Amandina's gaze fell on those deep eyes that seemed like the night sky.

Her thoughts suddenly became blurred, as if she saw a rotting, pus-oozing hand with strange feathers reaching out and pressing on her head.

She also heard an old, blank, cold, and hollow voice ringing in her ear.

But she couldn't understand what the voice was saying.

After an unknown amount of time, Amandina came to her senses. The old man's figure was no longer in her sight, only the dark soil that had lost the pale-white spring water, and Lumian crouching beside the spring, holding a small golden bottle to collect the seeping water droplets.

Of course, Lumian and the others had reported Amandina's situation to the Major Arcana card holders before daring to bring her into the area around the Samaritan Women's Spring, and Madam Magician had also asked him to collect some more spring water.

"What's the use of this water?" Amandina, no longer so nervous and scared, asked curiously.

"If you make your enemy drink it, they will die instantly," Lumian patronizingly replied.

Amandina's eyes lit up, but she asked in confusion, "But how can I make my enemy drink it..."

Lumian put away the small golden bottle, stood up and said, "What did you see just now? What did you experience?"

Amandina recalled and recounted all the details, then self-examined.

"But I couldn't understand what was being said, the pronunciation was %□...

"It seems like I've gained a new ability, I can placate souls, calm emotions and desires..."

Lumian carefully remembered the few pronunciations Amandina had relayed, walked back to the young lady's side and said, "You've received a new boon, Soul Assurer."

"Yes." Amandina smiled, "I feel like my body has even changed a little..."

Lumian chuckled.

"Maybe you'll slowly grow a white beard, develop wrinkles. I've heard that boons gradually make the blessed ones resemble the high-level beings who granted them power, both mentally and physically."

Amandina was startled. "Can I... not have that?"

"Try consuming corresponding pathway potions to see if it can counteract it," Lumian said as he passed by Amandina and walked up the slope leading to the tomb chamber.

Amandina followed closely behind, lost in thought.

...

Even until Lumian and Amandina left the underground catacombs, Franca, Jenna, and Anthony had not encountered Harrison, the visitor from Resurrection Island.

"He didn't show up?" Franca frowned and said, "Was my deduction wrong? Is relying on the traits of characteristics alone not enough to achieve such powerful convergence? Or is it that only Angel-level high-sequence Beyonders can actively utilize the law of convergence?"

Jenna's eyes shifted slightly as she thought for a moment before saying, "Maybe Harrison can sense this deliberate convergence and actively avoided it...

Maybe, maybe he's not from the Death, Darkness, or Twilight pathways. He has a deep understanding of death and is pursuing corresponding things and scenes, but that doesn't mean he's a Beyonder of these pathways. What if he's a scholar studying death?"

"It's possible." Franca sighed, "Let's wait five more minutes, then we'll go after Lumian and Amandina."

...

Even until they all gathered at 9 Rue Orosai Apartment 702, Harrison from Resurrection Island still hadn't appeared.

"Thank you all, I can provide help for you now," Amandina said, looking at Franca.

Franca looked at the young girl who appeared somewhat tired from her terrifying experience and smiled, saying, "There's no rush. You should go back first. Once you've adapted to your newly gained power and regained your body's balance, we'll come again.

"Besides, it's quite convenient to travel from Port Pylos to Trier."

How is it convenient? Without using the mirror world or teleportation, it might take two or three months to arrive... Amandina grumbled silently, but accepted Franca's suggestion.

Then, she was sent back by Lumian and the others using Black Tear to the mirror Franca had given her, and she emerged from it.

At this moment, it was still night outside, with servants occasionally passing by in the corridor.

Looking at her familiar bedroom, at the fountain pen on the desk and the pile of books, Amandina suddenly felt as if she had been away for many days and experienced too many things.

But it had only been half a night.

In this half night, she had completed a round trip using the mirror world, toured the prosperous Trier that was farther than any distant place, explored the underground catacombs featured in magazines, and witnessed the terrifying area around the Samaritan Women's Spring.

After savoring the experience for a while, Amandina sincerely sighed.

"How amazing... A marvelous journey..."

...

Inside Apartment 702 at 9 Rue Orosai.

Lumian tried to repeat the sounds Amandina had heard.

Franca listened intently, hesitating before saying, "It seems to be... 'Be careful, Penglai'..."

"Be careful of Penglai? The Penglai divine mountain mentioned by the Armored Shadow? This doesn't have much practical meaning for us..." Lumian said thoughtfully.

Jenna and Anthony both nodded.

"Indeed." Franca quickly adjusted her mindset, "But we've at least achieved one of our goals. In a few days, we can bring Amandina to summon Armored Shadow!"

At that time, she planned to first try asking if it could understand the meaning of the text on Mr. Star's information.

Just thinking about it was quite exciting!

After chatting idly for a while, Anthony, seeing that it was getting late, bid farewell and left to return to his own home.

Jenna looked at Franca pacing back and forth, then turned to Lumian and quietly pointed at herself.

Lumian slowly shook his head and pointed at himself.

After exchanging glances several times, Jenna, wearing her Vampire makeup, pursed her lips and said to Franca, "I'll make a move first."

"Mm." Franca didn't say much, as she wanted to talk to Lumian alone about those ancient texts and the Curly-Haired Baboons Research Society.

After Jenna left, she sat down in the armchair and comfortably stretched her limbs.

She glanced at Lumian and asked curiously, "Why don't you sit down?"

Lumian looked at Franca, unable to hold back another sigh. "I have something to tell you."

Franca scrutinized Lumian's expression suspiciously.

"Are you playing a prank? You're the type of person who would warn everyone in a joking tone even if a disaster was about to happen. No, you're... you're serious? Is it something very serious?"

Lumian had already used Black Tear to sense the various mirrors in the room, roughly confirming that the Demoness of Black wasn't watching.

He looked at Franca, instinctively wanting to force a smile to make himself seem a bit more relaxed, but he couldn't manage it.

Franca unconsciously sat up straight.

Lumian spoke in a low voice, "Jenna asked me to help her digest the Pleasure potion."

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Chapter 852 Two Choices

852 Two Choices

Franca was initially stunned, then her expression turned to one of obvious shock.

She opened her mouth, instinctively wanting to say something, but her red lips quivered uncontrollably.

Her face gradually turned pale, and her eyes flickered between emptiness and confusion.

Lumian quietly watched Franca without saying a word.

After a while, Franca asked hoarsely and with difficulty, "You agreed?"

Her voice sounded like it was being squeezed out of her throat, her eyes holding a glimmer of hope.

Lumian nodded slowly.

The light in Franca's eyes dimmed instantly.

She lowered her head bit by bit, staring at her legs resting on the armchair.

After a few seconds, she muttered as if in a dream, "I knew... Jenna's affection and regard for me were never love. I was just fantasizing... Fantasizing that she couldn't find anyone suitable to help digest the Pleasure potion and had to reluctantly choose me. And maybe, over time, physical entanglement would lead to emotional closeness...

"I knew... Jenna was in a hurry to digest the potion because her brother would soon return to Trier...

"I knew... the female Demoness path is very dangerous. Jenna is very aware of this too...

"I knew... her sexual orientation is men...

"I knew... she's decisive and good at making bold moves...

"lL... Lean accept Jenna choosing someone else. I can accept... accept that she likes someone else. She's free. She's independent. She's not my appendage. Just because I like her doesn't mean she must like me or can't get close to others... I've been mentally preparing myself for this, even comforting myself that maybe this

could help me digest the Affliction potion...

"But, but..."

Franca suddenly looked up, her eyes burning with anger. "Why you? Damn it, why you?"

Lumian felt like he was being stared at by a beautiful yet dangerous leopard, but he remained silent.

The answer didn't need to be spoken. It had already been spoken.

Franca and Lumian locked eyes, her gaze gradually turning sorrowful.

She laughed at herself bitterly, then asked in frustration and anger, "Why did you agree?"

"For two reasons: one superficial and one real. Which do you want to hear?"

Lumian replied with a bitter smile.

"I want to hear both!" Franca said without hesitation, her voice firm.

She stood up, trying to make herself appear more imposing.

Lumian sighed and said, "The superficial reason is that Jenna had already come to me. Whether I refused or avoided her, it would hurt her, affect her state, and leave hidden dangers. If I agreed to help her, it would hurt you. I had to choose the option where the aftermath was relatively easier to deal with. You are optimistic and have a good nature; you should be able to gradually let go..."

"Dammit! So because I have a good nature, I deserve to be bullied?" Franca interrupted angrily, laughing bitterly.

She walked to the window, placing her hands on the window frame, staring at the night outside as if to calm herself down.

Lumian came up beside her, also gazing into the deep night.

After a few seconds, without turning her head, Franca asked, as if talking to herself, "And the real reason?"

Lumian was silent for a moment before saying, "From the moment you didn't want to lose your image in front of someone you truly loved-at the moment you began digesting the Pleasure potion-and Jenna took the initiative to approach you, your relationship entered a vortex, spiraling downward, and sooner or later it would erupt. The longer it dragged on, the more hurtful and severe the consequences. It's better to have a conclusion sooner.

"For me, the optimal choice in this matter would actually be to delay until preparations for the Iron-blooded Knight advancement ritual were complete. If

things went smoothly, that would only be a matter of three or four weeks. By then, I would have gained godhood, becoming a demigod of Sequence 4.

Whatever emotional issues you two had, it wouldn't affect me even if it completely shattered our team's harmony and unity.

"Even if the subsequent Sequence 3 also required a team, I would have enough time to reorganize."

Franca listened quietly, then turned her head to look at Lumian's face. "And your emotions?"

Lumian gazed into the darkness outside, remaining silent.

Franca followed suit, remaining silent for a while before saying expressionlessly, "You should go now. I'm a mess. I want some peace."

Lumian hesitated, not moving.

Seeing this, Franca said with a complex smile, "Don't worry, I won't leave. I still have a mission.

"Why aren't you leaving yet? Do you want me to beat you up?

"Let me tell you, once I figure things out, I might end up like that Demoness in Morora and cut off your manhood! Anyway, you can grow it back; I'll cut it every day!

"Go on, get out!

"Get lost!"

Seeing Franca's emotions gradually intensify and her grabbing something to throw at him, Lumian sighed softly, walked towards the door, opened it, and stepped into the stairwell.

Bang!

The sound of the door slamming shut echoed behind him.

Lumian descended the stairs and soon saw Jenna standing silently in the shadows.

She hadn't really left. She had been waiting quietly in the building, head slightly lowered.

"How did it go?" Jenna raised her head, asking Lumian.

Lumian recounted his conversation with Franca and her reactions, focusing on the key points.

Jenna pursed her lips and said to Lumian, "You should go back. I'll wait outside in case of any accidents."

Lumian glanced back at the dark hallway, then said, "I'll wait here too."

Jenna shook her head. "One person is enough. If she calms down, she might want to talk to me. Your presence might provoke her further."

After a moment of thought, Lumian said, "Okay."

He looked at Jenna's deep eyes, filled with a hint of pain, and sighed, saying, "In this world, most people are selfish most of the time. Like you...

Lumian paused and pointed at himself. "And like me."

Jenna's gaze softened a bit, and she smiled self-deprecatingly. "Sometimes, I really want to drag you into the abyss with me."

...

Returning to his rented apartment, Lumian lay on his bed, staring at the dark ceiling, unable to sleep.

He didn't want to rely on Cogitation to calm himself down either.

After an unknown amount of time, he suddenly had a premonition and sat up abruptly, directing his gaze towards the bedroom window.

With a creak, the window opened, and Franca, wearing a woman's shirt and fitted trousers but sporting fuzzy slippers, jumped in.

In the crimson moonlight, her eyes appeared red, and she held a dagger in her hand.

"Thanks to you, I've digested quite a bit of the Affliction potion!" Franca said through gritted teeth, looking at Lumian sitting on the bed. "Damn it, the more I think about it, the angrier I get!"

Lumian stared at Franca's face for a few seconds, his gaze slowly shifting to the dagger in her hand.

He waited for Franca to continue speaking.

Franca ground her teeth and said, "I can accept Jenna making this choice.

Although I would be sad, sorrowful, and in pain, I am willing to accept it and even encourage her.

"But you, you hurt your bro! You should be cut into pieces for this!

"Do you know how much this hurt me? We were so close, so in sync, always thinking of each other. Why, why did you break this beautiful state?

"You ended up making me feel abandoned, like you two are close and intimate, while I'm left out, the unnecessary one...

"I feel betrayed..."

As she spoke, the gnashing tone in Franca's voice diminished, and a trace of confusion appeared in her voice.

She paused, then threw the dagger, which embedded itself accurately in Lumian's bed.

Franca then took two steps forward, glaring at Lumian.

"You now have two choices!

"One, as I said before, if you dare touch Jenna, I'll make you drink the Witch potion and turn you into a woman. Now, your choice is to switch pathways and become a Demoness of Despair!

"Two, I screw you, or you screw mel!"

Lumian had anticipated many possible developments, but he hadn't expected these choices.

Seeing his shocked, bewildered expression, Franca added angrily, "I want to join you two!"

"Wh-" Lumian finally said a word, carefully observing Franca's state.

After speaking, Franca let out a long sigh, revealing her usual smile.

"Let me ask you, do you, uh, care about me?"

"Yes," Lumian answered without hesitation.

Franca nodded in satisfaction. "Do you care about Jenna?"

"Yes," Lumian also didn't hesitate.

Franca pursed her lips and asked further, "Does Jenna care about you?"

"Yes," Lumian had no doubts.

Franca then asked, "Do I care about you?"

"Yes." Lumian nodded solemnly.

Franca continued, "And do I care about Jenna?"

"Very much," Lumian added an adjective.

Franca hesitated and asked again, "And does Jenna care about me?"

"Very much. You're her family and her best friend," Lumian answered seriously.

Franca then raised her hand slightly.

"There you have it! We all care about each other, and we never know when we might die suddenly. So let's stay together. No one abandons anyone. It's just sleeping together. Love is a pain in the ass! To hell with love!"

Lumian was rendered speechless for a moment. He looked at Franca and sincerely remarked, "You look quite beautiful in your current state of mind."

Franca chuckled. "What else would I be doing?"

As she said this, she suddenly half-turned her head and looked to the side, her voice growing louder.

"Should I give up? Should I leave?"

Tears, long in the making, slowly trickled down her cheeks.

Lumian remained silent.

After a few seconds, Franca turned her head back, her gaze deep as she looked at Lumian. In a hoarse voice, she said, "Because in this world, you two are the most important people to me.

"The only two..."

Under the crimson moonlight, her face was already streaked with tears.

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Chapter 853 Confession

853 Confession

Seeing the sparkling tears and streaks on Franca's face, Lumian suddenly thought of his sister Aurore. He recalled the loneliness that always emanated from her when she gazed at the stars from the rooftop.

He also remembered the life he and Aurore had depended on each other in Cordu, the excruciating pain when his sister died and Cordu was destroyed, and the self-destructive impulses he had when he first arrived in Trier. Overcoming those emotions and rebuilding his social connections had started with Franca, Jenna, Charlie, and many tenants at the Auberge du Coq Doré.

In this world, there aren't many people I care about anymore... Lumian sighed deeply.

Back in Morora, he had engaged in mutual scheming against Julie, Albus Medici, and the others. Even when facing various dangers and conspiracies, he hadn't sighed as much as he had in the past few days.

He often felt so troubled that he wanted to burn the world down.

Franca's words had struck a chord in him. He already knew what his answer would be, but he wanted to struggle a bit more.

Looking at Franca, Lumian said with a bitter smile, "Caring doesn't have to manifest in that way. Apart from Aurore, you and Jenna are the people I care about most."

Franca shook her head without hesitation. "No way! I would feel resentful, like an outsider!

"You agreed to Jenna, so you have to agree to me too. Once you started this, you can't take it back! You should have realized this when you made that decision. If you don't balance the bowl filled with water, it will spill out!

"As the leader of a team, you must remember three things when dealing with each member: "Fairness! Fairness! And damn fairness!"

"But for this kind of matter..." Lumian responded instinctively, "If Anthony wants to sleep with me, do I have to agree too?"

"You must agree!" Franca walked to the bed and looked down at Lumian sitting there, her voice fierce. "Who told you to sleep with Jenna first, unless Anthony

doesn't want to or you consider him a dispensable member of the team!"

Lumian rubbed his temples, feeling a headache coming on.

What kind of strange logic is this...

Why does Franca always have so many bizarre ideas...

Lumian looked at Franca and said with a bitter smile, "Is this how you digested the Instigator potion?"

Before Franca could respond, he sighed again. "I agree."

He added, "But I'm only speaking for myself. You'll have to talk to Jenna about it yourself."

He was referring to the threesome.

Franca's body suddenly swayed, as if she had briefly lost strength.

Her expression slowly relaxed, and she said with a chuckle, "We'll talk about it later. For now, I just want your agreement."

"And Jenna and I..." Lumian initially wanted to say that he and Jenna had only agreed until the Pleasure potion was digested, but he felt it wasn't the right time to say this now.

Franca, looking a bit tired, showed a teasing smile. "You haven't said which choice you agreed to. I'm more looking forward to you becoming a Demoness of Despair, or me screwing you."

"The remaining choice," Lumian answered helplessly.

Franca let out a long breath. "That works too."

She seemed to have lost her hard exterior, looking quite weak.

She waved her hand. "I'll go rest now."

"I thought..." Lumian was slightly surprised.

Franca rolled her eyes at him. "What did you think? I've been so shocked and hurt, feeling down for so long, my emotions and state are all over the place. How could I be in the mood for the deed? You've agreed, so just keep it in mind, and we'll talk about it when I feel better."

My mind and spirit need a break too... Lumian sighed silently.

After watching Franca leave through the window, disappearing into the night outside, Lumian walked to the bedroom door and opened it.

Jenna was quietly sitting in the dark area of the living room.

Lumian wasn't surprised by Jenna's appearance; she had been watching Franca's door, and Franca's intense emotions made it hard not to be noticed or followed when she left.

"I didn't expect it to turn out this way." Lumian sighed to Jenna.

Jenna stood up, smiling. "Although I didn't expect it either, I thought about it for a while and felt like, maybe I could accept it. Just you and her, it's much better than I anticipated."

"What did you anticipate?" Lumian quietly sighed with relief.

Jenna's eyes held a mix of sadness, guilt, and pain as she said, "Franca losing her mind and trying to kill us.

"I would agree but hide for a while, waiting until I have arranged Julien's future before seeing her again."

Lumian looked at Jenna for a few seconds, then sighed.

"Since your mother's death, you've had quite a bit of self-destructive tendencies. We thought we'd completely helped you overcome them, but it turns out a bit still lingered."

Jenna's eyes glistened as she looked at Lumian. "Aren't you the same?"

Lumian met her gaze and after two seconds, couldn't help but laugh. "Is this a support group for the broken?"

"Yes." Jenna pointed to the door. "I'll go talk to Franca. We'll exchange our ailments in a few days."

"Okay." Lumian nodded gently.

...

Inside Apartment 702 at 9 Rue Orosai.

Franca lay back in the armchair, her eyes open, gently rocking with the chair's movement.

Knock! Knock! Knock!

She heard the knocking and realized someone was outside.

In this state, I could easily be assassinated... Franca reflected on herself, stood up, and walked to the door.

She could guess who was outside.

Sure enough, she saw Jenna with her Vampire makeup.

Franca opened her mouth, unsure what to say, and just stepped aside to let Jenna in.

After Jenna sat on the single sofa, she smiled at Franca, who had returned to the armchair.

"I heard your conversation with Lumian."

Franca's face, which had been somewhat pale, quickly turned red.

Embarrassing!

How embarrassing!

So embarrassing she wanted to crawl into a hole!

Jenna laughed softly. "Actually, I also looked forward to those other two choices more."

Franca could only give a sheepish chuckle.

Jenna looked at her seriously. "I can tell there were other thoughts behind that last choice. Can you tell me what they were?"

Franca remained silent for a few seconds before speaking up, "That bastard Lumian must have told you it was only until the Pleasure potion was digested. I know him!"

As she spoke, Franca felt a bit indignant on Jenna's behalf.

Then, she sighed. "If I joined now, in this state, Lumian would definitely feel awkward and not set a time limit. For fairness, he shouldn't propose one to you either."

Jenna closed her eyes briefly, as if being blown by the wind.

She looked at Franca with unusually gentle eyes and said with a bitter smile, "But that's just a false realization. I can't deceive myself."

"False is better than nothing. If it lasts long enough, it might become real," Franca showed a self-mocking smile, "For a long time, even knowing it's false is better, it helps us digest the potion."

Looking at Jenna, Franca suddenly felt a surge of emotion and had a lot to say, "Maybe I'm a coward. I've liked you for a long time, but I've never dared to truly pursue you or express my feelings. I've always been indecisive about this,

retreating every day."

In the current atmosphere, Franca suddenly found it wasn't hard to say the words "I like you."

This unexpected ease made her even sadder.

Jenna looked at Franca without any anger or words.

She could feel that what Franca truly wanted to say was yet to come.

After a brief pause, Franca clenched her teeth and uttered, "I've been hiding something from you. I-I was originally a man."

"I know," Jenna replied calmly, her eyes showing some encouragement, "The Witch potion."

"You did know." Franca wasn't surprised. She mustered her courage and continued, "There's something else. I-I'm not from this world. I transmigrated from another world. I-I took over this body."

Jenna exclaimed in surprise, "Another world?"

A thought suddenly struck her. "The one with the Underworld Daoist and the Celestial Master?"

Having worked together for so long, Franca often forgot whether she had told Jenna about these things, so Jenna knew these terms but didn't understand what they represented, considering them as powerful beings.

"Yes, and also Resurrection Island." After revealing this secret, Franca felt much lighter.

Jenna had a look of sudden realization. "No wonder you were so agitated when you got Harrison's information..."

"So, you understand why I've been eager to summon the Armored Shadow?"

Franca asked nervously, "You, you don't mind that I took someone else's body, do you?"

"Why should I mind? Unless it's the Franca I know being replaced," Jenna responded with amusement, clearly expressing her stance.

Franca relaxed completely, almost collapsing into the armchair.

Jenna thought for a moment and probed, "Lumian's sister and those mysticism gathering attendees with strange codenames, are they from your world too?"

"Yes, but I can't tell you more. I can only talk about my part," Franca said with a sigh. "I used to dream of going home, returning to my world. So every time I had

the impulse to step towards you, I couldn't help but ask myself, can you bear her future? When there's a chance to go home, would you stay for her? Taking her to an unfamiliar world, wouldn't that be too cruel? Would she be willing to go, could she go..."

"Each time I asked those questions, I retreated...

"I was always so conflicted, never taking any real action."

Jenna listened gently, and when Franca finished, she smiled and said, "You're one of the kindest people I've ever met. I'm glad you were with me through the toughest times."

She looked at Franca and hesitated for a moment before asking, "Do you still think about going home now?"

Franca fell silent. The crimson moonlight outside had dimmed at some point.

After a few seconds, Franca answered in a low voice, "Yes."

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Chapter 854 Translation

854 Translation

Hearing Franca's answer, Jenna bit her lip and said, "Was that choice you just made also influenced by this factor?"

"Maybe," Franca said with a bitter smile. "I felt that if I didn't do this, there would always be that lingering resentment in my heart. We would definitely grow apart over time. Once the mission is completed, once there's no external force keeping us together, we might just drift apart. But I don't want that..."

"When I left with a dagger just now, I genuinely wanted to castrate Lumian once to vent my anger. But walking in the shadows of the street, the cold wind sobered me up a lot. Then I thought, love is such a nuisance. Without it, the three of us could still be together happily like before.

"With that thought, I suddenly felt that if I could exclude love, and the possessiveness and jealousy it brings, maybe, just maybe, it could work...

"Madam Judgment has always told us that the end is near, coming in a few years or decades. We must prepare ourselves mentally and in terms of strength. Although there are no signs of the apocalypse yet, and we often forget this matter to maintain a good mindset and avoid going mad from stress, we've already experienced two major catastrophes in Trier alone. The Tree of Shadow incident and the Hostel plan, no matter how we try to avoid or ignore them, we can't escape their impact.

"Under such circumstances, any one of us might leave, say goodbye, or die at any time. So why care so much? Although that choice is strange, and even I find it hard to accept, why not give it a try?

"After trying, our future might be better and we'll become closer, even more caring for one another, or it might get worse, gradually drifting apart and becoming familiar strangers or even enemies. But how will we know the result without trying? It won't get much worse anyway.

"Of course, human emotions are uncontrollable. Even if our future gets better, the hidden love and possessiveness and jealousy it brings can't be completely eliminated. Pain and pleasure will coexist for a long time. Perhaps that's the essence of a Demoness.

"But no matter what, I still like that saying:

"Life is short, why not give it a try?"

Jenna listened intently to Franca's statement, then said with a gentle gaze, "That's why I feel such a strong sense of urgency and sometimes make selfish choices."

She then chuckled."I've heard Lumian tease you with 'Life is short, why not give it a try'. Was it because you did something strange with that saying in mind?"

Franca smiled awkwardly. "I was quite hesitant and conflicted about drinking the Witch potion. Then someone said that phrase to me."

Jenna understood and, instead of mocking Franca, asked curiously, "Was it also that saying that encouraged you to be with Gardner Martin?"

"Yes... I hadn't met you all then, and I didn't have anyone I particularly cared about," Franca replied even more awkwardly.

Seeing this, Jenna chuckled softly. "Did you ever think about trying it with Lumian?"

"Well..." Franca felt like running away, "Oh, come on, you pure-hearted girl, let's not talk about such inappropriate topics!"

Jenna deliberately swore, "Dammit! The dirty jokes and obscene scenes I heard and saw while singing in bars and dance halls were far more shocking than this. Not just between men and women, even between men and men."

The atmosphere became less sad and heavy, and Jenna stood up.

"You look very tired. Emotional upheaval does that. I'll go back now. Get some rest."

"Okay." Franca stood up as well.

She opened her mouth, seemingly wanting to ask something, but ultimately didn't.

Sensitive to details, Jenna smiled. "Ask whatever you want. You've already made that decision, what else could you hesitate to ask?"

Franca hesitated for a moment, then looked into Jenna's eyes and asked, "If I had told you from the start that I was originally a man, and after spending some time together, genuinely pursued you, would you have fallen for me?"

Jenna thought seriously for a moment, then replied, "I can't answer such a hypothetical question. All I can say is maybe."

She looked back into Franca's eyes, saying, "I've told you before, during that period, you were a light in my life. To me, you were both my best friend and the older sister who always protected me, despite not being related by blood. After my mother died, I even projected some of my feelings for her onto you. Maybe that's why I sometimes thought I shouldn't give you any false hopes and it was better to cut things off early."

Jenna smiled. "In my heart, if I were to rank the three people I care about most, Julien would be first, you second, and Lumian third. Love might fade one day, but the bond we share won't."

Franca felt relieved and said with a smile, "You have a great way with words."

"Of course, I studied hard back then!" Jenna walked towards the door.

After a few steps, she turned back to Franca and hesitated, "I can't accept the idea of joining right now. Just speaking for myself."

She then laughed. "But who knows what the future holds?"

Franca smiled. "It's just a saying."

Jenna turned back to the door, opened it, and held the brass handle, pausing once more. She turned her body and looked at Franca standing in the center of the living room, asking quietly, "If one day you find a way home, and both Lumian and I want you to stay, would you?"

Franca stood with her back to the crimson moonlight, her face hidden in deep shadow.

After a long silence, she answered slowly, "I don't know..."

Her voice seemed to be squeezed out from her heart, light and weak.

...

Two days later, in an underground quarry in Trier.

Franca, Jenna, and Amandina, who had just arrived from Matani in the Southern Continent, stood inside a wall of spirituality, watching Lumian set up an altar.

Anthony, who Amandina hadn't noticed, was responsible for guarding the perimeter.

Lumian calmly completed the preparations, lit the candles, dripped the essential oil, and stepped back two steps, standing next to Franca.

He wasn't worried about the lack of demigod protection. Firstly, Amandina was present. Secondly, when he sent the bottle of Samaria Woman Spring water to Madam Magician, he mentioned this matter.

Seeing the candle flames flicker, Franca suddenly became nervous, while Amandina looked puzzled. She had no idea what she was supposed to help with or could help with.

Once Franca nodded, indicating she was ready, Lumian recited in ancient Hermes, "I!"

Then, switching to Hermes:

"I summon in my name:

"The spirit that wanders about the unfounded, a combination of numerous shadows, Lumian Lee's contracted creature..."

This was a familiar part of the process to Amandina, similar to summoning a messenger. So she didn't pay much attention, curious about the incantation's description while observing Franca, the lady whose name she had just learned, and Lumian's eye interactions, looking for any signs of intimacy.

To her disappointment, Franca, Jenna, and Lumian were all focused on the ritual.

Soon, a blurry shadow in fish-scale armor emerged from the candle flame, its black scales stained with pure gold, appearing solemn and sacred.

The transparent faces on the scales were clearer than before, more twisted and fierce like evil spirits.

They silently screamed, displaying hatred and malice.

Amandina was startled.

It wasn't the appearance of Armored Shadow that scared her; such horror couldn't intimidate someone who had experienced the Dream Festival, summoned Baynfel, and been to the underground catacombs.

What shocked her was Armored Shadow and the ghostly faces on its scales simultaneously looking at her!

She almost stopped breathing, her body enveloped in icy coldness.

Armored Shadow spoke in a strange language.

Only Franca could barely understand it, hearing: "Disciple of the Underworld Gate..."

It really recognizes Amandina's boon... Franca murmured, noticing Armored Shadow's malice had lessened, indicating a more peaceful interaction was possible.

Lumian also noticed the change and quickly had Franca place the 100,000 verl d'or worth of gold on the altar, then spoke in Hermes, "I offer this sacrifice, please complete a simple task and answer two questions."

Armored Shadow conveyed agreement, its scales' transparent faces greedily eyeing the gold.

Lumian immediately placed the documents Franca handed him on the altar.

These weren't the documents Mr. Star gave Franca, nor the original documents.

The former had its order completely scrambled, making it difficult to interpret through a question and answer format, and the latter could corrupt Armored Shadow, leading the ritual to unforeseen dangers.

So, after Franca expressed her intention, Mr. Star provided new documents through Madam Judgment.

The new documents extracted several complete sentences from the original, containing hundreds of frequently used words from the rest of the text.

"The task is to translate these documents." Franca listened to Lumian's request with anticipation and anxiety.

She wasn't sure if Armored Shadow would accept the deal.

With a whooshing sound, the two pages floated up, hovering before Armored Shadow.

After a few seconds, the armored shadow spoke again in an incomprehensible language.

Franca's ears perked up.

"Pure yin does not last, pure yang does not grow, yin contains yang, yang contains yin, the union of yin and yang gives rise to everything, this is the way of heaven..."

That's it? Franca's lips twitched.

Although she hadn't truly done the deed, she suspected Armored Shadow was insinuating something about herself, Jenna, and Lumian.

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Chapter 855 That Corpse

855 That Corpse

To Franca, the sentence Armored Shadow Chen Tu had just translated was quite ordinary. It was something she often read before her transmigration. She couldn't understand why the Major Arcana card holders thought such words could bring corruption.

Could it be the words themselves?

Just like the word "I," which can have entirely different meanings in Intis and ancient Hermes!

However, isn't there a phrase that seems a bit off? Yin and yang unite to create all things... shouldn't it be yin and yang unite to produce all things? Franca had been an avid internet user before her transmigration, and one of her hobbies was reading novels and watching anime. She had only seen "Yin and yang unite to produce all things" and never heard of "Yin and yang unite to create all things."

Of course, after thinking carefully, she found it understandable:

Yin and yang unite to nurture all things, all things grow and weave together to form matter!

In that case, the logic remains sound, just omitting the 'all things' as the bridge...

While Franca was distracted by her thoughts, she continued to listen seriously to the rest of the sentences translated by Armored Shadow.

She didn't write down the corresponding content. As a Demoness proficient in divination, she could easily recall the full content in her dreams later.

The subsequent sentences were similar to the first, all about the opposition, contradiction, conflict, reflection, harmonization, and unity of yin and yang. They were all broad principles without in-depth explanations or practical details, making Franca feel like yawning.

The only thing she felt was worth pondering was the last half sentence of the document: "To approach the way of heaven."

From her understanding of this phrase, Franca naturally linked it to the knowledge that boons made the recipient gradually closer to the giver, and the way Underworld Daoist granted power to Amandina was indeed through a boon.

To approach the way of heaven... is this document actually about how to use mind and body harmoniously, balancing yin and yang to synchronize with the so-called way of heaven, thereby gaining power? Is this a way of seeking boons?

Franca saw that Armored Shadow Chen Tu had finished translating and let the documents float back. She quickly gathered her thoughts and prepared to ask her questions.

After catching the documents, she immediately asked in her true, native language, "The first question, have you heard of anyone traveling from the world you and Underworld Daoist to another world?"

Franca didn't translate this question into Intisian for Lumian to ask, fearing Amandina would learn about the transmigration. Though they could later have Anthony hypnotize Amandina to make her forget, why not use a simpler method?

Armored Shadow Chen Tu turned its gaze towards Franca, who spoke a similar language.

After a few seconds, it looked back at Lumian, conveying the thought of "Should I answer?"

As the host of the current ritual, Lumian had to approve, or Armored Shadow and Franca wouldn't be able to communicate. Otherwise, Armored Shadow, unless using force, couldn't take the gold on the altar even if it didn't fulfill the agreement.

Lumian nodded."This is the first question."

Armored Shadow replied in a deep, hoarse voice, "Unknown."

It still used the language close to Franca's mother tongue.

Amandina grew increasingly confused.

She couldn't understand anything!

Throughout the process, she could only understand Lumian's part!

Amandina glanced at Jenna beside her and, lowering her voice, asked as though they knew each other well, "What are they talking about? What language are they using?"

Jenna chuckled softly. "Even though I look very serious and focused, I actually can't understand either."

Amandina couldn't help but sigh.

"I'll tell you secretly, Lumian doesn't understand either," Jenna smiled, glancing at Lumian who was closely watching Armored Shadow, and whispered to Amandina.

Amandina looked at Jenna, then at Lumian, and recalled the expression, tone, and wording of that sentence just now, giving a silent "wow" in her mind.

Some things are unintentionally revealed!

She curiously asked, "Why don't you learn that language from Franca?"

"We've just started in the past two days; it's tough." Jenna unconsciously frowned.

It's really tough!

At this time, hearing Armored Shadow's answer, Franca couldn't help but feel disappointed but maintained her normal demeanor and asked in her native tongue, "The second question, can you use an illusion or a similar method to show the corpse that floated from Penglai to the river earlier?"

This question came to Franca's mind in the past two days, directly prompted by Amandina hearing the Underworld Daoist say "Beware Penglai," and Armored Shadow Chen Tu mentioning before that the mysteriously vanished Penglai had reappeared, with a corpse from there floating to the river.

Franca thought that matters related to Penglai might be important and possibly linked to their hope of returning home.

Just after asking this question, Franca suddenly realized her mistake and wanted to slap herself.

It wasn't that she shouldn't have asked this question but that the way she phrased it was problematic!

According to her current phrasing, even if the Armored Shadow agreed, it only needed to say "yes" without showing the specific appearance of the corpse. The question didn't have a corresponding mandatory requirement!

Should I prepare another 100,000 verl d'or of gold? I'm almost broke, with only a bit over 2,000 ver! d'or left... Franca regretted it deeply.

Fortunately, Armored Shadow Chen Tu was honest. Once the question was approved by Lumian, it immediately made countless transparent faces on its scales protrude frantically.

This made the surroundings instantly eerie green, with cold wind blowing.

Water droplets quickly condensed on the altar surface, gathering into a water surface, reflecting a figure.

The figure floated in the deep darkness, unable to show a specific form as if it had been hollowed out. The black robe and body were highly decayed, oozing pus.

Its face was relatively intact. Through the deep-to-the-bone rotting marks, one could still see the pale and dim skin, soft contours, and thin layer of black hair...

Franca was stunned.

I-isn't this the visitor from Resurrection Island, Harrison?

He had long died, turned into a decaying corpse floating on what seems like the River Styx, so why was he still active in Trier?

Moreover, the corpse appeared on the river a few years ago, and only then did the Demon Warlock encounter Harrison!

Though Lumian didn't understand Franca's question, he roughly guessed why Franca was so shocked from the key details of "floating," "corpse," and "Harrison's appearance."

He turned his head to look at Franca, seeing surprise, astonishment, and confusion in those lake-blue eyes.

Lumian nodded to reassure her, then said to Armored Shadow Chen Tu, "Thank you for your answers."

The gold on the altar disintegrated, turning into pure light, flowing like water onto Armored Shadow's surface.

Seeing the fish-scale armor mostly turned golden, sacred, and heavy, Lumian frowned slightly and ended the ritual.

After extinguishing the candles, he immediately said to Franca, "Another two times, and Armored Shadow should fully restore its golden body. We can only summon it once more at most."

"Yeah." Franca finally snapped out of the shock of seeing Harrison's past corpse.

As Lumian cleaned up the altar, she smiled at Amandina and said, "We can leave now."

"Huh?" Amandina was puzzled, "Wasn't I supposed to help? I haven't done anything yet..."

"You already provided help." Franca grinned.

Amandina was even more confused."When did this happen?"

Jenna helped clarify, "Don't you feel that the language Franca and Armored Shadow spoke was similar to what the figure whispered in your ear?"

Amandina thought carefully. "It does seem similar."

After tidying up the altar, Lumian returned and casually said, "The shadow just now was likely sealed by your teacher, hmm-the figure. You being here could mislead it, making it think this represents the figure's attitude, reducing the difficulty of our communication and preventing its attack.

"That's your help, just standing by and observing."

Amandina suddenly recalled Armored Shadow's gaze and reactive response when it first appeared, understanding."Is that so... Well, um, what is my teacher's name?"

Though we all know this question is normal, it still sounds weird... who doesn't know their teacher's name and needs to ask someone else... Jenna grumbled inwardly.

Franca answered with a smile in Intisian, "Underworld Daoist.

"Also, you should call him Master, not Teacher."

"Underworld Daoist..." Amandina softly repeated the title described in Intisian.

After a few seconds, she contentedly asked, "What's the difference between Master and Teacher?"

"A Master includes a paternalistic meaning," Franca explained with some effort.

Amandina didn't ask further, her eyes sparkling as she said, "I can provide help again in the future!

"Can you help me collect the Mid-to-Low Sequence potion formulas and Beyonder characteristics of the Evernight pathway?"

"No problem." Franca didn't tell Amandina those would be available soon.

Lumian smiled and said, "I thought you'd ask to visit the Samaritan Women's Spring again."

Amandina smiled a bit reluctantly. "I'll adapt for a while longer, and go after my own Sequence matches my boon level."

After speaking, she muttered softly, "I don't want to turn into an old man with a white beard..."

...

After sending Amandina off, Lumian, Jenna, and Anthony sat in the living room of Apartment 702 at 9 Rue Orosai, listening to Franca recounting the sentences translated by Armored Shadow.

"What do they mean?" Jenna felt like she somewhat understood but also didn't understand at all.

Franca had to translate in her own words what "Pure yin does not last, pure yang does not grow..." meant.

As Jenna listened, she gradually didn't know how to position her body and avoided moving her gaze.

Lumian took a tactical sip of water, and Anthony's expression remained unchanged.

"I think these sentences are too ordinary, not worth such high regard," Franca concluded.

Lumian pondered for a few seconds and slowly said, "No, they might be very important."

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Chapter 856 The So-called Way of Heaven

856 The So-called Way of Heaven

Franca looked at Lumian, asking expectantly, "What do you mean?"

Lumian, now completely comfortable, glanced at Anthony and Jenna before focusing back on Franca's recliner.

"We all know that there are great existences occupying several adjacent pathways in this world, like Mr. Fool and the Celestial Worthy at the top of the Apprentice, Seer, and Marauder pathways. Then there's the Great Mother, who is at the top of the Moon, Earth, and Villain pathways.

"So, if the phrase 'to approach the way of heaven' indeed means adjusting oneself to get closer to the bestower and actively seeking boons, then in this context, what does the 'way of heaven' represent? Top of which pathways?"

Franca pondered for a moment before replying, "From our current understanding of the twenty-two pathways, the Hunter pathway definitely represents 'yang,' while the Demoness pathway might represent 'yin.' It could also be the Earth or Moon pathway. Considering the symbol of 'yang,' 'yin' here likely refers to the Demoness pathway."

Franca only knew that the Hunter pathway could transform a woman into a man.

She was unsure if the Earth or Moon pathways could turn a man into a woman, classifying them as 'yin' based on their association with nurturing, reproduction, and growth.

"So, in these sentences, the 'way of heaven' refers to the top of the Hunter and Demoness pathways?" Jenna asked, following Lumian and Franca's train of thought.

"Probably," Franca nodded emphatically. "The knowledge in Mr. Star's document might explain how to correctly understand the contradiction, opposition, transformation, and unity of 'yin' and 'yang.' Then, through one's behavior and necessary external help, harmonize yin and yang to the greatest extent to approach the corresponding way of heaven, that is, the great existences at the top of the Demoness and Hunter pathways, and obtain boons."

Lumian chuckled. "Having reached this point in the analysis, what comes to mind?"

Jenna was momentarily stunned and blurted out, "The joining of the Blood Emperor and the Primordial Demoness?"

"Barely keeping up with my thoughts," Lumian half-praised, half-mocked. "We've always wondered why the Blood Emperor and the Primordial Demoness would cooperate. As true gods of adjacent pathways, shouldn't They be mortal enemies? Madam Magician told me that choosing a pathway determines your enemies and friends."

Aren't you two from adjacent pathways and still not enemies? Haven't you shared a bed? Franca glanced at Lumian and Jenna, feeling a slight twinge of jealousy as she lampooned.

During such moments, she often felt that her Affliction potion had digested a bit.

Of course, she knew that this enmity mainly applied to the higher levels.

Lumian continued, "The seal on the convergence effect from Mr. Door might just be a technical detail on how it's done, not the cause or purpose."

"The goal of the Blood Emperor and the Primordial Demoness is to join the body with the way of heaven?" Franca expanded her thoughts from "to approach the way of heaven," using a concept from her previous life that she felt was more appropriate.

Lumian, Jenna, and Anthony looked at Franca, more or less confused.

What does merging the body with the way of heaven mean?

Sensing her companions' confusion, Franca scratched her ponytail and tried to explain, "It means uniting with the so-called way of heaven... Uh, an imprecise analogy would be usurping a true god's position, not replacing a true god but the great existence represented by the way of heaven."

"Then why don't the Primordial Demoness and Blood Emperor directly kill each other and devour the other's Beyonder characteristics to unify yin and yang?"

Anthony questioned.

There's no need for them to consummate to give birth to two children!

Franca thought for a few seconds. "Maybe they need to harmonize before unifying? At least that's what the sentences suggest...

"In other words, the Blood Emperor and Primordial Demoness had to combine first, adjust their state, get close to the way of heaven, and then enter the unification stage. So, They had to temporarily cooperate while preparing to betray each other once they achieved Their goals...

"What do they call this? The first sword upon reaching the shore cuts down those around you!"

Lumian and the others were used to Franca's sudden nonsensical remarks and patiently waited for her to continue.

Franca suddenly laughed. "It's also possible that the Blood Emperor and Primordial Demoness came across similar knowledge but, due to a lack of proper training and understanding, They naively thought combining yin and yang meant the Hunter and Demoness pathways had to be physically united; this resulted in Them producing some children.

"What do they call this? This is what happens when cultures don't communicate well! Uh, it's not exactly wrong, just somewhat narrow-minded, overlooking other possible approaches."

As Jenna started to feel uneasy, relating to her own experience, Lumian sarcastically remarked, "I've always said that redheads and thick-heads need to read more and study hard."

As soon as Lumian finished speaking, Franca and Jenna glared at him furiously.

"I don't think it's a misunderstanding. Even if the Blood Emperor, being half-mad, didn't fully grasp the meaning of unifying yin and yang, He had top-tier Cryptologists around Him," Anthony expressed a different view, referring to Amon, the grand duke of the Tudor Empire and Angel of the Marauder pathway.

Lumian mused aloud,"Did you forget that one of Amon's titles is the 'God of Mischief'?

"Maybe He wanted to see such a development."

"Do you resonate with Amon's mindset because you're a trickster too..." Franca muttered softly.

Jenna nodded."So, the special mirror world is a byproduct of the Blood Emperor and Primordial Demoness's attempt to unify yin and yang to approach the way of heaven?

"Or a necessary creation for occupying the way of heaven, similar to High-Sequence advancement rituals?"

"We can't draw conclusions yet, but the direction seems right." Franca took out a dark red fountain pen from her Traveler's Bag and wrote the translated sentences under different headings on her thigh.

She thoughtfully interpreted individual characters based on sentence structure, text shape, and reasonable assumptions. Finally, she organized their discussion into a report, appended it to the document, and sent it to the Major Arcana card holder as a reference instead of a conclusion.

Phew... Having completed this task, Franca breathed a sigh of relief.

"The gains from summoning Armored Shadow this time were greater than I expected. Now we can confirm that Resurrection Island is Penglai divine mountain, and Harrison is the corpse that drifted from Penglai!"

Franca was somewhat disappointed that there was still no definitive evidence proving that Underworld Daoist and Harrison's world was the same as the one they had transmigrated from-similar language, culture, and appearance were not sufficient premises for inference.

She planned to ask Armored Shadow directly next time if it had heard of the Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings, the culprit behind their transmigration!

Anthony, who knew little about Armored Shadow, Penglai, and the so-called river, was confused but understood the importance of Resurrection Island and Harrison, which the Major Arcana card holders were also interested in.

"Harrison died and was resurrected? As expected from someone from Resurrection Island... Why did Resurrection Island disappear from Underworld Daoist's world?

"Based on Harrison's words to the Demon Warlock, people from Resurrection Island have been active in our world for a long time...

"Did Resurrection Island disappear from its original world because it transmigrated here? Can it now communicate with its original world?" Jenna finally understood Franca's shock at seeing the corresponding illusion after asking the second question.

She suddenly froze, feeling she shouldn't analyze in this direction.

Franca's eyes lit up. "It's possible!"

She then left the armchair, paced back and forth, and said angrily, "Damn, why didn't we lure Harrison out this time!"

Although she realized that the visitor from Resurrection Island might be more dangerous than expected, they had Madam Magician overseeing their visit to the Samaritan Women's Spring this time.

"Our main task now is to find Harrison or the Mirror Person, Palia." Lumian stood up and spoke with the demeanor of a team leader.

Mirror Person Palia was the mineralogist, Jasmine.

Before Franca and the others could respond, he added, "I also need to start gathering supplementary ingredients for the Iron-blooded Knight."

"We can also gather ingredients for the Demoness of Despair. With no clear leads to track for now, we have plenty of free time," Franca agreed.

Anthony said, "I'll do my best on this task, but I have another one as well."

"Joining the Psychology Alchemists?" Franca asked curiously.

"That's a long-term task," Anthony explained briefly. "Ma'am Hermit's Minor Arcana card, the Knight of Swords, is in Trier and needs help from a Beyonder of the Spectator pathway. Madam Justice recommended me."

"What kind of help?" Lumian asked.

Anthony shook his head. "We haven't met yet."

Lumian nodded. "Feel free to ask for help if needed."

...

In a wooden house on the Southern Continent.

The Star leaned back in his chair, staring blankly at the paper and pen on the table.

Suddenly, a brilliant starry light appeared before him, forming a dazzling door.

The door opened, and Madam Magician stepped out, holding a letter from Franca.

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Chapter 857 Inklings of That Individual

857 Inklings of That Individual

"The translation you asked for has arrived." Madam Magician tossed the stack of papers onto the table in front of The Star, then pulled up a chair and sat down.

Mr. Star didn't change his posture, merely extending his hand forward.

The stack of papers floated up, held by an invisible force, and landed in The Star's hand.

The Star began to read through the pages with focused eyes, the soft sound of pages turning filling the quiet room.

After a while, he looked up at The Magician across the desk. "What do you think of their speculation?"

Madam Magician replied with a smile, "From a writer's perspective, there's no better speculation than this. Of course, I actually believe it's likely true. What about you, Mr. Pallez?"

Mr. Star's eyes darkened, and an aged voice emerged from his mouth. "Back then, we only sensed that Alista Tudor was doing something very dangerous in Trier, but we didn't know the specifics.

"If this is true, one question remains: where did Alista Tudor acquire the knowledge to undertake these actions?"

The Magician had long considered this question. "One possibility is that the Uniqueness of the Red Priest, already somewhat tainted, combined with Alista Tudor's forceful switch to a non-adjacent pathway, ascending at the cost of madness, caused Him to sense the situation over there when He became a god, resulting in a wondrous resonance and acquisition of relevant knowledge.

"Another possibility is that it was given to him by you know who through some method."

At this point, The Magician, following her spiritual intuition, asked, "Are you saying that there are inklings of that individual in this matter?"

The aged voice responded from The Star once more, "Hasn't He always been interfering in history, steering it toward His envisioned direction?

"Of course, this might not be predestined history but rather an experiment of His.

"I never fully understood why He would help Alista Tudor forcibly ascend to Red Priest, stabilizing him to prevent immediate loss of control. Now, I have some idea: "At that time, He was only a King of Angels, making it difficult to influence and arrange events involving true gods. But what if the true god was already in a poor state, acting on instinct most of the time? It would be much easier.

"With the participation of the mad Blood Emperor Alista Tudor, the Primordial Demoness might indeed be drawn into this matter.

"In the end, He likely confirmed His hypothesis, gaining valuable experience, though it led to the unexpected eruption of the War of the Four Emperors."

The Star's voice suddenly reverted to its usual slightly magnetic tone. "How many years passed from Alista Tudor's ascension to Red Priest to the outbreak of the War of the Four Emperors?"

He immediately answered his own question with an aged voice, "Five hundred and thirty-seven years."

"Enough to verify some things." The Star remarked with a magnetic tone.

The Magician nodded slightly and said, "If this is the truth, He must be very aware of the latent issues in the special mirror world.

"Ha, if Mr. Fool were awake now, He would definitely go to the Forsaken Land of the Gods, grab Him by the collar, and demand to know what's hidden in the depths of the special mirror world!"

The Star subconsciously sighed. "'He-Mr. Fool-isn't so violent and crude."

Madam Magician chuckled. "Do you know what fantasy means?

"You have to distinguish between fantasy, truth, lies, the real emotions behind lies, and the deep-seated feelings, tendencies, impulses, and conflicts expressed through the most impossible scenarios imagined in fantasies. Also, what's said as truth, thought as truth, and even actions taken don't necessarily represent the true attitude.

"Once you distinguish these..." She glanced at the papers and pens on the desk, laughing softly. "You'll have a preliminary grasp of the art of poetry."

Mr. Star was silent for a few seconds.

"The knowledge gained this time pertains to the Hunter and Demoness pathways, also arranged by Him?"

"I think it's more likely done by the Celestial Master," The Magician pondered.

"We don't know the current state of the Celestial Master, but judging by Underworld Daoist, even if He couldn't prevent the Moses Ascetic Order's Kmerolo from being corrupted, He could deeply influence the knowledge comprising the corruption. In the Hostel incident, He noticed the Seven of Wands."

Mr. Star nodded.

"Is it His arrangement that the Hunter and Demoness among your Minor Arcana card holders got entangled? Trying to replicate the findings from the Blood Emperor and Primordial Demoness with them?"

Madam Magician chuckled and responded, "It's more than just entanglement. Though I haven't witnessed it myself, my spiritual intuition and writer's sense tell me something must have happened.

"I pity them but can't help being curious about the details..."

Clearing her throat, she shifted the topic back.

"The current development is the inevitable result of their fate entanglement, emotional interactions, personal character, and inner growth, likely unrelated to Him.

"But!"

Madam Magician emphasized the word "but."

"I now suspect that their initial meeting was arranged by Him, and then He let things develop naturally.

"Do you understand? A top-level writer sets the stage, constructs events, and lets the characters express, demonstrate, interact, and conflict on the stage to create the most wonderful story."

The Star initially wanted to mock the writers but glanced at the paper and pen on the desk and remained silent.

The Magician sighed and then said, "We should be able to decrypt more of that information now.

"What about the payment? What's the payment for the Two of Cups?"

As he took out one Beyonder ingredient after another from a silver box, The Star spoke.

"They have been prepared long ago.

"These are the potion formulas and ingredients from Sequence 9 Sleepless to Sequence 7 Nightmare."

Madam Magician looked and smiled. "Not giving that gold coin?"

"Although the Two of Cups is our chosen guide for that dream, she can't be given it too easily, even if she's trustworthy and knowledgeable about the environment. I'll give her another task and tell her that besides the Sequence 6 Soul Assurer potion formula and corresponding ingredients, she will receive a special reward." The Star brushed his slightly messy hair and smiled.

The Magician nodded slightly, then asked another question, "I've always wanted to ask, Mr. Pallez, why do you remain with Mr. Star even after advancing to Sequence 1?"

The Star's eyes darkened again, and the aged voice returned.

"When you get old, you desire stability and don't want to change your accustomed environment."

The Magician smiled in response. "I want to hear the truth."

The Star sighed and said in an aged voice, "When you become a Sequence 1 Archangel, you'll understand. You'll feel the terrifying impact of Mr. Fool and the Celestial Worthy's conflict, forcing me to stay within the Church of the Evernight Goddess for some protection."

Madam Magician nodded, then gathered the potion formulas and ingredients from the table.

After a moment of thought, she asked Mr. Star, "Where did you obtain these ingredients?"

The Star smiled. "Sent an application to the Pope."

Madam Magician pondered and asked further, "Her Holiness didn't ask why and just gave them to you?"

"Yes, just given to me like that." Mr. Star smiled calmly.

Madam Magician seemed to have an epiphany.

She then stood up, opened a starry door in the void, and left the wooden house.

...

The night was just receding, and dawn had not yet broken at Lumian's rented apartment.

Jenna lay under the covers, her white shoulders exposed, leaning beside Lumian.

She stretched out her right hand, trying to pry open his eyelids.

"What are you doing?" Lumian asked, both amused and exasperated.

Jenna pouted. "You're not looking at me with your eyes closed. I have to be proactive and help you open them."

Reluctantly, Lumian opened his eyes, meeting her blue eyes, which sparkled with a hidden darkness.

After a few seconds of staring, Lumian remarked thoughtfully, "Your mental state seems much better than before."

Jenna withdrew her hand, propping her chin up with a smile as she gazed at Lumian's face and eyes. "Yeah, I felt much better after that talk with Franca."

Lumian let out a scoff. "Who was it that said the worst-case scenario was Franca coming to kill me, and you'd agree? You knew Franca wouldn't do such a thing."

"That was just a fantasy, a projection of inner emotions, self-conflict, and self-destructive tendencies. Didn't you catch that?" Jenna retorted.

Lumian chortled."Of course I did. That's why I said it was best to confront the issues between you early."

He instinctively reached out to pat Jenna's head but hesitated midway, his hand freezing.

Seeing this, Jenna's gaze dimmed slightly. She pursed her lips and grabbed his hand, forcing it to the back of her head.

Lumian slowly started to pat her, transitioning from awkwardness to naturalness.

Jenna watched him with a smile. "What about yours?"

Lumian fell silent.

Jenna didn't press further, instead asking cheerfully, "Did you and Franca...?"

Lumian sighed. "I try not to talk about my relationship with her in front of you."

Jenna smiled. "Before my talk with Franca, it would have made me sad, conflicted, and miserable, even if I tried to hide it. Now, though I still have those emotions, I feel more hopeful and even relieved when you mention it. Do you understand this contradictory feeling?

"Many of my previous choices were also like that."

Lumian nodded slowly. "You know Franca. Although she might have made up her mind, she still hesitates when it comes to the final step. Lately, I've noticed her being awkward whenever we see each other. Anthony probably noticed too but didn't say anything.

"I can't be the one to initiate, right?"

"Yes, you should. Go to her now, this morning!" Jenna said without hesitation.

Lumian looked deeply at her. "Are you trying to create stronger bonds to keep her in critical moments?"

Jenna grunted. "I will try to keep her, but I'll also respect her final decision."

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Chapter 858 Taking the Initiative

858 Taking the Initiative

Lumian stroked Jenna's hair once more. "Actually, Franca going home might not be a bad thing. If their world doesn't face an apocalypse or dangerous situations like ours, I could help you knock your brother out so you could take him and Franca there together."

Jenna gazed at Lumian with her clear blue eyes. "What about you?"

Lumian fell silent for a moment before responding, "I'll see how things go."

Jenna opened her mouth as if to say something but then closed it again.

After a few seconds, she didn't press for details. Instead, she spoke seriously, "On the one hand, I want to keep her here. On the other hand, I'm afraid that the bigger Franca's hope, the bigger her disappointment will be. If she finally confirms that returning home is impossible, she'll definitely break down. For a Beyonder, that's very dangerous, especially the higher the Sequence.

"She mentioned, or maybe it was Emperor Roselle who said it, that a person is the sum of their social relationships. Anthony also talked to me about the importance of social relationships for a person. I know he saw that I still had some psychological issues and wanted to help me through this. When you sought treatment from Madam Susie and Madam Justice, didn't they also emphasize the importance of rebuilding social relationships? For Franca, the most important relationships are with you and me. The closer we are now, the more it will help stabilize her in the future. Just me alone might not be enough."

Lumian withdrew his hand, looking at Jenna for a few seconds.

"Since finding out Franca's true origins, you've been thinking a lot, haven't you?

"Why do you think she might not be able to go back home?"

Jenna's eyes flickered, and she said provocatively, "Franca later told me that Emperor Roselle and she came from the same world and the same country. I was thinking-the Emperor was at least an Angel, maybe even close to becoming a true god, and he couldn't go back.

"Don't you think that means it's either hopeless or impossible?"

Lumian sighed with a smile. "But Franca and the others believe that either the Emperor didn't have time to find a way back before something unexpected

happened, or he faked his death and already transmigrated back."

Jenna shook her head. "It's definitely not the latter. If it were, the Emperor would have destroyed parts of his diary before crossing back."

"You're quite sharp," Lumian remarked thoughtfully. "From the Emperor's diary that Franca shared, it's clear he encountered something terrifying in his later years. But what confuses me is that during that period, he never seemed to consider going back. Also, he valued his eldest daughter highly, and Queen Mystic Bernadette is still active in our world. These are the reasons I think Franca's hopes are slim. They probably have similar thoughts but just don't want to believe it."

Lumian's voice suddenly grew somber. "People need hope to live..."

Jenna chuckled, tracing circles on Lumian's bare chest. "You're doing much better too, being able to say something like that."

Before Lumian could respond, she lifted her head and looked at him. "Go see Franca this morning, okay?"

"Is this something I can do alone?" Lumian smiled. "If she doesn't want to, I can't force her, can I?"

Jenna couldn't help but laugh. "She's inclined to agree deep down. She's just feeling a bit awkward after the initial emotions have calmed. Especially since she has to face you, her friend's brother who knows her true state."

"You know Franca," Lumian teased. "When she's impulsive, she'll try anything, but when she calms down, she might turn into an ostrich."

"Take the initiative. Maybe she's just waiting for you to make the first move," Jenna suggested, feeling a mix of jealousy and anticipation.

Lumian spread his hands. "How do I take the initiative? I've never been the one to make the first move in such matters. I can't just go up to Franca and say I'm here to fulfill our agreement, right?"

Jenna's eyes sparkled as she thought for a moment.

"Show your guilt in front of her, help her out as much as you can, and then ask if she needs a massage for her head, shoulders, and back. If she doesn't object and there's physical contact, you can gradually... gradually..." Jenna trailed off, quickly concluding, "Got it?"

"You seem quite experienced," Lumian said, amused.

Jenna reminisced. "When I was a Showy Diva, I saw some things. Also, the dancers under Franca liked to read novels about love and interactions between men and women. A single book could be passed around by dozens to hundreds of people. Thanks to Emperor Roselle and some remaining compulsory education, some of them could understand simple stories, and those who couldn't would

listen to others. It was one of the few bright spots in their lives.

"I read a few as well and learned how those playboys and Dandyists behaved."

Lumian laughed, moving closer to Jenna and placing his hands on her smooth, bare shoulders. "Like this?"

"Yes." Jenna rolled her eyes. "Now you think of giving me a massage? I'm nearly falling apart because of you. You start reluctantly and then..."

As Jenna teased him, her words caught in her throat.

Lumian leaned in with a teasing smile. "It's six in the morning..."

Jenna swiftly pulled the covers over herself and nimbly jumped out of bed like a deer.

Wrapped in the blanket, she looked at Lumian and laughed softly.

"Go find Franca now and use your Conspirer skills."

Before Lumian could respond, Jenna grabbed her Traveler's Bag and disappeared into the shadows of the room.

Lumian stood still for a moment, sighing. "Couldn't you at least leave the blanket?"

After a while, the blanket was thrown from the shadows, landing on Lumian.

Lumian shook his head with a smile, mimicking Franca's voice in his mind.

Ascetic, activate!

...

Inside Apartment 702 at 9 Rue Orosai.

Franca opened the door and saw Lumian. She instantly felt uncomfortable and wished she could slam the door in his face.

As she turned to walk to the armchair, she asked, "Jenna didn't come with you?"

"She went back to rest," Lumian said thoughtfully.

Franca suddenly understood, her expression turning complicated.

She stood by the armchair, momentarily forgetting to sit down.

Lumian glanced at her and asked intentionally, "Did you digest more of your Affliction potion?"

"Dammit!" Franca gritted her teeth, conjuring several crystalline ice spikes and hurling them at Lumian.

Lumian dodged easily and moved to the sofa area, looking back at the fuming Franca.

See, now we can forget the awkwardness and talk properly.

But Franca's reaction was a bit too strong. We need to make that agreement a reality soon, or she might get tangled up again...

Lumian put on a placating smile and said to Franca, "It's a habitual taunt. You know how Hunters are."

Franca snorted and sat in the recliner.

Today, she wore a fitted white shirt with ruffled cuffs and a lace flower at the neck, paired with cream-colored trousers and her usual fluffy slippers.

Following Miss Celia Bello's guidance, Lumian feigned guilt and asked, "How's your Affliction potion digestion going?"

Franca puffed up her cheeks. "About a third."

"Hmm, you've got the self-inflicted pain down, but you're still lacking in causing pain to others," Lumian said cautiously.

Then, he proactively poured her a glass of water and asked with a smile, "Want a shoulder and leg massage? You must be tired after running around for clues on Harrison these days."

"Massage?" Franca was stunned, then wary, eyeing Lumian suspiciously.

After a few moments, she took the glass of water and drank. "No need."

Eh... Great theorist of male-female interaction, master of theory Miss Celia Bello, your method doesn't work... I have to rely on my own improvisation as a Conspirer... Lumian quickly sat down on the single sofa.

He opened his mouth as if to say something, then closed it, taking out the Black Tear headpiece from his Traveler's Bag.

Franca realized Lumian was checking if the Demoness of Black was observing through the mirror.

Well, perfect timing... Franca was about to mention the potion formula and ingredients for Amandina when she saw Lumian quickly put away the Black Tear and give her a look.

Wh- The Demoness of Black is watching... Franca swallowed her words.

The next second, she saw Lumian get up, walk over to her, and squeeze into the armchair with a smile.

Hey... Hey, hey! Franca was stunned.

Her first reaction was to teach this space-invader a lesson, but then she realized Lumian's purpose.

In the Demoness of Black's eyes, we're lovers. If we don't show any intimacy, it'll be suspicious...

Okay, let's put on a show...

Franca felt Lumian's arm wrap around her waist.

Her body stiffened before she forced herself to relax.

Then, Lumian turned her around, and she found herself looking into his deep blue eyes and chiseled face.

"I'm here to fulfill my promise," Lumian said, giving her another look.

He chuckled softly and slowly lowered his head.

Franca's eyes widened.

Hey! Are you doing it for real?

She instinctively wanted to break free but remembered the Demoness of Black was watching and Lumian's hint to cooperate.

You little brat, are you taking advantage of me? Franca thought angrily. Then she remembered the previous agreement and sighed inwardly. Fine, it was bound to happen anyway...

Her long eyelashes fluttered, and her eyes slowly closed as her body softened.

Then, she felt Lumian's lips, warm and firm, breaking through her defenses.

In a daze, Franca thought, No, no! The Demoness of Black is still watching! How shameful!

Almost simultaneously, she heard Lumian's husky voice in her ear. "Let's go to the bedroom."

You're quite considerate... Once we're in the bedroom, covered by the blanket, the Demoness of Black can't see... It'll also solidify our relationship... Franca vaguely nodded, feeling herself lifted into the air.

...

In the warm and intimate bedroom.

With a lingering blush on her cheeks, Franca turned to Lumian and said, "I just remembered something I need to tell you..."

She asked with her eyes if the Demoness of Black was still watching.

Lumian chuckled. "The Demoness of Black left a while ago."

Franca was stunned for a moment, her foggy mind realizing something was off.

"You didn't check... How do you know?"

Lumian looked sincere. "The Demoness of Black didn't come today."

"...?" Franca was speechless.

She quickly understood, and in a fit of embarrassment and anger, she pounced on Lumian, hitting him.

"You tricked me! You tricked me!"

"..."

"You can't use something like this to deceive teammates, understand?"

"I understand."

"This makes it hard for me to trust your hints in the future. What if next time I think you're lying, but the Demoness of Black really shows up?"

"I'm sorry."

"Alright, I'll trust you one more time, but don't let it happen again! Don't let it happen again!"

"..."

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Chapter 859 Ingenious Plan

859 "Ingenious" Plan

After Franca vented her anger and lay back down, Lumian finally asked, "What were you saying earlier?"

Franca glanced at the curtained bedroom window, making it clear: Check if the Demoness of Black is watching!

Lumian replied casually, "We're inside a Bottle of Fiction."

"..." Franca blinked. "When did that happen?"

"When I closed the door. I didn't want to disturb the neighbors," Lumian answered earnestly.

"..." Franca felt another surge of anger. She snapped, "You still need to check! What if the Demoness of Black can penetrate the Bottle of Fiction without you noticing?"

"Yes, yes." Lumian admitted his fault and took out the Black Tear headpiece from his Traveler's Bag, quickly sensing for a few seconds before putting it back.

Franca finally relaxed and nodded in satisfaction. "The thing is, Mr. Star gave me another task. He said, in addition to the Affliction potion formula and the materials, there will be a special reward."

"What task?" Lumian asked cooperatively.

Franca looked puzzled and said, "To get some water from the Samaritan Woman's Spring."

Lumian's first reaction was to consider the purpose of the task, but he quickly remembered that Franca had said Mr. Star was likely a high-ranking Red Glove from the Church of Evernight, and the Underworld Daoist who could grant others Beyonder powers from the Darkness pathway.

"It's understandable that Mr. Star, or rather the Church of Evernight behind him, needs water from the Samaritan Woman's Spring. But this task is too simple for us right now. And yet he wants to give you a special reward. Doesn't that seem a bit strange?" Lumian pondered aloud.

Franca thought for a moment and spoke, "I agree. It feels like he designed this task just to give me the special reward. It doesn't make sense. We've only met once."

Compared to other Demonesses in the Demoness Sect, one of Franca's greatest strengths was not assuming that every man she met would be infatuated with her or want to please her.

Lumian considered for a few seconds and said, "Maybe that special reward will bring a lot of trouble. It also represents something Mr. Star truly wants you to do."

Franca nodded in understanding. "Free rewards are the most expensive. What appears 'free' often comes with hidden costs."

Understanding this, she felt less worried.

She thought the potential problems with the special reward, even if they brought significant trouble, should be something she and her companions could handle.

Otherwise, the Major Arcana card holders wouldn't make such a choice.

She then turned to Lumian and asked, "How's your collection of the supplementary ingredients going?"

This should have been a daily concern, but hadn't she been feeling uncomfortable every time she saw Lumian these past few days?

Lumian reflected for a moment before answering, "I found a large battlefield from the war a few years ago and got a bag of blood-stained soil."

"I thought you'd go to the camp where Anthony and his comrades were attacked," Franca teased.

Lumian responded with amusement, "Am I that much of a devil? Besides, that's not a large battlefield and might be polluted by an evil god's worship."

Franca concurred succinctly, "What about the others?"

"I confirmed that there's active lava at the bottom of the volcano on Saint Tick Island, but it's unnecessary to collect it now. It will solidify quickly in the Traveler's Bag. I'll teleport it when it's needed." Lumian had been using his teleportation ability to travel around the world these days. "I plan to make the powder of plants and trees polluted by the Stone of Catastrophe myself."

As for acorns, that was too simple.

"Make it yourself?" Franca was surprised. "Is that possible?"

"It should be theoretically feasible. Certain parts of a Beyonder creature can replace such supplementary ingredients. And I have the Sword of Courage. I can place it and its companions on a pile of plants and trees, monitoring and replacing consumables. In about a few days, I should be able to create polluted plants and trees. Of course, this pollution will be more complex and severe than simple Stone of Catastrophe pollution. I'll consult Madam Magician in advance to see if the

amount should be reduced."

"Indeed," Franca's eyes brightened, then dimmed slightly. "But the Plague Mother Serpent bile and Silver Hunter's fragments for the supplementary ingredients of the Demoness of Despair can't be made by the Black Tear."

"No rush. Jenna hasn't fully digested the Pleasure potion yet. It will take a few more days or even a week or two to become a Demoness of Affliction." Lumian thought and said, "I have collected the blood of seven different plague victims."

Although there was no widespread plague at the moment, many places on the Northern and Southern Continents had sporadic outbreaks. They were either quickly contained or limited to small, isolated areas without spreading.

With the Magic Mirror Divination of the two Demonesses, Lumian pinpointed eight or nine similar locations, then teleported there with Lugano.

If the authorities had already noticed the outbreak and were working to control it, he would leave after collecting the blood of the plague victims. If the plague was still quietly spreading, he would attempt to heal it with Lugano's help. If it couldn't be solved, he would find a way to inform the authorities.

After these few days of hard work, Lumian had basically achieved his goals.

Franca breathed a sigh of relief, stating, "Remember to use the Black Tear to deliver the potion formula and all the materials Mr. Star gave to Amandina.

"Sigh... When will I completely digest the Affliction potion?"

Although her current digestion progress could be considered very fast, she still felt it wasn't enough. The person next to her was just one step away from the final domestication step, ready to hold the ceremony and become a Sequence 4 demigod.

Lumian turned his head to Franca and laughed.

"I just told you, you're still lacking in the part about causing others pain. And the target should be of high Sequence, otherwise, it has to be replaced with numbers."

Franca didn't link it to her own pain this time and started thinking seriously.

Causing others pain, high Sequence... Causing others pain, high Sequence...

Muttering to herself, Franca suddenly turned her head, her eyes shining brightly at Lumian.

Lumian's smile faded as he raised an eyebrow and asked, "Do you have a bold idea?"

Franca chuckled. "You have a false Angel rank. If I can make you feel pain, wouldn't the digestion speed be incredibly fast?"

"But it has to be real pain." Lumian didn't dismiss Franca's suggestion outright.

"For example, castration?" Franca glanced at the blanket with a growing smile.

Lumian fell silent for a moment before responding, "We can try."

"Wait, you're actually agreeing?" Franca was startled. She had only been joking with the suggestion of "castration."

"If it can really help you quickly digest the Affliction potion." Lumian shrugged. "It can grow back anyway."

"Forget it, that's too painful. It would leave you with serious psychological trauma and issues." Franca said, ruffling her tousled hair.

Suddenly, her eyes lit up. "I have a better plan. An ingenious plan!"

Lumian felt uneasy, sensing that Franca's new plan might be even harder to endure than "castration."

Franca's smile turned wicked.

"I thought of that Julie from the castration, and her digestion method. She would seize the moment when the target was about to reach ultimate satisfaction, then cut it off, plunging them from extreme pleasure into extreme pain.

"I can be gentler, not cutting it off, but preventing you from reaching ultimate satisfaction. Let you yearn and suffer without fulfillment, which is also a kind of intense pain..."

Lumian raised an eyebrow, unable to speak.

Franca's smile grew more sinister, having found a prank to pull.

"For this, I need to bind you with the Demoness's spider silk, prepare more tools, and to enhance the stimulation, you need to use your Ascetic abilities to refrain from burning the silk...

"Although it won't compare to Julie's method, your false Angel rank should help me digest it quickly."

Saying this, Franca clicked her tongue. "I never thought I'd do something like this, and be the one doing the tormenting."

In the past, Lumian might have lacked a concrete concept of this pain, but after experiencing the two Demonesses, he could now imagine how unbearable that torment would be.

"This is the hell of pain." Lumian couldn't help but sigh.

"That's the Demoness, bringing pleasure and pain," Franca said with a smile.

Lumian jumped out of bed and picked up his clothes.

"Eh?" Franca looked puzzled.

Lumian responded in a deep voice, "We're going to the Samaritan Woman's Spring now."

Franca was first stunned, then burst into laughter, rolling on the bed.

She had regained her normal control over her desires after passing the Pleasure stage, so even after being with Lumian, tasting long-lost pleasure, and achieving unprecedented satisfaction, she still felt weird because it was someone she knew well, who also knew her original gender. But now, she suddenly found it amusing and interesting, making her feel much less uncomfortable.

"Give it a try, give it a try." She lay on the bed, her eyes bright as she continued with her prank.

Lumian sighed again.

"We'll talk after we get the water from the Samaritan Woman's Spring."

...

Beside the Samaritan Woman's Spring, shrouded in gray-white fog.

Since Lumian didn't approach and trigger any anomalies, Franca patiently waited for a while and then used the golden vial given by Mr. Star to collect half a vial of water from the Samaritan Woman's Spring.

They didn't bring Jenna, fearing that her encounter with Krismona's shadow might lead to uncontrollable changes. Lumian planned to bring Jenna here after becoming an Iron-blooded Knight with a certain level of self-protection.

The high-ranking Major Arcana card holders seemed to dislike entering the underground or underground catacombs. But Lumian, marked and branded, felt that even as a demigod, he should still be able to enter the area of the Samaritan Woman's Spring.

Not long after, Franca put away the golden vial, and the two walked shoulder to shoulder towards the edge of the gray fog.

As they approached the edge of the fog on the slope, Lumian and Franca simultaneously noticed a blurry figure outside the fog slowly approaching.

Franca first darted to the side, then stared intently for two seconds.

Her expression suddenly became excited, and she said in a hushed voice to Lumian, "Harrison!"

The visitor from Resurrection Island, Harrison!

They had failed to converge with him last time, and now they coincidentally ran into him!

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Chapter 860 The True Meaning of Those Words

860 The True Meaning of Those Words

When Franca uttered the name, Lumian also saw the approximate outline of the figure outside: Dressed in a black robe, with light hair, pale skin, and dark brown eyes, he didn't look like an Intisian.

Although Lumian had never seen Harrison in person, he had seen the image Franca had depicted using dream divination and a corresponding ritual, so it wasn't hard to identify the person outside the gray fog.

Seeing Franca's excitement, Lumian raised his right hand and gestured downward, signaling his companion to control her emotions.

Franca, an experienced Beyonder in combat, quickly composed herself and nodded at Lumian.

She understood Lumian's intention not to act rashly but to observe and see what Harrison intended to do. By understanding his actions, they could determine his Sequence, ability characteristics, and primary intentions.

This way, whatever response they made afterward would be more composed.

Franca shrank further to the side of the slope, using the gray fog as cover, and observed Harrison, who was holding a white candle.

Meanwhile, she couldn't help but muse, The Law of Beyonder Characteristics Convergence really works!

We gave up too soon after just one try. It was our fault for not respecting science - no, mysticism. If we had tried a few more times, wouldn't he have come?

Franca felt at ease, knowing that only Beyonders like Lumian, marked by Mr. Fool, could enter the area around the Samaritan Woman's Spring, while others could only see a gray-white fog and found it difficult to pass through.

She had tried earlier and found she couldn't penetrate the fog on her own, prompting Lumian to mock her, saying, "Even Madame Hela couldn't do it. Where did you get the confidence that you could?" This only strengthened her resolve to have Lumian help her digest the Affliction potion.

Lumian stood beside Franca, observing every move of the figure outside while recalling his encounters with Beyonders of the Death, Darkness, and Warrior pathways, hoping to quickly formulate the most effective strategy against Harrison based on their combat characteristics and abilities.

Holding the white candle, Harrison took a few steps outside the gray fog, glanced around, and then continued forward.

He walked into the gray fog as if passing through a curtain of water!

He can pass through the gray fog barrier?

How?

Franca's sky-blue eyes widened in shock, disbelief, and reluctance.

Lumian was equally surprised.

But he hadn't ruled out the possibility that Harrison could break through the fog barrier and enter the area around the Samaritan Woman's Spring. He just hadn't expected it to be so easy for him.

Based on Harrison's constant search for scenes closely related to death, darkness, and dusk, and his drifting as a corpse on the River Styx in Underworld Daoist and company's world, Lumian reasonably suspected that he might have a way or an item to penetrate the fog barrier.

Lumian had expected to see Harrison perform a strange ritual or take out an item with an otherworldly style. Instead, like himself, Harrison had simply walked into the area around the Samaritan Woman's Spring, covered by gray fog!

Seeing that the fog no longer served as a barrier, leaving only the fog to interfere with their vision, Lumian made a decisive move and extinguished the white candle in his hand.

As he expected, the surrounding darkness silently surged in, activating the Underworld Daoist's mark on his right palm without corroding his body.

He had kept the candle lit to maintain this state, partly because it couldn't last long in the current situation without risking turning into a catacombs administrator and partly to mislead any potential enemies, setting a trap.

As Lumian extinguished the candle, Franca quickly took action.

Unable to borrow the Black Tear from Lumian, she directly took out an Ice Amulet and a mirror from her Traveler's Bag.

With a flash of crystalline cold light, Franca, illuminated by the candle's yellowish flame, entered the mirror in her hand.

As her figure disappeared, the unheld mirror fell to the ground, only to be accurately caught by Lumian.

Holding the mirror, Lumian immediately activated the contract mark, transforming into a shadow creature and blending completely into the darkness enveloped by the gray fog.

Before Harrison could get closer, they had completed their concealment.

In the void behind the mirror, Franca, holding the burning white candle, quickly surveyed her surroundings.

She found that the area was filled with the same gray-white fog as outside, permeating every corner.

The illusory dark tunnels, like spider webs, were excluded by the fog, appearing blurry and hard to see.

Sure enough... Franca wasn't surprised by this situation.

Lumian had already told her that this area was isolated from the spirit world, making spirit world traversal unusable here.

With even the spirit world being isolated, the mirror world would certainly be no exception!

Because the mirror had been brought into the fog-covered area, Franca could enter the mirrored region to hide but couldn't traverse to any mirror outside the underground catacombs-this was the principle that allowed the Traveler's Bag to continue being used.

Franca couldn't even reach the mirrors on Lumian's person, let alone those outside the catacombs!

Of course, Franca hadn't intended to use the mirror world for anything other than hiding, preventing the yellowish glow of the white candle from being seen by Harrison.

During their previous ambush on Harrison, she hadn't done this because the area she could monitor through the mirror was too small, and all senses, including vision, would be severely weakened.

Franca approached the glass mirror and found that Lumian had thoughtfully turned it towards Harrison, allowing her to see their target.

Seeing Harrison, illuminated by the yellowish glow of the white candle, slowly moving down the slope, Franca grew even more puzzled.

How did he get through the fog barrier?

Could he also bear Mr. Fool's mark?

But Madam Judgment and the other Major Arcana card holders didn't know!

He hadn't used an item or performed a ritual earlier, relying on his own ability?

But whether it was the Apprentice pathway's mastery of seals or the Marauder pathway's exploitation of loopholes, they are all within Mr. Fool's domain. It doesn't make sense to bypass the fog barrier...

Mr. Fool's mark...

At this thought, Franca's heart skipped a beat, and a title flashed in her mind: The Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings!

Harrison bears the mark of the Celestial Worthy, allowing him to penetrate the fog barrier? Franca made this startling and shocking guess.

She found it quite reasonable.

Based on the current information, it seemed that the Celestial Worthy was the culprit behind their transmigration into this world, and Resurrection Island was Mount Penglai, a node where the two worlds intersected or a transmigration point. If this was true, it was natural for Harrison, from Resurrection Island or Mount Penglai, to have a close relationship with the Celestial Worthy.

They had been misled by Harrison's pursuit of death, darkness, and dusk-related scenes and his mastery of the depths of death, overlooking this point!

Perhaps, as Jenna had speculated, Harrison's deep research into death didn't necessarily mean he was a Beyonder of that pathway!

This could better explain why they couldn't converge with him last time. Why had they coincidentally encountered him this time?

As a shadow creature, Lumian also thought of the Celestial Worthy, the great being competing with Mr. Fool for the apex powers of the Seer, Apprentice, and Marauder pathways.

He watched Harrison's slow advance and thought of more things.

Previously, Harrison seemingly met the Mirror Person, Jasmine, leading us to speculate that he was also involved in Project Vortex...

Now it's almost certain. Madam Magician mentioned encountering the Celestial Worthy's followers while dealing with Overseer Perle, who was one of the initiators of Project Vortex...

This background can explain why an outsider like Harrison can frequently appear in Underground Trier without being found by the Purifiers...

Lumian didn't rush to act. He was unsure of Harrison's level and wanted to see what Harrison intended to do by repeatedly coming to the Samaritan Woman's Spring. This might reveal a lot of important information.

As he followed Harrison's movements, Lumian suddenly understood why the Underworld Daoist had warned Amandina to "beware of Penglai."

He had previously thought that the reappearance of Mount Penglai and the bodies floating on the river had alerted the Underworld Daoist. But given his dire state, closer to a wraith, he couldn't discern Amandina's exact location and situation, so he had instinctively issued a warning.

Now it seemed the message was to tell Amandina that someone from Penglai had been to the Samaritan Woman's Spring and to be cautious!

Just as Lumian sighed internally at their earlier oversight, Harrison suddenly turned his head and looked towards their hiding spot.

Almost simultaneously, the grand, layered voice of Termiboros echoed in his ear:

"Protect your Traveler's Bag."

Uh... Lumian didn't have time to discern the purpose behind Termiboros' suggestion. He quickly reached for his waist and grabbed the Traveler's Bag.

The next moment, Harrison raised his right hand.

Lumian felt the Traveler's Bag being tugged by an invisible force, but he held it tightly.

Marauder? Not a power of the Death pathway? A special boon from the Celestial Worthy? Puzzled, Lumian immediately shifted his position using the shadows.

Behind Harrison, darkness surged, outlining Lumian's form.

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Chapter 861 Marauder?

861 Marauder?

As soon as Lumian exited his shadow creature state, he let out a grunt.

Two beams of white light shot from his nostrils, flying towards Harrison, who had no time to dodge.

Almost simultaneously, Lumian sensed a dense aura of death emanating from Harrison. His spirit abruptly contracted, transforming into a tiny, golden millet-like particle, hiding in the deepest void of his body, unreachable.

The two beams of white light hit Harrison's body, but it was like striking a piece of decayed wood or a lifeless corpse, producing no effect.

Harrison turned swiftly towards Lumian, and his contracted spirit expanded instantly, filling his body once more.

With this change, a root wrapped in white cloth swiftly formed in Harrison's right palm.

He swung this semi-illusory root at Lumian.

The white cloth strips on the root fluttered gently, stirring up cries that were either mournful or wailing.

They drilled into Lumian's ears, causing him to falter just as he was about to change his position, unable to dodge in time.

Smack!

The root wrapped in white cloth struck Lumian's body.

His skin quickly turned pale, and a sense of death deepened rapidly.

Crack!

Lumian's body cracked like a mirror, shattering into dull fragments that fell to the ground.

Immediately after, he reappeared at the side of the slope, shaking the mirror that held Franca.

Franca understood his intention, immediately exiting the mirror with the burning white candle and landing not far from him.

Lumian, with his other hand, reached into the Traveler's Bag, took out the Black Tear accessory, and tossed it to Franca.

Here, there was no worry about the mystical plague attached to the Black Tear spreading, and the Demoness of Affliction could withstand the corresponding mystical pathogens for longer!

Lumian even suspected that, due to the special nature of the Samaritan Woman's Spring, the mystical pathogens created by the Black Tear would only survive for a limited time before perishing.

As for what to do during that time, Lumian had already considered it-after throwing out the Black Tear accessory, he quickly reached into the Traveler's Bag again, grasping the hilt of the Sword of Courage.

He intended to have the sword share half the damage and effects with him!

Lumian wasn't overly concerned about the excess courage issue:

With Franca around, she would guide and correct the Warrior's choices in a more subtle way that the Warrior would accept, like occupying a better position, making the Warrior throw the sword to her for brief use, and then not catching it when it was thrown back, preventing both from being affected by the courage.

As Franca put it, with an external brain, they could be bolder in using the Sword of Courage.

Of course, this could only effectively reduce the influence of courage, not completely avoid it.

Harrison didn't just stand by and watch Lumian and Franca prepare. He threw the root wrapped in white cloth towards them.

The root rapidly became illusory in midair, disintegrating into intertwined pale and greenish light, merging into the darkness.

Immediately, several translucent, eerie pale-white hands emerged from the ground beneath Lumian and Franca, cold and sinister, grasping at their ankles and calves.

These seemed to induce some kind of paralysis.

At the same time, Harrison's mouth moved, chanting an incantation in a strange language.

With a whoosh, blazing-white flames ignited beside Lumian's feet, bringing high temperatures to counter the chill, cold, and paralysis created by the pale-white hands.

Franca, with the Black Tear accessory wrapped around her wrist, silently let the eerie, quiet black flames of the Demoness flow like water, engulfing the transparent hands trying to affect her, setting them ablaze.

Lumian finally grasped the Sword of Courage, instantly becoming fearless.

He drew the iron-black straight sword and slashed forward.

A huge fireball, blazing white with a hint of blue, formed and shot straight at Harrison, whose black hair was only a thin layer.

Harrison, seeing this, did not move. He quickly finished the last two sentences of the incantation and pointed his right hand towards the Samaritan Woman's Spring.

Franca, just breaking free from the pale-white hands, finally deciphered what the enemy was chanting.

One sentence was "Steal the secrets of heaven," and the other was unclear at the beginning, ending with "Swift as a decree, be driven."

Below, at the Samaritan Woman's Spring, the pale-white water began to bubble, reflecting a figure of a woman, serene as the night but rotting and oozing pus.

The figure silently gazed at the outside world without any movement.

But in front of Harrison, a similar yet more illusory and flickering figure appeared.

As Lumian's fireball-cleaved out from the Sword of Courage-approached this figure, it gradually dimmed, quickly becoming illusory, and mostly vanished.

The remaining bit exploded on the spot, forcing Harrison back two steps.

Seeing this, Lumian didn't hesitate to activate the residual aura of the Blood Emperor in his right palm.

Want to compete?

Fine!

Let's see who can exert more influence on the Samaritan Woman's Spring!

Nothing to fear!

Splash!

The pale-white water retreated into the dark, bottomless spring, and a sense of wild frenzy instantly descended.

At that moment, whether it was Harrison, Lumian, or Franca, they all felt a shock to their minds and bodies, wanting to submit, temporarily losing their ability to

think, their minds blank.

The cold, rotting sensation in Lumian's right palm emerged, suppressing the residual aura of the Blood Emperor.

The frenzied, violent feeling from the spring quickly receded.

Lumian was the first to regain his thoughts. He raised the iron-black Sword of Courage and rushed to Harrison, slashing at his head.

Bang!

Amidst the sound of an explosion and scattered flames, Harrison's body reverted to a sinister, deathly paper figurine.

The paper figurine lightly adhered to the blade of the Sword of Courage, torn to pieces by the violent shockwaves and set ablaze by the white-blue flames.

Multiple similar paper figurines appeared around Lumian, all exuding a sinister, pale, deathly aura, with facial features painted in a horrifying and maliciously humorous manner.

The next second, black flames flew from Franca, landing on these paper figurines, burning the spirituality and mysticism that sustained them.

In the blink of an eye, these sinister paper figurines fell in a series of wailing cries, turning to ashes.

"Harrison has fled!" Franca judged quickly after a glance.

Lumian, holding the Sword of Courage, sprinted up the slope, chasing to the edge of the gray fog.

The fog swayed gently, seemingly indicating that the enemy had just escaped.

Lumian was about to pursue when Franca's voice reached his ears, "Let's switch Sealed Artifacts; mine is almost at its limit."

Lumian, undeterred by the Black Tear's negative effects, immediately threw the Sword of Courage over.

As soon as the iron-black straight sword left his hand, rationality and clarity reclaimed his mind:

Almost forgot that Franca can't leave the gray fog...

If I go out alone, even if I catch up with Harrison, without an external brain and a pre-planned strategy, the Sword of Courage would be my biggest problem...

Franca, though eager to catch Harrison, remained rational enough to quickly analyze the situation and make an accurate judgment...

Once Lumian caught the Black Tear, he immediately placed it back in its isolated space within the Traveler's Bag, then, with Franca's help, stored the Sword of Courage as well.

He then pulled Franca through the gray fog, returning to the slope leading to the ancient burial chamber.

As Lumian used his Hunter tracking abilities to search for Harrison, Franca employed divination methods for clues.

But after leaving the large burial chamber housing the Samaritan Woman's Spring, the visitor from Resurrection Island completely disappeared and managed to thwart their divination.

They stopped at the Krismona Night Pillar on the third level, exchanging glances.

Franca's lake-blue eyes revealed undisguised disappointment and regret. She sighed. "If I had known, I would have called Jenna to ambush him outside the chamber."

Lumian comforted Franca, "Given Harrison's displayed strength, we should be glad Jenna wasn't outside alone. She could have been discovered, attacked, and might not have lasted until we left the Samaritan Woman's Spring."

"That's true..." Franca sighed deeply.

Holding the white candle, she glanced around and translated the two lines of incantation for Lumian.

As Lumian lit a new candle, he pondered aloud, "Steal the secrets of heaven... He tried to steal my Traveler's Bag... Did he sense valuable items and thus saw through my concealment?

"It seems Harrison is more like a Beyonder of the Marauder pathway, yet he clearly uses powers of the Death pathway, and quite powerful ones at that.

"The Marauders we've encountered before, even at Sequence 5 Dream Stealer, didn't show such capabilities, and Harrison obviously lacks godhood... A boost from the Celestial Worthy's mark?"

Franca thoughtfully said, "After the Demoness of Black told me the Primordial One can modify the abilities of different Sequences in the Demoness pathway to some extent, I wrote to Madam Judgment about it. She said it's not only true gods who can do such things; certain Kings of Angels can too. Amon, for instance, once altered the mystical knowledge and some abilities acquired in different Sequences of the Marauder pathway.

"Is Harrison exhibiting the original, full version?"

"That might be a reason, but I think some of his actions just now have surpassed Sequence 5. Even a full version Dream Stealer shouldn't manage that... The Resurrection Island's method of utilizing power and its manifestation differ significantly from the paths of the divine?" Lumian pondered aloud.

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Chapter 862 Help

862 Help

Holding the white candle, Franca thought for a while but couldn't figure out the situation. She walked towards the area outside the Krismona Night Pillar, saying solemnly, "No matter if it's because Resurrection Island has a special way of utilizing and manifesting power, or if Harrison is a Beyonder of the Marauder pathway, using the secrets of heaven to wield the Death pathway's power, or if he belongs to the Death pathway and uses the Celestial Worthy's mark or boons to display stealing abilities, we can't underestimate him. We need to report this immediately."

Lumian walked beside Franca, nodding. "If I don't use Sealed Artifacts, I'm not confident I can beat him. At the very least, I'm not sure I can capture or kill him, and he might also possess a Grade 1 Sealed Artifact."

"Fortunately, we encountered him today. If it were another time, when I was alone, a chance meeting would be much more dangerous." Franca sighed and changed the subject, "Does this mean the followers of the Celestial Worthy are truly involved in Project Vortex? What benefit could they gain?"

"The descent of an evil god?" Lumian speculated based on his knowledge and intelligence. "Or bringing about the apocalypse earlier?"

Franca's expression flickered in the dim candlelight, and she could only let out a long sigh.

Lumian moved forward, kicking away a silent, bony hand that reached out.

He exclaimed with excitement, "This is undoubtedly a very big vortex. We can't just rely on the Major Arcana card holders for help. We need to quickly improve our own strength to avoid being swept up and rendered powerless."

"Exactly," Franca agreed.

Lumian continued to look straight ahead, his voice unwavering, "You need to digest the Affliction potion as soon as possible, and I need to quickly bring Ludwig fully into the team."

Franca was taken aback and couldn't help but glance at Lumian's profile.

She hesitated for a moment, then asked carefully, "Are you saying this out of guilt? There's no need; we can think of other ways."

"Guilt is part of it, but it's not the main reason." Lumian continued forward without much change in expression.

Franca frowned slightly, looking at Lumian, and raised a question she had before meeting Harrison, "Why did you suddenly come to find me today and be so proactive? I thought I would have to endure our awkward relationship until I couldn't take it anymore and had to seek you out."

Lumian chuckled."If I told you Jenna asked me to find you, would you believe it?"

Franca suddenly felt a bit stifled, not even sure why she felt this way or if it was for multiple reasons.

She muttered, "She asked, and you just came?"

Lumian smiled as if talking about something ordinary. "If I absolutely don't want to do something-sans the influence of mystical powers-there's only one person in this world who can force me to do it."

Franca knew who Lumian was referring to and understood what he meant.

The blockage in her heart eased a lot, but recalling certain things made her expression quite complicated. There was anger, bitterness, and a bit of joy.

She clenched her right fist, the one not holding the white candle, and punched Lumian's shoulder with considerable force, "You brat, you gave it away!"

Lumian took the punch stoically, as if he had anticipated it.

They walked in silence for a while. Franca, having adjusted her mood, curiously asked, "Actually, I wanted to ask earlier. Jenna had already found you and expressed her thoughts, and you said the best response was to delay until you became an Iron-blooded Knight. But in that situation, how could you delay? There was no way to delay anymore!"

Lumian glanced at Franca. "Find Anthony. Did you forget we have a Psychiatrist in our team?"

Franca chuckled awkwardly. "How can you discuss such matters with a Psychiatrist teammate you meet every day? It's too awkward! Jenna and I definitely can't talk to Anthony about this."

Lumian ignored Franca's excuse and continued, "With the help of a Psychiatrist, or even a Hypnotist's abilities, the issue could be delayed for a while. But fundamentally, this is an emotional problem, not a psychological or mental issue.

Using a Psychiatrist can delay it, but it can't be postponed forever. It will eventually erupt, so it's better to resolve it sooner."

Franca tersely responded.

After a few more steps, she looked at the darkness ahead and said in a calm but slightly joyful tone, "Do you know why I only punched you once?"

"No," Lumian replied frankly.

Franca smiled, feeling quite gratified.

"Previously, you always gave me a feeling that goals, power, and close relationships were important, but you didn't care much about yourself, as if you didn't matter.

"This time, I originally thought you made all these decisions in that same mindset, but when you said you weren't entirely passive and had your own thoughts, even if just a bit, I was very happy."

Lumian did not respond but did not refute her either.

...

In Trier, Quartier de la Maison d'Opéra, in an underground room.

Anthony met with the Knight of Swords.

The Minor Arcana card holder still wore a white shirt and black vest, his brown hair slightly disheveled, and his eyes looked quite repressed.

At this moment, the Knight of Swords sat at a long table, with several playing cards covering different chairs.

After glancing at what seemed like the aftermath of a card game, Anthony, who had met the Knight of Swords in the Raklev region of the Southern Continent, politely greeted him.

The Knight of Swords responded briefly. After Anthony found a chair without cards in front of it and sat down, he spoke in a low voice, "I need your help with two things. One is to provide psychological treatment for a while to help stabilize my mental state."

"No problem." Anthony nodded gently.

He knew that Madam Justice and Madam Susie were not in Trier recently. It seemed they had left because there were traces of a dragon on the West Midseashire Coast, and a member of the Tamara family's Judgment branch in the Loen Kingdom had surfaced and expressed a desire to cooperate. Both ladies had been away for some time and wouldn't return soon. Among the Minor Arcana card holders in Trier, only he could provide psychological treatment to the Knight of Swords.

Maintaining his repressed state, the Knight of Swords continued, "The second thing is that we discovered some members of the indulgence faction seem to have

brought a significant item to Trier. There are traces of a demigod among them.

"We have confirmed where these indulgence faction members are staying, but without knowing what the item is or if there are other powerful individuals hidden, we don't want to launch a rash attack.

"It's best not to involve the authorities in this. If the item is useful to us but falls into official hands, it would be quite troublesome.

"Every two or three days, a servant from their villa comes out to buy supplies. Of course, there's likely an indulgence faction member watching secretly, whose strength and level are uncertain.

"We will handle distracting the indulgence faction member watching the servant.

You will find an opportunity to hypnotize the servant, ask two or three questions, and then hypnotize him to forget being questioned.

"The questioning time is short, and the risk is high. We can't guarantee your absolute safety, only that your safety will be our top priority.

"You can refuse, but if you agree, we will give you sufficient or exceptionally special compensation."

"Exceptionally special?" Anthony asked, slightly puzzled.

The Knight of Swords, Maric, took a shiny Loen gold pound from his pocket and said in a low voice, "I believe you recognize it."

Anthony immediately remembered the lucky coin Jenna and Ludwig had obtained.

After a moment's thought, he decided, "Alright, I will hypnotize the servant and handle the questioning, but you need to design the questions. I don't know what concerns you."

"Deal." The Knight of Swords showed a slight smile, but his eyes remained repressed.

Anthony looked at him and said, "Shall we start the first psychological treatment now?"

"Okay." The Knight of Swords nodded gently.

Anthony smiled peacefully.

"First, I must clarify that a Psychiatrist is not omnipotent. Sometimes, I can only help you find the right path. Other times, I can only provide some emotional relief, allowing you to view troubling matters more normally.

"Just as restraint is for crucial moments of release, if you never release, I can only help delay it for a while. Eventually, it will be uncontrollable."

...

Two days later, in a bustling market.

Anthony spotted his target, a man with evident Southern Continent ancestry.

Pretending to select fresh meat, he slowly approached the target.

According to the plan, the Knight of Swords and his team would now start distracting the indulgence faction member watching the servant. If they failed, they would use Wraith possession to inform him that today's mission was urgently canceled.

Soon, Anthony reached the target's side.

Suddenly, his eyes brightened as he bent down to pick up a Louis d'or from the ground.

After a moment's hesitation, he asked the servant beside him, "Sir, did you drop this?"

The servant looked over blankly, the gold coin's shine making him squint. At the same time, Anthony's eyes subtly turned vertical, tinged with a light gold hue.

The servant, completely focused on the gold coin, swallowed and said, "Yes, it's mine."

Thus, Anthony completed the hypnosis.

He handed the coin to the servant and asked casually, "What are they doing in the villa, never coming out?"

The servant hesitated, then replied, "They're in an orgy, all together. They're making babies, making babies!"

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Chapter 863 Dancing with the Devil

863 Dancing with the Devil

Making babies? Anthony suddenly had a strong sense of foreboding.

He immediately abandoned the second question preset by the Knight of Swords and straightforwardly asked, "Who is making babies?"

The servant replied, his confusion tinged with fear. "Everyone is! The women are giving birth, and so are the men!"

Men are giving birth too... Anthony felt a shiver run down his spine and nearly used Placate himself.

He took another gold coin from his pocket and smiled at the servant.

"Did you forget you dropped another Louis d'or?"

The servant thought the Louis d'or's shine had entered the other man's eyes.

He assumed the man was trying to bribe him and hastily nodded.

"Yes, yes, I forgot."

As he spoke, the servant's thoughts became fuzzy, as if he heard something but also didn't.

When he came to his senses, he had forgotten what had just happened, and the Louis d'or in his hand was gone.

In an alley two streets away from the market, Anthony saw Maric, the Knight of Swords, reflected in a puddle left by last night's sudden rain.

Before the Knight of Swords could speak, Anthony quickly relayed the information he had gathered and then said, "The indulgence faction only indulges desires, not making babies. That's not their hallmark, right?"

The repression in the Knight of Swords' eyes had lessened slightly. He said gravely, "Followers of the Primordial Moon within the indulgence faction do occasionally, but not to the extent where even men give birth."

Anthony said in a serious tone, "Based on the behavior of those indulgence faction members, their bringing a significant item to Trier, the brewing of Project Vortex, and the fact that its leaders are Brokers who worship an evil god, I suspect that the

Mother Tree of Desire worshiped by the indulgence faction and the Great Mother worshiped by the Nightstalkers have started collaborating on something, which is a crucial part of Project Vortex!"

Since the Knight of Swords had come to Trier, he naturally knew about Project Vortex from his Major Arcana card holder. He replied in a low voice, "Your suspicion is alarming. I will immediately report this to Ma'am Hermit and the higher-ups of our faction. If necessary, we will take decisive action."

Anthony nodded. "It would be best to inform the authorities as well. In Trier, no one is better suited to handle this than them. I need to return to my companions and warn them to be on guard against the coming vortex!"

With that, Anthony was about to leave the alley. "My companion will take you to find the Seven of Wands; it will be faster this way," the Knight of Swords called out to Anthony. "We will give you the promised reward once the situation stabilizes."

The Minor Arcana card holder quickly vanished from the puddle's surface.

He was eager to write to his Major Arcana card holder, The Hermit.

...

In the Quartier de la Cathédrale Commémorative, Apartment 702 on 9 Rue Orosai.

Franca and Jenna were squeezed together on the sofa, comparing the Loen gold pounds in their hands.

"I can feel they are somewhat special, but I don't know what makes them special," Franca said happily.

She then looked up at Lumian, who had taken her spot.

"Mr. Star's reward is this, haha, now you're the only one without one!"

Lumian found it amusing and remarked, "Did you forget about Anthony? And Lugano doesn't have one either."

Jenna glanced at Franca, who was leaning on her, and said thoughtfully, "When I first got the lucky coin, I thought it was a gift, but after you and Ludwig got yours, I began to suspect they might be symbols or tokens. We might all experience something together in the future.

"Lumian is special in many ways; he will get involved sooner or later, and he will get a coin eventually."

"At least he doesn't have one now," Franca said, showing off her lucky coin.

After discussing this for a while, Franca put away her lucky coin and asked Lumian about the serious matter, "How is Ludwig's 'training' going?"

"He follows my orders well now. The next step is to go through some experiences together to build rapport with you all," Lumian thought for a moment. "I'll design tasks accordingly. With a small team, it should take two or three weeks to achieve this."

"I'll probably finish digesting the Affliction potion before your advancement. The main issue now is convincing the Demoness of Black that I can digest it so quickly." In the past few days, Franca's progress in digesting the Affliction potion had advanced significantly, and she estimated she needed only about a week more.

Jenna fell silent for a moment before saying, "My Pleasure potion is fully digested. I just need a couple of days to prepare for the ritual to become a Demoness of Affliction."

"So soon?" Franca exclaimed in surprise.

Jenna looked at Franca with a complex expression but did not answer.

Franca was stunned for a moment, then said, "Oh."

She understood why, which made her feelings even more complicated, with a mix of bitterness, sadness, joy, and smugness.

"I have given Jenna the potion ingredients and the remaining Ice Lemon Fish fillet," Lumian added.

"Okay." Franca quickly adjusted her mindset.

Feeling Jenna leaning against her, smelling her fragrance, and looking at Lumian, who had taken her spot and was mimicking her sitting posture, Franca suddenly felt that the past couple of days had been quite enjoyable and reassuring. Except for occasional pain and sadness, everything was great. Lumian was even expressing his importance to her more actively, though not much.

Since her transmigration, it was the first time Franca had felt this way.

Well, well, let's just say I've built a harem, except... Franca sighed inwardly.

She hoped these times would last longer, and that the vortex and the apocalypse would never come.

At that moment, Lumian turned his head and looked towards the side door of the living room.

Anthony's figure quickly took shape there.

"I have important information," Anthony said directly.

Lumian stood up from the armchair and gestured for Anthony to continue.

Anthony quickly relayed the information he had gathered from the servant and his own speculations.

During this, Jenna and Franca, the two Demonesses, both had a premonition of danger from their spirituality.

Lumian said without hesitation, "I'll inform Madam Magician immediately, then meet up with Ludwig and Lugano and move to a new safe house. We'll wait for instructions from the Major Arcana card holders."

...

Above the endless gray fog, in an ancient and majestic palace.

On either side of a mottled bronze table, figures shrouded in gray fog quickly formed.

There were eight of them.

The seats at the head and foot of the table were empty.

Miss Justice stood up, looked around, and said, "This is an emergency meeting with Mr. Fool's permission."

Madam Magician did not waste time. Once Miss Justice sat down, she immediately asked Mr. Star across from her, "Was it your idea or a hint from the Church of Evernight to send the Two of Cups to fetch water from the Samaritan Woman's Spring?"

Mr. Star sat upright this time.

"It was a revelation I received in a dream."

"A dream... Is the Evernight Goddess reminding us to pay attention to Harrison?

Yes, She should know that Harrison has entered and exited the Samaritan Woman's Spring several times and mastered the pattern..." Madam Magician did not ask further and turned to Ma'am Hermit on her side, "Has Queen Mystic conveyed any information?"

Ma'am Hermit shook her head, then said after recalling, "She hasn't contacted me for a while. I tried to reach her a couple of days ago but received no response..."

As she spoke, Ma'am Hermit suddenly paused, foreseeing a scene.

Then, she saw the gaze of Mr. Hanged Man, Mr. Moon, Mr. Sun, and Madam Judgment all fall on her, their expressions solemn and their eyes full of undisguised vigilance.

...

Tossed high into the air by a storm, then slammed back into the vortex of the sea, the Dawn struggled to maintain its balance, like a toy thrown into the ocean.

There was not a single sailor on its deck; the sails and ropes moved on their own as if controlled by invisible hands.

After a long time, the storm finally subsided, and the Dawn, the flagship of Queen Mystic, soon stabilized.

Ahead, an island covered in dark green, nearly black, giant trees slowly emerged under the blue sky and white clouds.

Wearing a floral shirt and a brown captain's coat, Queen Mystic-Bernadette-stepped out of the cabin and walked to the bow.

Her blue eyes were as deep as the ocean, her straight eyebrows extended gracefully, and her naturally flowing chestnut hair reached her waist. She wore pants and boots for ease of movement.

Empty-handed, Queen Mystic gazed at the island, her eyes darkening, her face expressionless.

As the island drew nearer, another person emerged from the cabin.

This person was also a woman, with black hair and brown eyes, a pretty face, and the typical appearance of a Loenese. She wore a dark robe with many pockets and different flowers embroidered on it, a favorite outfit of ancient merchants.

Overseer Perle!

This evil god worshiper and initiator of Project Vortex appeared on Queen Mystic's ship!

Perle walked to the bow and stood beside Bernadette, also gazing at the island, a clear smile on her face.

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Chapter 864 Center of the Vortex

864 Center of the Vortex

Quartier 14, within the botanical garden, there stood a wooden cabin belonging to the caretaker.

Lumian had prepared this safe house before heading to Morora. He hadn't rented it; instead, he used money to persuade the garden caretaker to vacate the place whenever needed and to pretend he still lived there.

Franca glanced at the lush trees surrounding them, then turned her gaze back to Ludwig, who was sitting at a small wooden table, munching on a donut. She asked with a playful smile, "How about I give you some homework?"

Ludwig looked up quickly, eyeing Franca warily and instinctively scooting back.

Franca laughed immediately, muttering to herself, I feeI an Angel's pain, and my Affliction potion has digested a bit more!

"Why are you bullying a child?" Jenna asked, amused by the scene.

"What child?" Franca explained with a grin, "I had suspected that making Ludwig experience the pain of studying and doing homework might help me digest the potion, but I didn't try it for fear of ruining Lumian's 'training' and making Ludwig want to run away from home. Now, with the vortex possibly approaching, I need to digest as much as I can. Besides, it's not like Ludwig will bond with us that quickly anyway."

Ludwig's brown eyes clearly conveyed one message as he looked at Franca: You Demoness!

Jenna thought carefully and realized Franca's reasoning made sense. Once Lumian completed his advancement and she herself reached the stage of the Demoness of Affliction, this could be one of the ways to digest the potion.

Ludwig's gaze flicked between Franca and Jenna before he spoke in a determined tone, "I will do my best to build rapport with you all!"

"Not bad," Lumian clapped his hands, then said to Franca and Jenna, "You two have the potential to be Conspirers. Now Ludwig doesn't mind teaming up with you."

I didn't expect it to turn out this way... Franca looked around, sensing that Lugano and Anthony's gazes seemed to say, "Look, you've driven the kid to this point."

Lumian tossed a chocolate coin to Ludwig and asked thoughtfully, "After eating that Chef's stomach, you should have recalled quite a bit of knowledge, right?"

Ludwig quickly unwrapped the chocolate and answered honestly, "Yes!"

This training is quite effective... Franca was a little surprised and looked at Lumian with admiration.

Lumian pulled up a chair and asked in a coaxing tone, "Do you know anything about the Broker pathway? What do they mean by 'vortex'?"

Busy with training Ludwig and giving him tasks, Lumian had nearly overlooked that Ludwig was an Angel from beyond the barrier and might know something about the Broker pathway.

After learning about Project Vortex, Lumian had asked Ludwig a similar question before going to Morora, but Ludwig had shaken his head, saying he had no recollection. Now, he had recovered some memories and was much more obedient.

Chewing on the chocolate, Ludwig fell into deep thought.

After a few seconds, he said uncertainly, "It seems to involve more complex transactions, with multiple traders, not just one-on-one deals."

As he spoke, Ludwig took a stack of bread slices from the side and laid them out on the table, representing different traders.

He then pointed to the bread slices and said, "Transactions can occur between any of these groups, or there can be three-way, four-way, or even more parties involved. Connecting the corresponding lines creates a web or a vortex, involving many people."

Lumian understood Ludwig's meaning and pondered, "It seems the transaction between the Mother Tree of Desire and the Great Mother is just one part of the vortex. So where is the center of the vortex?"

...

In the square district, outside a villa where several members of the Rose School of Thought's indulgence faction lived.

Angoulême de Frangois and a group of Purifiers had arrived nearby.

For this mission, he had borrowed a Sealed Artifact from the Inquisition in the market district-his preferred Grade 1 Sealed Artifact, the Sword of the Sun, which was now embedded in the spine of a gray-white humanoid mechanical creation.

Angoulême looked up at the sky, where white clouds floated and the sun wasn't too intense. He glanced around and said, "Squad A, enter with me. Squad B,

ambush underground. Squad C, go to the back door..."

After instructing his team, he spread his arms slightly and said, "Saint Vieve and Saint Plessy are watching us. We will surely be victorious! Praise the Sun!"

"Praise the Sun!" every Purifier responded.

Once the squads were in position, Angoulême, wearing a brown wool coat, moved from stillness to motion and charged towards the villa, with the gray-white humanoid mechanical creation following closely.

For this mission, which might involve a demigod from the Rose School of Thought, Angoulême was not too worried. The Archbishop of Trier, Saint Plessy, and the Guardian Angel of Trier, Saint Vive, were not just watching but were also nearby, ready to purify the evil. The main goal was to force the bloody members of the Rose School of Thought out of hiding. If necessary, They could destroy the entire villa, purifying both the Beyonders and the ordinary people who worshiped evil gods together.

Although Angoulême believed that some of the ordinary people might still have a chance to be saved-some might not be deeply devoted to the Mother Tree of Desire-their rescue depended on ensuring the safety of his team.

As the captain, his primary responsibility was to his subordinates!

Angoulême was the first to rush through the garden and reach the front door of the villa.

Just then, he saw a white, thin mist rising inside, twisting and turning to form faces of agony that seemed almost real on the glass windows and walls.

Angoulême stopped and prepared to summon Light of Holiness to purify the mist.

Suddenly, deep within the thin white mist, in a room on the second floor of the villa, crimson moonlight began to glow.

It quickly outlined a stiff, sluggish, twisted, and blurry figure.

For some reason, upon seeing the crimson figure, Angoulême and his team felt a sense of awe at an ultimate beauty.

They gazed obsessively at the crimson figure slowly approaching the window, completely forgetting their mission.

They heard the cries of babies in their ears.

Along with the cries came a sinister, genderless voice: "You're just in time."

...

In the depths of a primitive island, where the trees suddenly disappeared.

Relying on the help of someone to circumvent her father's "ban," Queen Mystic Bernadette once again saw the black mausoleum built into the hollowed-out mountain.

Most of the mausoleum was part of the mountain itself, with some artificial traces. There were no weeds or vines on its surface. It stood over a hundred meters tall, majestic and grand.

This was where Bernadette's father, the former Emperor of the Intis Empire, Roselle Gustav, who had created an era, lay in eternal rest.

Engraved on the mausoleum's surface were the Civil Code established and promulgated by Roselle, along with his new social customs and inventions.

In his later years, Roselle had forcefully switched from the Mystery Pryer pathway to the Lawyer pathway, attempting to become the Black Emperor of Sequence 0, but had perished during the apotheosis ritual.

This was an intentional outcome because he had suffered severe, hidden corruption after visiting the moon in his later years. He considered using the Black Emperor's characteristics of eternal tombs and undying order to escape the corruption.

However, after his death, the Beyonder characteristics belonging to the Mystery Pryer and Savant pathways would completely separate, and if he were to be resurrected, only the pure Black Emperor characteristics would be summoned back to his body, preventing him from becoming a half-mad entity like the Blood Emperor of the Fourth Epoch who had forcibly switched pathways.

Unfortunately, despite completing the Black Emperor ritual and gaining the rank of a true god, Roselle found that the hidden corruption could not be escaped even in death.

It kept regenerating.

Thus, Roselle, neither fully dead nor truly alive, sealed himself to prevent being completely altered by the corruption.

Bernadette had visited this Black Emperor mausoleum once before, using the abilities of a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact and Mr. Fool's help to further seal and protect her father.

She came today to use the method of multiple corruptions entangling each other to achieve balance, hoping to free her father from his current state and revive him. Afterward, she could wait for Mr. Fool to awaken and perform the best seal on the corruption. This way, even if it wasn't Mr. Fool who awakened but rather The Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings, her father could barely maintain himself through his own balance.

For this, she was willing to push some gray transactions. She had also prepared extensively based on her foresight to prevent the situation from deteriorating.

This time, Bernadette encountered no obstacles or attacks like before and smoothly reached her father's mausoleum.

This confirmed one of the traders the Broker Perle had roped in.

And this trade might involve more than two parties!

"You can now perform the ritual to let the desired corruption enter the mausoleum," Overseer Perle said with a smile to Queen Mystic Bernadette. "But I need the Magic Wishing Lamp as a medium."

0-05, the Magic Wishing Lamp!

Bernadette replied calmly, "That wasn't part of the deal."

Perle sighed with a smile.

"It would make the ritual simpler and more effective.

"But it's okay. The trade you facilitated to bring me here has pleased my master, and I have received a new boon. I can try to complete the ritual on my own with the corresponding items."

As she spoke, Perle spread her arms, her body gradually turning into white mist.

The mist expanded, slowly rotating to form a vortex.

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Chapter 865 The Traders

865 The Traders

As clusters of gray-white crystals were enveloped by the mist and disintegrated, blending into it, Perle's white mist expanded rapidly into a gigantic, peculiar vortex.

Within the vortex, the Overseer's face flickered in and out of view, sometimes distorted, sometimes normal.

She looked up at the sky, her voice becoming ethereal, and spoke using the Words of Order, "Bernadette offers the location of Roselle's mausoleum on the primitive island, the place for the vortex ritual, and some materials in exchange for a gray trade. She requests that the great Uncertain Mist bestow a blessing upon Roselle, bringing balance to the corruption within Him."

As soon as Perle finished speaking, a light appeared within the white vortex.

Within the light was a deep, dark void, at the center of which was a solid, massive planet shrouded in layers of ever-changing white mist.

Suddenly, a wisp of white mist that could envelop the planet detached itself and moved towards the edge of the light, as if encountering an invisible barrier.

That wisp of white mist spread out, becoming intangible, and then, using the power of the ritual, a medium containing the truth, and the cracks in the invisible barrier, it penetrated magically, merging with the white mist that Perle had become, landing on her sometimes grim, sometimes smiling, blurred face.

The two fused into one.

Then, a large part of the white mist that Perle had transformed into separated and flowed like a river towards the black mausoleum built into the hollowed-out mountain, seeping inside continuously.

Queen Mystic Bernadette turned her back on the mausoleum.

Her chestnut hair suddenly parted, and a pair of cold, merciless, transparent eyes grew at the back of her head. Other facial features slowly formed around these eyes, blurring together.

It seemed like another her was emerging.

Through this, Bernadette glimpsed several scenes inside the black mausoleum, confirming that her father, Roselle, was being enveloped by the white mist.

The mist slowly eroded Roselle's body, beginning to distort the constantly regenerating corruption, slowing it down.

Likewise, it distorted the force that rapidly killed the new corruption.

Due to the difference in quantity between the white mist corruption and the original corruption, it would take some time to maintain the ritual to achieve true balance.

At this moment, the mid-morning sun in the blue sky with white clouds suddenly blazed intensely, as if sensing the dangerous gray trade happening on this primitive island.

With the white mist strengthened by the wisp from the light, Perle's face became more blurred and abstract, the corresponding mist expanding to completely envelop the treeless area, though it did not approach Bernadette or the black mausoleum.

One by one, points of light appeared within the mist.

Perle's distorted face turned to one of these points of light and, in an even more ethereal and elusive voice, said, "The great Supernova Dominator agrees to intervene fully, suppressing the barrier so that all true gods in the astral world cannot interfere with the matters inside the barrier..."

Before Perle could finish speaking, a blinding light suddenly emerged within the point of light she was gazing at, bright enough to devour all darkness and blind an Angel.

With this change, the sky was illuminated as if a flashbang had been thrown into a dark room.

Even Perle, protected by the ritual, had to close her eyes.

Neither she nor Queen Mystic Bernadette could see the high sky becoming void, with a transparent barrier full of cracks deep within the void.

Within that void, there was a drawn sun, a gigantic entity shrouded in dense darkness, a terrifying figure surrounded by a storm of lightning, a pair of brass-colored eyes opening within the cracks, a corner filled with wheat, flowers, and springs, and a faint glow presenting vague scenes of civilization...

A massive, heavy, and profound "fireball" crashed heavily onto the invisible barrier with many cracks, exploding with a dazzling light that illuminated the void completely, making the abstract patterns seem nearly transparent.

This didn't cause widespread earthquakes within the barrier; it merely temporarily blinded people.

In the white mist, Perle's face, with closed eyes, continued speaking with the Words of Order, "What He needs in return is for the seal on the ship beneath Port Santa to be broken."

As soon as Perle finished speaking, one of the points of light grew slightly, showing a scene of the deep blue sea.

Finally, the bright light penetrating the barrier became less dazzling, and Perle opened her eyes, looking at the deep blue sea within the point of light. In an ethereal voice, she said, "Topsy of the School of Deliciousness is willing to pay this price..."

As Perle spoke, a terrifying vortex suddenly formed in the deep blue sea.

A monster emerged from the vortex, towering dozens or hundreds of meters high, with a lower body resembling a giant snake covered in shark-like skin with hidden evil patterns. The upper body split into nine necks, each with a different head-some resembling snakes, some like giant sharks, some with wet black wolf heads, some possibly of legendary dragons...

The most bizarre central head appeared human but had only a mouth left, with teeth sharp enough to crush anything.

This head lunged at the invisible force sealing the sea, biting it furiously, while the other heads either devoured the fish in the sea, spewed venom at the seal, or tried to use their abilities to affect the seal...

"What he needs is..." Perle's voice reached Queen Mystic Bernadette's ears through the white mist, "for the Angel of the great Primordial Hunger to return!"

Outside the white mist, Bernadette had conjured an ancient-style spear. This spear had appeared in ancient times and was stained with the blood of a great being, covered in dark red spots and stains, seemingly capable of harming true gods.

Mystical Re-enactment, Spear of Longinus!

Bernadette hurled the spear emitting a destructive aura into the white mist, not targeting Perle but the point of light that had grown larger.

She intended to stop the subsequent gray trades, preventing the vortex from spinning further and causing real harm. After all, she had achieved her goal, and maintaining it for a while longer would suffice!

The Spear of Longinus pierced the white mist, hitting the point of light showing the deep blue sea.

However, it didn't dim or extinguish the point of light, as if it had struck a phantom.

As the ancient spear dissipated, Perle's exaggeratedly smiling face turned towards Bernadette.

"The vortex has formed; unless you kill me, it won't stop.

"And if I die now, Roselle won't achieve true balance, and the broken fragile balance won't be restored."

Bernadette froze.

Perle then looked at another point of light and, in an ethereal voice, said, "Offering help to Topsy of the School of Deliciousness is Mr. Higdon of the Order of All Extinction."

The point of light Perle was gazing at grew slightly, revealing a luxurious room.

In the room, an elderly man with neatly combed graying hair sat quietly on an antique armchair.

He wore a crisp white shirt and black suit with a gray bow tie, his handsome but stern face showing intermittent festering and oozing from exposed skin, with maggots crawling out occasionally.

His deep, magnetic voice reached the white mist and Perle's face: "But I don't know where the target is in Trier."

Perle's twisted smile widened, her gaze shifting to another point of light at an angle above.

That point of light grew, revealing a dimly lit room with closed doors and windows.

Sunlight streamed in through the glass windows, illuminating countless dust particles floating in the air.

Below the dust was an old wooden loom, with a black-haired woman sitting beside it, her hair reaching her waist.

The woman had an ethereal demeanor and delicate features but kept her eyes shut, constantly pulling out her hair and weaving it into the threads on the loom.

Tears of pus-laden blood streamed from her eyes, her left arm severed and fallen to the ground, her skirt covering her empty legs, with a graceful female statue standing behind her. The statue, originally faceless, gradually grew features resembling the woman's.

The hair-threads on the loom shimmered with faint light, containing a wealth of information.

Seemingly hearing Overseer Perle's question, the woman brushed her fingers over several black hair-threads on the loom.

The threads she touched lit up, revealing the corresponding information: "The indulgence faction of the Rose School of Thought brought the Shadow of the Beauty Goddess to Trier, trying to get as close as possible to Fourth Epoch Trier. They did it covertly, avoiding detection by Trier's demigods..."

"The temperance faction of the Church of The Fool discovered the indulgence faction's movements and the presence of an important item early but hesitated to act immediately. They waited for the right moment to complete their investigation, missing the opportunity..."

"Lumian Lee and Ludwig moved to a safe house in District 14's botanical garden in Trier. If he knew how immense this vortex would be, he would have regretted not teleporting directly to the New City of Silver with his companions. But how could he have known?"

These intertwined destinies formed a foreseeable future.

Overseer Perle's ethereal voice echoed in the room, "The founder of the Dreamseekers, Fate's Attendant, Héloise, is responsible for weaving the entire matter, ensuring it progresses smoothly without alerting higher beings. She will also provide the locations of two Angels..."

As Perle spoke, the woman named Héloise plucked a strand of destiny thread representing Lumian and Ludwig moving to the new safe house.

A bit of light jumped out, splitting into three fragments that entered the white mist transformed by Perle and flew in different directions.

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Chapter 866 The Painting

866 The Painting

In Trier, within the botanical garden, inside the wooden house.

Lumian and the others were blinded by the sudden bright light from the sky, unable to open their eyes for a full minute.

Ludwig was the first to recover. He ran to the window and looked out at the plants, as if searching for something.

Lumian was the second to recover. He frowned and said to Franca, Jenna, and Anthony, "Is this the start of the vortex? It's quite a commotion."

"I wonder if it will affect us," Franca said just as a strong sense of danger washed over her.

In such matters, Demonesses always had keen intuition.

Almost simultaneously, Jenna exclaimed, "It will definitely affect us! I have a feeling we can't stay here any longer!"

Lumian paused for a moment, then quickly whispered, "Termiboros, you didn't warn me because what's about to happen is something you want to see?"

As he spoke, Lumian signaled to Franca, Jenna, Anthony, and Lugano to come closer. They each grabbed his arm, shoulder, and vest.

The only one who lacked the tacit understanding was Ludwig.

Lumian looked at the young boy and said sternly, "Do you want to be punished with homework? Get over here!"

Ludwig's face showed fear, and he instinctively turned his body. But the next second, he reluctantly looked back out the window.

He didn't know what he was waiting for; he just felt he should stay here, waiting for something very important.

"Hmm?" Lumian urged again.

Ludwig's expression changed, and he finally couldn't resist the authority of his godfather and his fear of schoolwork and exams. He ran over to Lumian, grabbing his black vest.

Still lacking tacit understanding, the ritual can't be considered complete... Lumian sighed inwardly and activated the black mark on his right shoulder.

He needed to teleport this large group to the New City of Silver, to the headquarters of the Church of The Fool!

Lumian saw layers of dense colors and countless transparent, strange figures, along with the seven pure, bright lights always far overhead.

He was about to travel through the familiar spirit world to the coordinates representing the New City of Silver when his body suddenly felt heavy, pulling him away from this fantastical, mysterious, mad, and illusory world.

Lumian found himself and the others back in the wooden house within the botanical garden, in the same state as when Ludwig had just grabbed his vest.

With his extensive experience, Lumian's eyes narrowed, and he warned his companions, Franca and Jenna, "Circle Inhabitant!"

...

Outside Emperor Roselle's mausoleum on the primitive island, in the area in front of the tomb shrouded in thin white mist.

The three pieces of information that flew out from the point of light where Fate's Attendant Héloise was located landed on three different points of light.

One was where Higdon of the Order of All Extinction was, another seemed to be inside a tunnel under Trier, where a figure holding a carbide lamp, dressed in a black robe, and looking different from those from the Northern and Southern Continents, was the visitor from Easter Island named Harrison.

The third point of light first showed darkness, then outlined a figure. This figure was in his fifties, with a thick head of hair with a hint of white, and clear, deep lake-blue eyes.

He was a man with neatly trimmed facial hair, and his features were well-defined.

Even at his age, he could be considered handsome.

Voisin Sanson!

Circle Inhabitant of the Sinners, Voisin Sanson!

The father of Roche Louise Sanson, the original identity of Aurore, a follower of Inevitability, Voisin Sanson!

As soon as Voisin Sanson, dressed in a black suit, received the information about Lumian, Ludwig, and the others' location, he disappeared into the darkness of the expanding point of light.

Higdon of the Order of All Extinction also quickly left his room, no longer participating in this real-time, complex trade without physical distance.

Overseer Perle showed no surprise at this. With her ethereal voice, she announced the progress of the trade, "Voisin Sanson of the Sinners has obtained crucial information about the recovery of the Inevitability Angel. The corresponding price will be paid by the great Circle of Inevitability.

"Mr. Higdon of the Order of All Extinction has begun his actions. The reward will be given after he completes the recovery of the Angel of Primordial Hunger and provides some assistance to Voisin Sanson, paid by Loki of April Fool's..."

As Perle's words spread, and with the invocation of those honorific names, the area around the white mist grew increasingly dim and uncertain, shadows rising as if a terrifying will was about to descend.

Normally, Perle shouldn't have known or spoken of information regarding great beings, as it would bring extremely terrible and severe consequences. After all, after convincing the gray-leaning Queen Mystic Bernadette with previous events, she had only received a new blessing through a substantial sacrifice, becoming a true Vortex Weaver, but not yet reaching the rank of an Angel.

However, she was currently under the protection of the vortex ritual and had just accepted a wisp of mist transmitted by her faith's truth, the Uncertain Mist, allowing her to remain unaffected. Her understanding of those great beings came from that wisp of mist, previously only contacting corresponding secret organizations and underground cults to reach relatively certain agreements.

At this moment, Bernadette disintegrated herself into strands of information, surging towards Perle's face within the gray mist in a vast torrent.

She hoped to influence the other party in this way, preventing the subsequent trades from progressing but without destroying the current ritual.

Perle's face, composed of mist, suddenly dispersed, disappearing from Bernadette's perception.

The vast torrent of information surged forward, seemingly lost in the white mist, unable to find the true location of the target.

Soon, the torrent of information separated from the white mist and reformed Bernadette's body. Perle's face then reappeared in different parts of the white mist, sometimes smiling, sometimes cursing, sometimes pretending to be friendly, sometimes babbling.

These faces converged inward, once again forming Perle's sometimes distorted, sometimes normal blurred face within the depths of the white mist.

Perle continued speaking with the Words of Order, "Harrison from Easter Island has received information about Lumian Lee's location. After the vortex ritual ends,

he will use the special mirror world to visit Fourth Epoch Trier, paying a special item of the Fate pathway as a reward.

"This is the item Fate's Attendant Madam Héloise wishes to obtain..."

As Perle announced the new trade, a half-body figure that was nearly transparent and quite ethereal grew from Bernadette's back.

This figure looked identical to Bernadette, even in clothing. She held a pale mask with only holes for the eyes, shining with a metallic luster, and quickly put it on.

Pale Death!

Another Grade 0 Sealed Artifact Sealed Artifact owned by Bernadette, Pale Death!

She intended to use this to control Perle.

At that moment, Bernadette's vision blurred suddenly, and the surrounding environment and distances became exceptionally chaotic.

She was passively shifted in position, hearing an unusually familiar deep voice in her ear: "Bernadette..."

...

Outside the Black Emperor's mausoleum, within the increasingly dense and varied white mist.

In an underground location somewhere in Trier, within his corresponding point of light, Harrison took out an item.

It was a thumb-sized, colorful bead with a glass-like texture, exuding a calming aura.

Harrison then threw the bead into the surrounding white mist.

Under Overseer Perle's gaze, the bead passed through Harrison's corresponding point of light, through the dense white mist, and into the point of light where Dreamseeker founder-Héloise-was.

The delicate woman weaving fate caught the colorful, glass-like bead with her remaining right hand.

Her tightly shut eyes suddenly saw a scene: A bald man in a yellow robe with a strange cape sat cross-legged on a bed, a halo of pure light behind his head. Deep within the halo seemed to lead to the unknown, hiding many things.

Héloise put down the bead, pulled out another strand of hair, and completed the last bit of her task.

It was a blessing.

A blessing from fate!

"Project Vortex will be successfully completed."

Héloise's black hair carried this message, woven into the previous threads.

With a swish, a large piece of skin on the right half of Héloise's face was torn off by an invisible force, revealing the bloody, wriggling flesh beneath.

She had not yet become an Angel and could not normally weave such far-reaching fate. She could only forcefully complete it with the goddess's statue, but each weave brought severe damage. Her eyes had gone blind in the process, and her feet, legs, left arm, and fingers had also been broken.

Of course, as long as she did not die on the spot, she could obtain special medicine for treatment through transactions with Brokers.

Overseer Perle's face in the white mist turned her gaze to another point of light.

This point of light showed a scene of an altar inside an ancient castle, surrounded by intact but lifeless bodies, their flesh and bones made into brushes and paints.

A man with long hair, empty eyes, and a frenzied expression had completed the preliminary preparations at the center of the altar.

It was a nearly finished, eerie oil painting, just two strokes away from completion.

The painting depicted an endless, dark starry sky with blood-red circles on the left, resembling a special tunnel or a creature's mouth. On the right, numerous silver-white and black flickered from bone powder, just short of forming a ring.

Overseer Perle's voice resonated.

"The string believer, Mr. Sage of the Fantasy Association, has sacrificed many bestowed and followers and is about to complete a magnificent and outstanding painting!

"Next, we will witness the unveiling of that painting. Mr. Sage's reward will be personally given by the great Uncertain Mist at the end of the vortex ritual, which is also what the great being he believes in wants to see."

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Chapter 867 Exerting Influence

867 Exerting Influence

The man known as Mr. Sage used a brush made of bone and hair, dipped it into the paint made from flesh and blood, and painstakingly applied it to the depths of the blood-red circles.

Perle's ethereal voice sounded once again.

"This is an outstanding painting representing the endless cosmos. Once completed, it will allow two great beings to transmit a bit of Their power into the barrier. Although this cannot be used for targeted attacks or corruption, it can exert more universal influence according to predetermined rules..."

Before Perle could finish speaking, Mr. Sage, with his long hair and vacant eyes, finally pressed the human hair and bone brush onto the predetermined spot.

His right side suddenly melted like a candle, with flesh flowing towards the brush, racing into the depths of the blood-red circles. lt seemed as though it really connected to the endless cosmos, where no matter how much flesh accumulated, it eventually vanished.

Mr. Sage, left with only half a body and half a head, still had not died. He caught the falling brush with his left hand.

On the oil painting, a pin-sized dot appeared in the depths of the blood-red circles.

It was dark, as if a sound was emanating from it.

Perle's face in the white mist announced the results of the trade with the Words of Order, "The great Inextinguishable Ravings has transmitted the First Philosophy, allowing the Immortal Voice to penetrate the barrier in small amounts. These will be received by all who can hear unknown and mystical voices. The higher the Sequence, the greater the impact!

"And some faithful followers of the First Philosophy will, after the vortex ritual is truly over, approach the remnants of the Knowledge Moor in Fourth Epoch Trier with the help of the Mirror People..."

...

Trier, at the real residence of Professor and Associate Professor.

Just recovering from the sudden burst of brilliant light and barely able to see their surroundings, Professor and Associate Professor were worried about the current anomalies. They discussed whether to take the children to the small sacrificial square in the underground catacombs, their expressions changing.

Instinctively, they raised their hands to cover their ears, but their facial muscles still twisted, and the veins on their temples bulged and throbbed.

They heard an indescribable strange sound, causing both physical and mental anguish.

In their pain, Professor and Associate Professor exchanged glances, seeing the confusion in each other's eyes.

This wasn't the voice of the Hidden Sage!

This was an unprecedented situation for Professor and Associate Professor.

Although they occasionally discovered some mysterious sounds while researching Warlock spells and exploring certain special scenarios, aside from the indoctrination by the Hidden Sage, they had never encountered such unannounced sounds. Moreover, even without carefully distinguishing the content of the sounds, they suffered severe effects.

Fortunately, compared to the indoctrination of the Hidden Sage, this seemed more bearable and did not push them to the brink of losing control.

Most Beyonders of the Mystery Pryer pathway, upon hearing these mysterious terrifying sounds, witnessed a phantom light composed of complex information writhing madly like a shedding giant snake in an unknown place.

...

In the basement of the house where the Psychic magazine was located.

Mr. K, wearing a black robe and hood, suddenly stood up from the red-backed chair.

The veins on the back of his exposed hands had turned black, writhing like insects.

"No, no..." Mr. K muttered in pain, "It's not the Lord's voice!"

He suddenly shouted, pulling off his hood and sticking his fingers into his ears.

Mr. K's face had completely twisted, making his original appearance unrecognizable. He continually muttered in a voice filled with more mental agony than physical pain: "It's not the Lord's voice! It's not the Lord's voice!"

Amidst the grating sound, Mr. K used both hands to tear off his ears, the ripped flesh grotesque and terrifying.

It wasn't enough!

Mr. K forcefully inserted his fingers into his ear canals, puncturing his eardrums and clogging his ear passages.

Yet, he still heard the sound.

He prostrated, lying on the ground, and tearfully repented to his Lord.

As he repented, he vomited clumps of blood-stained organs.

Similar to Mr. K, some Angels, Saints, and Oracles of the Aurora Order also suffered intense and painful effects, making it difficult to follow the Lord's commands to stop something.

...

In the Forsaken Land of the Gods.

A majestic mountain range was surrounded by strange light, with dense darkness at its core.

At the edge of the light, various twisted shadows continued to form, rushing madly like moths into the darkness at the center.

The darkness occasionally split open, revealing a gaze from behind the veil.

...

On the bloody altar in the ancient castle, Mr. Sage pressed the human hair and bone brush into a pile of silver-black bone powder made from some unknown substance.

The painter, now only half a body and half a head, twisted the brush forcefully, then raised it, aiming it at the last unfinished part of the "Endless Cosmos" oil painting.

As the brush fell, Mr. Sage's remaining half-body and half-head also began to melt like a candle.

Soon, the brush, carrying the painter, completed the silver-black ring.

Almost simultaneously, the ring became ethereal, as if scratched, and seemed to merge into the air.

Three faint figures appeared on the silver-black ring, constantly changing positions as if eternally chasing each other.

The "Endless Cosmos" oil painting was completed, but Mr. Sage would never see this work.

Overseer Perle's voice sounded once more: "The great Circle of Inevitability has gazed upon this. All external forces attempting to interfere with Project Vortex will inevitably fail, except for the participants themselves."

...

Above the blue sea, in the sky where the strong light had driven away the white clouds.

Madam Magician, dressed in a women's shirt and brown ankle-length skirt, appeared with Miss Justice and Ma'am Hermit.

The latter not only wore her usual glasses but also had layers of dazzling starlight covering her ears.

When the mysterious, terrifying, and unknown sound appeared earlier, Madam Magician had sealed Ma'am Hermit's listening abilities in both the literal and mystical senses.

Although this could not completely isolate the sound's influence, it significantly reduced its effect, allowing Ma'am Hermit to perform basic actions and Warlock spells.

Gazing at the blue sea below, Madam Magician frowned slightly and said, "I clearly pinpointed the island where the Emperor slumbers.

"This is the third failure, a failed wandering...

"Inevitable failure?"

Only Miss Justice, wearing a white dress with golden patterns, could hear The Magician's voice.

Miss Justice was about to relay the question to Ma'am Hermit through mental communication when The Hermit, dressed in a patterned purple robe, foresaw a certain scene.

Enduring the pain, The Hermit used Fairytale Magic to create a brightly colored, somewhat unrealistic ball of yarn in her palm.

Ma'am Hermit threw the yarn forward, watching it roll into the void, leaving only a thread in the air to guide the direction.

In the blink of an eye, the ethereal yarn rolled back from the void to Ma'am Hermit's feet.

...

In Trier, the villa where several members of the Rose School were hiding was enveloped in holy and pure light, forming a slowly shaping golden sun.

There was no shadow or darkness here.

Angoulême de Francois and his team were awakened by Saint Vièvе's attack on the villa.

They immediately received Saint Plessy's order to evacuate the area.

But before they could turn around, they were nearly blinded by the brilliant light exploding from above, their bodies and minds in shock.

When the light subsided, they recovered and ran frantically towards the street away from the villa.

Angoulême was most grateful that the surrounding residents had already been evacuated.

After running for a while, his vision blurred, and his thoughts became hazy.

He found himself and his team back where they had been standing, affecting Saint Vièvе's performance.

...

In Trier, high above the city.

Mr. Hanged Man, Mr. Star, and Mr. Moon's figures quickly appeared.

"We can't find Seven of Wands and Two of Cups, or rather, we can't reach the safe house they're hiding in," said Mr. Hanged Man, dressed as a captain and riding a storm. He quickly understood the situation and spoke to Mr. Star, wearing a white shirt, black coat, and red gloves, and Mr. Moon, dressed in a tailcoat.

Mr. Moon, with his handsome face, crimson eyes, and large bat wings gently flapping behind him, did not respond.

He turned his head, looking towards a place in the plaza district where bright light had erupted, and murmured in confusion, "The Ancestor's summoning?"

Mr. Star, with an elderly voice, said, "It's the influence of the power of Inevitability."

"Yes," said the Madam Judgment in knight's training clothes, emerging from the void. "I sensed the calls of Two of Cups and Seven of Cups, but I can't descend to them."

Mr. Star continued in his elderly voice, "There are only two ways to solve this problem. One is to find the medium allowing the power of Inevitability to seep through and destroy it. The other is to discover flaws in the operation of Inevitability's power and use them to escape the predicament. Of course, this all assumes that the being named Inevitability is only exerting a slight influence

through a medium and has not descended into our world."

"Find the medium..." Madam Judgment murmured, then said, "I'll ask Will for help!"

As she spoke, a diamond on her gemstone bracelet lit up with pure light.

At the same time, worms made of intertwined transparent and opaque segments, seemingly ringed, crawled out of Mr. Star's eye sockets, ears, and nostrils.

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Chapter 868 Confrontation

868 Confrontation

High above Trier, an ancient, mottled, gigantic shadow emerged. It resembled a stone-carved wall clock, divided into twelve segments. Each segment was either gray-white or dark green, intermixed yet distinct, each marked with different symbols.

Clang!

The ethereal chime seemed to traverse through ages, making all of Trier appear frozen in time.

In this brief stasis, transparent and opaque worms with twelve rings crawled frantically, burrowing into various places, seeking patterns to deceive and escape the influence of fate.

Lumian and the others were also momentarily immobilized by the ancient-sounding chime.

Not long ago, upon hearing Lumian mention the term "Circle Inhabitant," Franca and Jenna both took out a tarot card from the Traveler's Bag.

The tarot card depicted an angel sounding a trumpet to guide the departed.

Major Arcana card, Judgment!

Next, the two Demonesses softly chanted in Hermes, "Rain judgment!"

They felt Madam Judgment's response, but it was faint, unable to establish a true connection.

The two Demonesses instantly understood that this botanical garden or the surrounding area of the cabin was under more severe restrictions, not just the influence of the Circle Inhabitant's abilities.

While they sought Madam Judgment's descent, Lumian, Anthony, and Lugano watched as their cabin rapidly decayed and collapsed, like a long-buried tree trunk disintegrating into the soil.

Boom!

A blazing-white fireball shot upward, blasting apart the collapsing ceiling, preventing the rotting wood from touching anyone present.

As the cabin decayed and collapsed, Lumian saw two figures appear several dozen meters ahead.

One figure was slender, of medium height, wearing a crisp white shirt and black suit, with a gray bow tie. His features were sharp and pronounced.

Although he appeared elderly, it was clear he had been quite handsome in his youth. His hair was now graying but meticulously groomed, and his face bore brown age spots that seemed ready to fester and ooze.

The other figure was also dressed formally, in his fifties, with thick blond hair flecked with white, eyes as clear as a lake, and a meticulously trimmed beard.

Despite his age, he was still strikingly handsome.

Seeing the latter figure, Lumian, though prepared, still forced a hoarse voice from his throat. "Voisin Sanson!"

This was the leader of the Sinner's Organization, the father of Aurore's original body, a follower of fate who had brought tragedy to Aurore!

"Sanson, leave those two Demonesses to me," the man with the age spots said, his eyes brightening at the sight of Franca and Jenna, addressing Circle Inhabitant Voisin Sanson.

It wasn't just a lust for beauty, but a deep-seated attraction from more profound factors.

Voisin Sanson gazed at Lumian, chuckling lightly as he responded to his collaborator, "No problem, Higdon."

Lumian suppressed his urge to rush forward for revenge, quickly instructing Ludwig, "You handle the blonde one!"

Last time, Lumian had relied on the residual aura of the Blood Emperor to intimidate Voisin Sanson, causing the Circle Inhabitant's effect in the painting world to shatter, allowing him to escape. This time, the residual aura of the Blood Emperor was sealed by the Underworld Daoist, and having suffered once, Voisin Sanson would surely be on guard.

So, Lumian hoped that Ludwig, with his angelic body and rank, could forcibly break the Circle Inhabitant's influence through brute strength and rank suppression.

lf they didn't break free from the Circle Inhabitant, no matter how much effort he, Franca, Jenna, and the others put in, they would be reset to the current moment, achieving nothing.

Ludwig hesitated, as if saying to Lumian, "Me? Fight that powerful old man? I'm just child!"

On the one hand, Ludwig hadn't expected to be part of a battle, and on the other, he felt he shouldn't fight, believing it best to cooperate with the two elders in front of him and let them take him away.

Vaguely, Lumian heard the chime again, his thoughts briefly blurred.

Franca, Jenna, Anthony, and the opposing Voisin Sanson and Higdon all had similar feelings.

Quickly regaining his composure, Lumian swiftly took out Black Tear from the Traveler's Bag and tossed it to Franca.

From Higdon's tone and attitude toward Voisin Sanson, Lumian believed he must be a Saint, a true demigod. Thus, Franca could only rely on Black Tear to hold off the opponent long enough to break the Circle Inhabitant's effect.

Tossing Black Tear to Franca, Lumian urged Ludwig again, "Go! I'll prepare a grand feast for you later!"

Ludwig hesitated, but his feet remained firmly planted.

At this moment, Voisin Sanson and Higdon, lacking angelic rank, seemed sluggish under some strange influence, not attacking swiftly.

Lumian's voice grew imposing, roaring, "Do you want to be sent back to the Church of Knowledge?"

Ludwig, startled, turned immediately towards Voisin Sanson.

"Don't you enjoy your current life?" Lumian added, based on his understanding of Ludwig.

Ludwig pursed his lips, then stuffed a piece of chocolate into his mouth, sprinting towards Voisin Sanson.

Lumian signaled Franca and Jenna, who had just shaken off the sluggishness.

He meant for Franca to engage Higdon, stalling him, with Jenna assisting Franca but avoiding direct combat.

Franca and Jenna nodded solemnly.

Franca wrapped the Black Tear accessory around her wrist, her figure swiftly disappearing.

Jenna also vanished from sight.

Without hesitation, Lumian retrieved the Devil's Whispers bone ring and slipped it onto his right middle finger.

His body instantly ignited with blue-purple flames, exuding a strong sulfuric scent, and malice surged forth.

He was grateful that he had vented most of his pent-up desires and emotions during this period, feeling much better than when he used the Hisoka relic in Morora.

He then grasped the hilt of the Sword of Courage and drew it from the Traveler's Bag.

Courage filled Lumian's body as he stared at Voisin Sanson, who sought to control Ludwig's insignificant fate, transforming into a long spear of blazing white-blue flame, and hurled it forward.

Revenge! Revenge!

I won't back down!

Before using the Sword of Courage, Lumian had devised a strategy: Franca and Jenna would stall Higdon, while he and Ludwig launched a strong assault on Voisin Sanson, attempting to break the Circle Inhabitant's influence. Anthony would support both sides and act as an external brain.

As for Lugano, he wouldn't participate in the battle, instead finding opportunities to provide healing.

...

Inside the dim "Black Emperor" mausoleum, dark walls surrounded a central black platform.

Atop the platform was a giant chair that appeared to be made of black iron, engraved with complex, twisted patterns. The top of the chair back extended into the shape of a crown.

A massive black shadow sat on the heavy chair, its facial features gradually becoming clear: Blue eyes, a high nose, thin lips, and well-groomed mustache...

The shadow's body also became clearer, seemingly clad in black armor and a luxurious cloak.

Roselle Gustav.

The Intis Emperor who named an era after himself!

He was constantly being reborn and dying, but both processes were distorted and slowed, allowing him to awaken and partially manifest.

Seeing Roselle like this, Bernadette's eyes welled up, and she cried out in both pain and joy, "Dad!"

Roselle's eyes turned blood-red, and his face cracked open to reveal glowing red slits.

But these vanished after another round of death and rebirth.

Regardless of whether he was dying or being reborn, both processes slowed even further.

Roselle looked at his eldest daughter and sighed. "Didn't I tell you never to come back?"

Bernadette, her expression resolute, replied, "Dad, I want to save you!

"I don't dare gamble on whether the one who wakes up is Mr. Fool or The Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings. At the very least, I want to ensure you can stay conscious and stable without Their help."

Queen Mystic paused, her voice heavy before adding, "Moreover, I can't predict when the apocalypse will come or what the outcome will be. I don't want to wait any longer."

Roselle sighed with a hint of relief.

"Silly child...

"Who helped you bypass my restrictions and return here?"

"It was that individual." Bernadette didn't hide anything from her father.

"Adam? The current True Creator?" Roselle wasn't surprised at all.

Bernadette nodded lightly.

Roselle sneered, then looked at Bernadette with a complicated expression.

"You chose to collaborate with the believers of the Uncertain Mist. Do you know how dangerous that is?"

Bernadette was silent for a moment, then said, "It's exploitation.

"The forces capable of balancing your corruption are all outside the barrier.

Among them, only the power of the Uncertain Mist can relatively easily penetrate the barrier and transmit some of it inside.

"I've also made some preparations to prevent the vortex from progressing further.

"I deliberately didn't respond to Cattleya's letter, so she would participate in the Tarot Club. When she is above the gray fog, she will quickly become aware, and with the strength of the Tarot Club and its connections, once the problem is

identified, they can respond effectively...

"I've also predicted some of Perle's trade partners, discovered the movements of the indulgence faction of the Rose School of Thought, and arranged for my subordinates to leak it to the temperance faction...

"I've also foreseen the outcome of this matter, and the situation hasn't deteriorated.

"That individual also hinted at the same."

Roselle shook his head, his tone slightly grave as he said to Bernadette in a teaching manner, "Perhaps the situation hasn't deteriorated because many people have sacrificed themselves.

"To Adam, this might be necessary.

"But what about you?"

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Chapter 869 The Final Lesson

869 The Final Lesson

Trier, inside the botanical garden.

Higdon from the Order of All Extinction saw the two Demonesses disappear. He immediately raised his right hand and scratched at the dark brown age spots on his face.

The spots instantly festered, releasing maggots similar to those that crawl through corpses, oozing a greenish-yellow pus.

The disgusting pus evaporated upon contact with the air, dispersing without a trace.

Jenna had just circled to Higdon's side, ready to assist Franca in launching an attack. Suddenly, she felt a wave of lethargy, as if stricken by a sickness called "laziness."

It felt as if her desires were wilting, showing signs of decay, and as if parts of her brain were beginning to malfunction.

Following her instinct, Jenna immediately used her Mirror Substitution, not waiting for the problem to worsen and trigger it passively.

The sound of two simultaneous cracks echoed. Franca, who had been sneaking up on Higdon under the cover of Invisibility to release the Black Tear plague, reacted the same way.

Their figures first materialized and then quickly transformed into mirrors.

During this process, as Franca and Jenna's Mirror Substitutes were still forming, their internal organs sprouted noticeable tumors, autonomously drawing nutrients. Blood vessels around the heart and within the brain rapidly became fragile.

If the Demonesses used pathogens to control diseases, then Higdon's pathway seemed to represent the pathogens themselves, the very essence of disease.

lf Franca and Jenna hadn't actively triggered their Mirror Substitution, it would have been much more difficult to deal with the actual tissue changes in their bodies. They would need to perform a ritual, praying to the Primordial Demoness or a corresponding Angel to transfer the disease to a designated mirror, or one would need to stick to the target while the other left the area, allowing Lugano to perform surgery combined with the Doctor's abilities for treatment.

Meanwhile, the disease had not yet spread. Voisin Sanson, with his blond hair flecked with white, had already found several manipulable fragments within Ludwig's mercury-like river of fate.

As long as he didn't touch the most critical parts of the Angel's fate, he needn't fear backlash or losing control on the spot.

Similarly, his godhood allowed him to observe most of Ludwig's fate without peering into fragments containing dangerous scenes or knowledge.

Midway through his dash, Ludwig opened his mouth and extended his hand, intending to strip away the Circle Inhabitant's power from his target. At this moment, Voisin Sanson, who had already raised his arm, gently pressed down, magnifying a specific tributary of fate from a distance.

Thud!

Ludwig, the little boy, tripped over a protruding stone and fell flat on his face.

Simultaneously manipulating fate, Voisin Sanson directed his gaze towards Lumian, who had transformed into a blazing white-blue flame spear.

His eyes glowed, instantly emitting two ghostly green beams.

This was a newly contracted ability Voisin Sanson had recently acquired.

The main issue with the Inevitability pathway's Contractee was that the strength of contracted abilities could not surpass the contracted creature's potential. This meant that early-stage contracted abilities were hard to enhance unless the initial contract was with a demigod-level creature, constrained only by one's own spirit and flesh from utilizing the ability to its fullest. This could potentially enhance the contracted ability with each sequence advancement.

Below Sequence 4, without the qualitative factor of godhood, even Sequence 7 or 8 level contracted abilities could participate in Sequence 5 level battles and play significant roles. However, at Sequence 4, facing opponents of the same level, most of these abilities would struggle to be effective, necessitating new suitable contracted creatures.

The ghostly green beams struck the blazing white-blue flame spear directly, giving Lumian no time to dodge.

Yet, the spear contained no trace of Lumian.

As the fiery spear rapidly withered and extinguished, only scattered flames remained within.

As the figures of the two Demonesses reappeared within the cabin's ruins, Lumian, wielding the Sword of Courage, materialized behind Voisin Sanson.

Teleport!

After the Abscessed Hand regained a complete body, Lumian's Spirit World Traversal ability had significantly enhanced!

At this moment, a translucent figure climbed out from Voisin Sanson's back.

The figure resembled Voisin Sanson but was colder and more indifferent.

This was another ability Voisin Sanson had contracted after becoming a Circle Inhabitant, belonging to the domain of death.

He had always guarded against Lumian's teleportation sneak attacks from behind!

Although this would likely trigger the Circle Inhabitant's effect, he still had to guard against the unexpected. Moreover, it could be used as a trap.

As the cold, indifferent Voisin Sanson specter rushed towards him, Lumian's thoughts began to sink, his body cooling. The blazing white-blue flames on the Sword of Courage gradually dimmed.

...

On the primitive island housing the Black Emperor mausoleum, within the thick white fog.

Perle's ever-changing face cast its gaze on three light points.

The next phase was the most crucial part of Project Vortex.

As Perle's face shifted, two of the three light points suddenly expanded.

One revealed a villa shrouded in white fog, permeated with a blood-red figure yet enveloped in divine light; The other was hazy, as if a figure hung suspended in mid-air, wrapped in yellowing bandages, pierced entirely by countless brownish branches, with thorns and rosebushes entwined. Though constantly intertwining, the roses and thorns continuously wilted and fell.

The suspended figure's belly occasionally swelled and deflated, as if new life was stirring within.

Beside the figure stood a massive tree covered in black tar-like substance. Its limbs, serving as branches, sprouted eerie, terrifying hands, with countless bloodshot black and white eyes rolling over its surface.

Another light point had already expanded, revealing a member of the School of Deliciousness, Topsy, devouring an invisible seal over the ocean.

...

Inside the dim Black Emperor mausoleum.

Hearing her father's question, Bernadette remained silent for two seconds before saying, "I will do my best to prevent it."

Roselle looked at his eldest daughter and smiled with a sigh. "Everyone makes mistakes. In my youth, no, even until I was trapped here, afraid to resurrect, I kept making mistakes, doing many wrong things, some even bad. Only when I resided in this mausoleum, occasionally gaining some peace and clarity, did I finally reflect seriously on my past life, realizing some of my choices caused a lot of unnecessary harm. Of course, I also did many right things, many good things."

Seeing Bernadette's expression turn gloomy yet stubborn, Roselle affectionately raised his right hand, pressing down. "Don't blame yourself too much. I'm actually very happy and relieved about your choices and actions. Seeing my little princess willing to defy her long-held principle of 'do as you wish, but do no harm,' willing to risk falling into the abyss to save her old father, makes me genuinely happy and relieved. It shows I didn't love you in vain, that my family life wasn't such a failure!"

The increasingly clear figure stood up from the massive black iron chair.

He descended the platform, walking to Bernadette, opening his arms.

Bernadette, momentarily dazed, felt like a child again, instinctively throwing herself into her father's embrace, feeling that familiar yet no longer warm broad chest.

After a brief hug, Roselle stroked Bernadette's chestnut hair, then walked past her, heading towards the mausoleum's entrance, his figure growing larger.

"Dad?" Bernadette turned, calling out instinctively.

Roselle turned his head, smiling. "The vortex ritual has already begun. Due to the unique characteristics of the Uncertain Mist's pathway, it will be hard to stop the subsequent transactions from proceeding. Even if you want to kill that woman, it's unlikely to be accomplished.

"But it doesn't matter, Dad will handle it."

Bernadette suddenly understood her father's intention. She took a step forward, trying to catch up, but found the distance between them unbridgeable.

Meanwhile, she urgently shouted, "Dad, your corruption isn't balanced yet! If the vortex ritual is disrupted, you won't be able to return to your previous state!"

Roselle stopped at the mausoleum's entrance, smiling at his anxious, panicked, and pained daughter.

Raising his arm, he said with spirited enthusiasm, "I was an emperor for many years, stood at the pinnacle of human power. I faced true gods, fought Angels, had followers willing to die for me.

"I brought the light of civilization to that era. Even after a century of death, countless people still recite my name. I slept with many beautiful women and controlled countless destinies. Even after my downfall, no longer an emperor, my daughter is still willing to sacrifice everything to save me, to revive me!

"What regrets could I possibly have in this life?"

Bernadette heard the finality in her father's tone, her eyes reddening, her voice choking, "Dad!"

She used every ability to close the distance, but it was as insurmountable as the separation of heaven and earth.

Roselle's nearly clear face showed a gentle smile. "Bernadette, do you remember when you were little, and Dad often gave you lessons?"

Tears welled up in Bernadette's eyes, her vision blurring. "I remember. You taught me words, filled my mind with knowledge, told me many, many fairy tales..."

Queen Mystic's face was streaked with glistening tears.

Roselle nodded in satisfaction. "I remember too."

He continued with a slight smile, "Today, Dad will give you one last lesson."

Roselle's expression grew solemn as he looked at Bernadette and declared, "A true gentleman knows what to do and what not to do!"

With that, Roselle turned away, no longer looking at Bernadette.

The Black Emperor mausoleum's doors swung open instantly.

The outside light shone in, illuminating Roselle's giant figure, his black armor, and luxurious cloak.

Bright and radiant.

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Chapter 870 Hidden Trap

870 Hidden Trap

As soon as Franca's figure materialized within the cabin's ruins, she saw Lumian, behind Voisin Sanson, turning pale. His eyes gradually became hollow, and only the Sword of Courage prevented him from turning into a corpse or triggering his Mirror Substitution. Voisin Sanson, despite having his back to Lumian, raised his left hand, and an indescribable radiance quickly gathered within his fist.

Franca knew she couldn't passively wait for the Mirror Substitution to trigger.

Perhaps Voisin Sanson's impending attack could bypass the connection between the substitute and the original, rendering it ineffective.

At their current distance, neither she, Jenna, nor Anthony could awaken Lumian or stop Voisin Sanson in time.

Even if they could, the threat from Higdon was even more imminent and closing in fast!

At this moment, Ludwig was the closest to Lumian and Voisin Sanson. He had just gotten up but still had twenty to thirty meters to cover before reaching them.

In a flash, Franca took a mirror out of her Traveler's Bag and instantly vanished.

Relying on Black Tear, she appeared in the mirror world, traversing a dark, void-like tunnel into the distance.

Meanwhile, Jenna watched as Franca's mirror fell to the ground, her attention shifting to Higdon, who was now only a few steps away. His face, mostly rotting and oozing pus, had reached her.

She felt that all the Demoness spider threads she had released had withered and decayed, losing their effectiveness.

At this moment, everyone except Ludwig experienced a moment of disorientation.

When Lumian, Franca, Jenna, and Anthony regained clarity, they found themselves back inside the cabin-intact and uncollapsed.

Franca felt a surge of joy seeing this.

Her "retreat in the face of battle" wasn't to escape but to trigger the Circle Inhabitant's effect, resetting the battle and freeing Lumian from Voisin Sanson's

secret power and Jenna from Higdon's grip!

Enemy abilities could be used to their advantage!

Finding the trigger point, reverting an adverse situation instantly, meant any dangerous or fatal scenario could be retried. Of course, this was only if they had time to trigger it.

Never thought you could use the enemy's abilities like this... Jenna, momentarily stunned by this realization, saw the cabin decaying and collapsing again, revealing Voisin Sanson and Higdon approaching from a distance.

Lumian wasn't surprised. He had actively triggered the Circle Inhabitant effect back in Cordu Village, seeking a reset.

He quickly reached into the Traveler's Bag, retrieving the Black Tear forehead accessory and tossing it to Franca.

Franca shouted, "Stall!"

She had a plan for the current predicament: delay until circumstances changed!

Since they couldn't break Voisin Sanson's Circle Inhabitant in a short time, they could use it fully. If things went wrong, they could restart, delaying until the authorities in Trier noticed the anomaly or the Tarot Club's Major Arcana card holders found a solution and approached.

As long as the evil gods hadn't fully invaded this world and the apocalypse hadn't arrived prematurely, delaying would surely bring assistance to cleanse the heretics!

After all, this was the capital of Intis, Trier!

Franca thought this and acted accordingly. She caught the Black Tear forehead accessory and threw her Ice Talisman to Jenna.

This way, three people in the group could try to leave the area in different ways to trigger the Circle Inhabitant effect, without worrying about Voisin Sanson and Higdon each locking onto one of them, thus greatly increasing their margin for error.

When Franca suggested this, Lumian was about to retrieve the Sword of Courage, and Ludwig was already instinctively charging towards Voisin Sanson.

Lumian noticed that Voisin Sanson's expression remained unchanged, despite Franca discovering the weakness of the Circle Inhabitant and planning to delay until the end of the Project Vortex.

He suddenly had a thought. Combining his understanding of the Inevitability pathway, he formed an initial judgment: Voisin Sanson couldn't allow the Circle Inhabitant to loop infinitely. He likely set a predetermined end for it. Each reset

would push everyone closer to that conclusion until it became unavoidable.

From the fact that they could retain their memories after the reset, it was clear that the Inevitability power attached to the Circle Inhabitant effect wasn't strong.

This endpoint wasn't far away.

Lumian immediately reminded Franca, "Only one more time!"

In the Inevitability pathway, the number "three" was sacred, with strong mystical symbolism. It represented the past, present, and future, and pointed to the beginning, process, and end. Additionally, the initial number of abilities gained by a Contractee fluctuates around three. Lumian suspected that after three activations of the Circle Inhabitant effect, the fourth reset would lead them directly to the predetermined end, with no way to reverse it.

In other words, three times was the limit, and the fourth would bring the final result. They had already triggered the Circle Inhabitant effect twice.

Franca didn't understand why Lumian was denying her proposal, why he said they could only use the Circle Inhabitant effect one more time. But she knew Lumian understood the Inevitability pathway better than she did; he was the expert in this area, so she should heed his advice.

Thud!

As Ludwig fell again, Higdon, whose age spots had not yet festered, slowly raised his arms.

He clearly remembered the battle from the last loop and chose a different approach this time.

Higdon's aura suddenly weakened, as if he was on the brink of death but not quite there yet.

The age spots on his face festered, and his body emitted a strong smell of decay.

He was quickly covered in a thick, disgusting, greenish-yellow pus.

Higdon then vanished, seemingly disintegrating into countless pathogens.

Seeing this, Lumian gripped the Sword of Courage, and blazing white-blue flames ignited around him.

The flames quickly spread, circling Franca, Jenna, and the others, protecting them in the center.

Meanwhile, Anthony, who had been observing, solemnly reminded his companions, "Higdon feels very similar to the 'Winter is Coming' revolver."

"Winter is Coming?" Franca and Jenna both tensed.

They remembered very clearly that the Winter is Coming revolver had two very powerful abilities: Certain Death and Sure Hit.

The former meant that if hit, even a Saint-level Beyonder would be critically injured and gradually die, while those below demigod level would die instantly unless they had a substitute. The latter meant that unless they used a substitute before the attack or had a special ability, they would be inevitably hit, and the substitute would fail.

If Higdon was indeed as Anthony described and similar to Winter is Coming, the two Demonesses had to be wary of the Sure Hit ability. After all, their physical strength was certainly not comparable to a Hunter of the same sequence. If the substitute failed, even if the attack wasn't Certain Death, it would severely injure them!

Protected by the white-blue flames, Franca raised her guard and came up with a new plan.

She glanced at Lumian, who was ready to charge at Voisin Sanson, and quickly told Anthony, "Work with him! Certain Death!"

Franca meant that, with Lumian and Ludwig distracting Voisin Sanson, they should find an opportunity to use the Certain Death ability of Winter is Coming on the Inevitability believer, to see if it could kill him outright, or if the Certain Death effect would be reset by the Circle Inhabitant ability.

As soon as Voisin Sanson died, the Circle Inhabitant effect would naturally be nullified, removing any hidden dangers!

Just as Franca finished speaking, behind her, a greenish-yellow glow quickly condensed within the white-blue flames, forming Higdon covered in thick, disgusting liquid.

The old man was ignited, but he still lashed out at Franca with his arm like a whip.

Sure Hit!

As Franca's spirituality warning triggered, she immediately used her Mirror Substitution.

Smack!

Her body transformed into a mirror, struck by Higdon's thick arm, quickly darkening and shattering, falling to the ground with no trace of light, as if buried in soil for a hundred years.

As Lumian prepared to charge at Voisin Sanson, he suddenly pulled back and swung the Sword of Courage at Higdon.

Courage could be strategic too!

Lumian wasn't afraid of Higdon; he was just concerned that the enemy would flee too quickly, leaving no time to hit his body, so he feigned an attack on Voisin Sanson.

Boom!

As Ludwig fell again, Higdon's arm, unable to escape, was severed by the explosive and sharp sword. The thick, greenish-yellow liquid covering his body was engulfed by the blazing white-blue flames.

Smack!

The severed arm fell to the ground, wriggling and growing rapidly, turning into another Higdon.

Now, there were two Higdons.

The flames covering them quickly dimmed, decayed, and extinguished!

The two Higdons pounced on Franca and Jenna.

Meanwhile, Voisin Sanson, who had planned to magnify a tributary of Franca's fate to make her substitution fail, suddenly felt a ripple of destiny.

He instantly had an epiphany: No more delays, time is running out!

Voisin Sanson frowned.

He didn't want to do what came next; it would be extremely painful.

Let it be an accumulation for the Sufferer stage... Voisin Sanson raised his right hand, pressing it to his temple, gathering an indescribable radiance.

As the source of the Circle Inhabitant effect, he couldn't trigger a reset by leaving the area; that would mean truly leaving. He had to kill himself!

Seeing this, Franca and the others felt a strong sense of foreboding.

At that moment, the radiance in Voisin Sanson's hand strangely dissipated, as if twisted out of its composition.

Similarly, the two Higdons missed their targets, and Lumian's Sword of Courage struck nothing.

The sky darkened, and a majestic voice echoed in everyone's ears: "People of Intis, your emperor has returned!"

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Chapter 871 The Critical Part

871 The Critical Part

Deep within the primitive island, amid the pervasive white mist, Perle's twisted face saw the gates of the Black Emperor mausoleum swing open.

A giant figure clad in black armor and a magnificent cloak emerged with majesty, with a torrent of white mist flowing between Perle and the figure.

Roselle Gustav... Perle's face instinctively tensed, causing the mist that formed her body to collapse inward slightly.

Roselle didn't spare a glance at the Vortex Weaver. He floated step by step into the air, reaching the edge of an abstract and ethereal strange world, like a rising mountain.

During this process, the sky dimmed, and the remaining clouds twisted as if something had begun to come alive.

Roselle gazed into the distance, raised his arms, and in a grand voice, he proclaimed, "People of Intis, your emperor has returned!"

Suddenly, the clouds above were pushed together by an invisible force, swirling downwards to form another terrifying vortex.

The center of this vortex was Roselle Gustav.

Meanwhile, across Intis, those who still followed the order Roselle had established heard the voice of the returning emperor. Most were bewildered, questioning their ears after the recent burst of intense light, while a few turned pale, unable to believe their suspicions.

To the eastern reaches of the sky, a beam of light flared up, trembling wildly as if striving to cross the vast distance and reach Roselle's embrace, causing various distortions. Behind this beam, three more beams appeared, as if pushed by an invisible force, forced to advance prematurely.

In different parts of the world, some people found themselves back home despite having just left, others saw their bright cathedrals turn dark and silent, and some were habitually drinking milk but didn't notice they were using their nostrils, suffering no harm.

Long-abandoned compulsory education schools strangely lit up, as if filled with students quietly attending classes.

Using his Worms of Time to search for a flaw in Inevitability's watch, Pallez found an exploitable point, but the Worms of Time he sent out disobeyed His commands.

Madam Magician, who was wandering again with Ma'am Hermit and Miss Justice, found herself away from the target location, instead of the sea, and in front of her appeared Madam Judgment and the little boy Will Auceptin holding her hand.

The light dots within the white mist remained largely unaffected, only dimming slightly. Perle, the Vortex Weaver, was first startled, then showed a joyous expression.

She hadn't expected Roselle to step forward, forcibly reviving himself before the ceremony's end to reclaim the Black Emperor's divine throne. Such an outcome was beyond her wildest dreams, and she hadn't even considered having Héloise, the Fate's Attendant, weave it, but this was undoubtedly a good thing for her and the great entity she worshiped, the Uncertain Mist.

The rewards this time will be immense! Perle had just formed this thought when the Uncertain Mist she was linked to through the ritual conveyed an emotion, tightening their connection and thickening the swirling mist.

Perle sharply turned her gaze towards the villa in Trier, towards the twisted blood shadow emerging from the sacred glow and white mist.

In a drifting voice, she spoke, "The payment for the indulgence faction of the Rose School of Thought is the Shadow of the Beauty Goddess, a Sealed Artifact derived from the Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristic of the Moon pathway. The one willing to offer a price for it is Madam Hart of the Nightstalkers."

As Perle's Words of Order echoed, another light dot rapidly expanded.

This light dot revealed a secret chamber, where a vague female statue stood in the center, the walls covered with childlike figures with bird-clawed limbs, and the floor piled with expressionless humans.

At that moment, a figure stood before the statue, her belly swollen, face full and beautiful, with emerald eyes sparkling like gems, and brown hair neatly tied up, wearing a simple and loose white robe-a pregnant woman.

The lady who nurtured a deity!

The twisted blood shadow from the villa in Trier, using the white mist, pierced through the corresponding light dot and appeared beside Perle, then moved towards the light dot where Madam Hart was.

It walked slowly, influenced and twisted by Roselle's resurrection.

"Madam, you may begin." Perle couldn't change the situation of the Shadow of the Beauty Goddess and could only ask Madam Hart of the Nightstalkers to provide

the price in advance.

Hart nodded gently, turned to face the statue in the chamber, and chanted incantations in a low, indistinct voice.

As the incantation neared its end, the childlike figures on the walls became illusory, transforming into beams of light that entered the statue's belly. The dazed humans on the floor exploded one by one, returning as flesh and blood to the great mother.

The female statue gradually took on a crimson glow, transforming into a humanoid crimson moon.

Madam Hart then turned and made a cradling motion towards Emperor Roselle in the air.

She called out in ancient Jotun, "Come back, child of the mother!"

Blood-red moonlight seeped from Roselle's body, leaving him and heading towards the light dot where the female deity statue stood.

These were the pollutants that forced Roselle to seek godhood and death but failed to free himself from.

Now, they were all drawn out, no longer affecting Roselle, no longer attempting to corrupt him.

Roselle's century-old problem was thus effortlessly solved, but his current state required the corruption of the Uncertain Mist to balance the corruption of the Great Mother. Removing either would break the balance!

In the blink of an eye, Roselle was filled with white mist, twisting the speed of passing and the distance between two points, gradually eroding the emperor to completely corrupt him.

Inside the Black Emperor mausoleum, Bernadette saw this and, no longer calm like outside the mausoleum, anxiously shouted, "Adam, where is your promise?"

Roselle remained unaffected by his state change, as if it was within his expectations. He continued to spread his arms, awaiting the return of the Black Emperor's Uniqueness and three Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics.

These were traits unique to the Black Emperor's true deity. Once revived, regardless of who held the Uniqueness and the three Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics, they would forcibly return, merging with him without the need for extra rituals or potions!

Crimson moonlight rose from various parts of the primitive island, coalescing with the pollutants drawn from Roselle into a miniature crimson moon-like object.

Perle's ethereal voice rang out in time, "Madam Hart requested the Great Mother to reclaim the corruption from Roselle Gustav. This corruption will be exchanged for the Shadow of the Beauty Goddess and given to the indulgence faction of the Rose School of Thought..."

Madam Hart caught the miniature crimson moon trying to return to the mother's embrace and pushed it out of her light dot.

The miniature crimson moon entered the white mist created by Perle, slowly flying towards another light dot.

This wasn't the light dot the Shadow of the Beauty Goddess emerged from but one guarded by a peculiar giant tree with a vague figure hanging above it.

The Vortex Weaver, Perle, suppressed her excitement and once again scrutinized the scene of Topsy of the School of Deliciousness destroying the seal in the sea.

In the next second, wisps of thin gray fog seeped from the seabed, cooperating with the hydra-like Topsy.

...

Trier, botanical garden.

Hearing the emperor's return across space, Franca's lake-blue eyes widened in astonishment and confusion, with a hint of uncontrollable joy.

At the same time, her spiritual intuition told her that the order here had been distorted, including the Circle Inhabitant effect.

And wherever there was a distortion, it meant they could escape without triggering the Circle Inhabitant effect!

Where is the distortion? Franca had just this thought when she saw Jenna take out a mirror and quickly perform a Magic Mirror Divination.

Jenna had a similar intuition.

Meanwhile, the two Higdons, ignoring the unusual surroundings, madly attacked Lumian, who wielded the Sword of Courage, unable to focus on the two Demonesses.

Likewise, before Voisin Sanson stood only Ludwig, still short-legged and short-statured, unable to reach him to interfere.

The Circle Inhabitant made a quick decision, pressing his temple, letting the gathered strange light pierce through his head.

In excruciating pain unbearable even for an Ascetic, he was instantly near death.

The Circle Inhabitant effect triggered once more.

Lumian and Anthony's thoughts blurred, and they found themselves back in the intact cabin, before taking out the Sword of Courage and Black Tear forehead accessory.

Franca and Jenna couldn't complete their Magic Mirror Divination in time.

Lumian instinctively took out the Black Tear forehead accessory, intending to throw it to Franca, but upon grasping it, he sensed the mirror world, particularly the special one, feeling the summons of 0-01 from Morora.

Is it possible to sense this way? Not before...

The earlier anomaly distorted the order here and the Circle Inhabitant effect, causing this change? Meaning they could escape through the mirror world without triggering the Circle Inhabitant? Lumian instantly judged.

He acted before Voisin Sanson could commit suicide again and bring the inevitable end, shouting to Franca and the others, "Grab hold of me!"

Time was tight; he couldn't explain and hoped his teammates would trust him.

Despite their doubts, Franca and the others, including Ludwig, grabbed Lumian's body again.

In the next second, Lumian used the Black Tear forehead accessory and the cabin's window to enter the void-dark mirror world, randomly choosing a tunnel to traverse.

As expected, they didn't trigger the Circle Inhabitant effect this time.

As joy surged in Lugano's heart, everything blurred in a topsy-turvy manner, and they found themselves in an almost completely dark world, facing Harrison from Resurrection Island.

Around Harrison were four lit candles and four servings of staple food, including two loaves of bread, Feynapotter noodles and rice, all moldy.

Harrison looked at Lumian with a slight smile. "The Celestial Worthy's Oracle states you carry the key part of this matter. Capturing you will eliminate any surprises."

As Harrison spoke, Voisin Sanson and Higdon appeared in the darkness beside him.

Voisin Sanson also looked at Lumian, smiling. "Didn't you know I escaped from Fourth Epoch Trier through the special mirror world?"

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Chapter 872 Courage

872 Courage

Lumian didn't waste time engaging with Harrison, Voisin Sanson, and the others.

This confirmed that the Mirror People were deeply involved in Project Vortex, and this was indeed the special mirror world, though its specific layer was unknown.

Lumian immediately activated the black mark on his right shoulder. He needed to transport Franca and the others away from this area before Voisin Sanson could use his Circle Inhabitant ability.

This time, his destination was Morora, the City of Exiles!

Since they had already entered the special mirror world and the worst-case scenario had occurred, there was no need to hold back. They could attempt to navigate the hidden dangers here and reach Morora.

If they didn't take risks, facing Voisin Sanson and Higdon, two demigods, plus the strange and special abilities of Harrison, Lumian doubted they had any chance of survival. All of them dying was only a matter of time. It was better to take a gamble and see if they could get through the dangers of the special mirror world and reach Morora.

In Morora, Lumian was the proxy of 0-01. He could borrow significant power, enough to counter a Sequence 4 demigod. If necessary, he could even temporarily exert the strength of Sequence 3. With the cooperation of Franca, Jenna, and the others, and the "help" of Morora's archbishop and hundreds of thousands of residents, they might repel or even kill Voisin Sanson and Higdon.

More importantly, 0-01 repelled the approach of demigods above Sequence 5, likely causing terrifying mutations. The first targets would inevitably be those two Saints!

Lumian used his Spirit World Traversal ability obtained from the Abscessed Hand, leveraging his special connection with 0-01. Holding on to Jenna, Anthony, and the others who hadn't let go, he disappeared from the spot, "transporting" to some deep part of the special mirror world.

Suddenly, he felt the world rejecting him, as if an invisible barrier had appeared ahead.

He was forced out of the Spirit World Traversal state, and several figures simultaneously materialized in a gloomy, dark town ruin.

The path to Morora was blocked.

It seemed the higher powers within the Mirror People did this. Their control over the special mirror world was clearly superior to the Black Tear.

Lumian thought for a moment, seeing that Voisin Sanson and the others hadn't caught up yet. He immediately tossed the Black Tear forehead accessory to Franca, speaking calmly, "You lead them through the mirrors, constantly shifting locations. Wait for a change in the outside world. There has already been a distortion of order; there will surely be similar anomalies soon. When that happens, seize the opportunity to use the mirrors to return to the surface, back to Trier."

"What about you?" Jenna blurted out.

Lumian chuckled. "Of course, I'll stay and play with them.

"If I go with you, they'll definitely chase us relentlessly, giving you no chance to escape the special mirror world. Wouldn't that mean no one could find reinforcements?"

Jenna's eyes reddened, and she was about to say something when Lumian sternly interrupted, "Have you forgotten your brother?"

Jenna's mouth opened slightly, but no words came out.

Lumian nodded and smiled again.

"You need to find Madam Magician and Madam Judgment for me, and provide accurate coordinates.

"Also, you should be able to distract one demigod."

He didn't hold back, smiling at Jenna, Franca, and Anthony.

"If I die, remember to avenge me."

Jenna's vision blurred with tears. She bit her lip, nodded with difficulty, and squeezed out a word from her throat, "Okay..."

She would avenge Lumian just as she avenged her mother!

Lumian turned to Franca, his expression calm. "Everything else is up to you."

Franca's eyes shimmered, her voice hoarse. "Okay."

Lumian put on the Devil's Whispers bone ring again and continued speaking to Franca, Jenna, and the others, "You are not the main target, not even secondary. While shifting locations through the mirrors, if Higdon catches up, leave Ludwig somewhere along the way. Let him hide on his own, which should buy you more

time.

"Do you have any objections?" he asked Ludwig.

Ludwig shook his head, feeling this was something he had hoped for.

He made one request.

"Can you give me more food?"

With his body burning with blue-purple sulfur flames, Lumian tossed some chocolate and cookies over, then spoke to Anthony, "If Higdon keeps chasing, you can separate from the group."

Seeing Anthony about to refuse, Lumian smiled.

"Someone has to stay alive to avenge us.

"The one who lives suffers the most. I believe you understand that."

Anthony cast a Placate spell on himself. "Okay."

Lumian didn't say more and urged them, "Go quickly."

Franca threw the Black Tear back to Lumian. "The Ice Talisman is enough if we're just shifting locations through mirrors. The Black Tear can leverage the power of the special mirror world and should help you last longer."

The Demoness of Affliction's voice choked, feeling the potion digesting rapidly.

Lumian didn't refuse and quickly wrapped the Black Tear around his left wrist.

Franca immediately took out the ice-crystal-like amulet from the Traveler's Bag.

Without hesitation, she gritted her teeth. "Hold on to me."

Jenna looked at Lumian with watery eyes and grabbed Franca's arm. Lugano eagerly moved to Franca's back.

With a flash of icy light, they disappeared, leaving a falling mirror.

Lumian turned his gaze to the three approaching figures.

The enemies were closing in.

Looking at Voisin Sanson, Higdon, and Harrison, with the Black Tear on his left wrist and the Devil's Whispers on his right hand, Lumian drew the Sword of Courage from the Traveler's Bag.

The blue-purple sulfur flames on him immediately turned a bright white with a tinge of green. His back slightly arched.

His eyes deepened in color, locking onto the blonde-haired Voisin Sanson, a clear smile on his face.

He uttered from his throat. "Actually, I've been waiting for you for a long time."

...

Madam Magician, unexpectedly reunited with Madam Judgment and Will Auceptin due to the distortion effect, straightforwardly asked the little boy, "Can you lead us to the medium through which the power of Inevitability is seeping?"

Will Auceptin, chubby-faced and dressed in a child's suit, showed a troubled expression.

"Given the current situation, anyone not involved in Project Vortex will be influenced by the power of Inevitability, leading to inevitable failure. If I use that die, I might still be able to help you find the target, but it will drain all my accumulated luck. When I get home, I might see Ouroboros waiting for me.

"Do you have any special items that can save my luck or replace the die? I think you should."

Hearing the archangel of Fate say "should," The Magician, Justice, and Hermit began to examine their possessions-the latter understanding Will's words through Miss Justice's mental communication.

Suddenly, Ma'am Hermit remembered something and produced an iron cigar case from somewhere.

"This was given to me by Queen Mystic. She said she foresaw that this item would provide critical help in the future."

Madam Magician glanced at it and murmured, "It carries the aura of Mr. Fool."

Hearing this, Miss Justice made many connections.

She sought confirmation, "Did the Celestial Worthy send subordinates to participate in Project Vortex?"

"Yes," Madam Magician vaguely understood what Miss Justice meant.

Receiving confirmation, Miss Justice smiled. "The Celestial Worthy participating in Project Vortex means Mr. Fool is involved too, doesn't it? So..."

She looked at the iron cigar case in Ma'am Hermit's hand, her voice synchronously echoing in the mind of the Major Arcana card holder.

Ma'am Hermit immediately handed the item to Will.

Will smiled broadly. "It will do!"

The boy then addressed Madam Magician and Miss Justice, "I'll lead the way."

Though leading, Will closed His eyes.

Starlight sprinkled down as Madam Magician led everyone present, following Will's intuition to begin wandering.

...

Deep within the primitive island, amid the pervasive white mist.

Vortex Weaver Perle occasionally glanced at the slowly approaching Shadow of the Beauty Goddess and the miniature crimson moon-like corruption, sometimes at the loosening seal in the waters near Port Santa under coordinated efforts, and sometimes upward at the towering figure of Roselle Gustav in mid-air.

The four beams of light on the horizon, one after another, drew closer.

Perle anticipated that Roselle would perfectly resurrect and return as the Black Emperor. In that case, the great Uncertain Mist would reclaim one of His possessions and have a Sequence 0 true deity as a puppet.

According to Perle's original plan, the end of the vortex ritual and the completion of the transaction between the Nightstalkers and the Rose School of Thought would allow the great Uncertain Mist to thoroughly corrupt Roselle Gustav. Only then could the deceased Black Emperor be driven to resurrect. At that time, with all transactions concluded and no other forces providing assistance, the resurrection of the Black Emperor would face numerous obstructions, necessitating another vortex.

But now, Roselle Gustav had walked out of the Black Emperor's mausoleum himself, choosing to resurrect before the vortex ritual ended!

In midair, the first beam finally landed on Roselle, who was in the strange and abstract world, followed by the other three.

An indescribable light suddenly burst forth.

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Chapter 873 The Predestined Battle

873 The Predestined Battle

In the special mirror world, seeing that only Lumian was ahead, Higdon immediately looked towards Voisin Sanson.

Voisin Sanson took off a ring that looked like it was made of glass and tossed it to the demigod of the Order of All Extinction.

Harrison, standing to the side, spoke in somewhat awkward Intisian, "This world will guide you."

At this moment, Lumian, engulfed in blazing white-blue flames, charged forward with the Sword of Courage in hand.

After catching the glass-like ring, Higdon immediately activated it.

In this almost completely dark town ruin, as if covered by something from above, various mirror-like objects suddenly lit up. Higdon's figure was then enveloped in a transparent light and thrown into one of the mirrors, chasing after Ludwig and the others.

Lumian had only taken a few steps before he suddenly disappeared from the spot.

Behind Voisin Sanson, a ball of blazing white-blue flame quickly appeared, expanding rapidly and forming into a burning figure wielding a giant flaming sword.

The Circle Inhabitant was not surprised. A semi-transparent figure resembling him but colder and more indifferent emerged from behind him.

This was Voisin Sanson's new contract ability, "Death's Summon!"

The blazing white-blue figure quickly dimmed as the semi-transparent upper body approached, extinguishing the flames one by one.

However, Lumian himself was not within this figure.

At Voisin Sanson's feet, the shadows cast by the flames came to life eerily, transforming into a sticky black liquid that seemed to condense from the darkest desires and emotions of the human heart, surging upwards.

It first wrapped around Voisin Sanson's legs, then quickly spread to his torso.

Desire Incarnation!

Lumian's previous attack from behind was merely a distraction for Voisin Sanson.

The real killing move was the Desire Incarnation from the Devil's Whispers bone ring. This allowed the various chaotic corruptions and seals within him to play a significant role in battle.

So, when he teleported behind Voisin Sanson, he used the flaming figure he had created as a cover, turned into a shadow creature, and slipped into the shadows under the target's feet, activating the Devil's Whispers bone ring from Hisoka.

As for the other enemy present, the courageous Lumian did not pay him any mind.

Before drawing the Sword of Courage, he had already planned his battle strategy: With Ludwig, Franca and the others should be able to divert Higdon.

Lumian only needed to deal with Voisin Sanson and Harrison. Though Harrison was not a demigod and lacked godhood, his abilities were strange and varied, making it just as difficult to kill him quickly as to severely injure Voisin Sanson.

Thus, the primary target had to be the Circle Inhabitant Voisin Sanson. Lumian would rely on the quicker and more frequently usable Spirit World Traversal to constantly flash around, avoiding being caught by Harrison, who might steal his items or crucial abilities.

During this process, the mystical plague from the Black Tear forehead accessory would naturally spread, covering the area. Lumian believed it would be highly effective against Harrison's Paper Figurine Substitutes. Harrison might use the Paper Figurine Substitutes to avoid the occult diseases, but as long as he stayed on the battlefield, he would continue to be infected. The Paper Figurine Substitutes would eventually be exhausted, and over time, the damage rate would increase dramatically.

Just as the sticky black liquid covered Voisin Sanson, his body suddenly became blurry.

Lumian's mind fogged momentarily, and by the time he cleared up, Voisin Sanson had already put several meters between them, showing no signs of the Desire Incarnation's terrifying corruption affecting him.

This was another application of the Circle Inhabitant's ability.

This time, Voisin Sanson hadn't included the entire town ruin in the Circle Inhabitant effect, only treating his own body. Just like Lumian resetting his physical and spiritual state every morning at six o'clock, Voisin Sanson's trigger was Set to near-death or when suffering a fatal attack.

The Desire Incarnation attack had triggered the Circle Inhabitant effect, allowing Voisin Sanson to recover and use the brief moment of Lumian's distraction to

create distance. Otherwise, he would have continued to be engulfed by the sticky black liquid.

Next, a ghostly green light condensed in Voisin Sanson's eyes and shot towards the recovering black liquid.

Lumian didn't have time to teleport and could only swiftly animate his shadow, swapping places with it.

As soon as the beam appeared, it hit the shadow, causing it to disintegrate instantly with no room for struggle.

Almost simultaneously, Voisin Sanson extended his right hand.

His eyes were dyed with a silver-black hue, reflecting a silently flowing mercury river.

This was the River of Fate, belonging to Lumian.

Voisin Sanson, the Circle Inhabitant, intended to exchange a segment of Lumian's fate.

After dodging the green beam, Lumian fearlessly teleported to Voisin Sanson's side once more.

Heh, trying Fate Exchange?

No problem!

As long as I knock you into a reset, your attempt will fail!

Lumian raised the iron-black straight sword, blazing with white-blue flames, and slashed heavily at Voisin Sanson.

Cull!

At that moment, Harrison finally found an opportunity. He reached out his right hand and lightly grabbed, Stealing this attack.

Blazing white-blue flames appeared on his body, and a giant flaming sword formed in his hand.

Bang!

From over ten meters away, Harrison slashed the flaming giant sword at Lumian, producing a fierce explosion.

Lumian, undaunted, turned to face the roaring flames and swung the Sword of Courage once more.

Another Cull!

Rumble!

The white-blue flames and the terrifying shockwave clashed, the violent windstorm wreaking havoc in the ruins, lifting stones and igniting wood.

Harrison was engulfed by the returning flaming windstorm, his body quickly degenerating into a sinister paper figurine with drawn features.

This paper figurine's surface was marked with red and yellow rust, which quickly burned to ash in the white-blue flames.

As Harrison's figure reappeared at the edge of the storm, Lumian, with his enhanced physique from 0-01 and the Sword of Courage absorbing damage, did not retreat a single step and locked onto Voisin Sanson again.

His eyes turned iron-black, searching for the weak point on Voisin Sanson.

He raised the Sword of Courage once more, conjuring several white-blue Fire Ravens behind him.

At this moment, thanks to Harrison's delay, Voisin Sanson completed all the prerequisites for the Fate Exchange. Soon, he would just wait for the time to pass and welcome the final outcome. If Lumian hadn't possessed a false Angel rank, Voisin Sanson could have started the exchange directly after choosing the desired segment from the River of Destiny without taking extra time.

Bang!

Lumian slashed the Sword of Courage down on Voisin Sanson's head, and the white-blue Fire Ravens circled, covering the surrounding area.

You can use the Circle Inhabitant ability to restore your state, but I can target you with area attacks and delayed assaults right after you recover!

A few more resets, and you will reach your inevitable end!

Boom!

Voisin Sanson's body blurred again, causing Lumian's thoughts to become hazy.

Using the Circle Inhabitant effect, Voisin Sanson recovered from the damage caused by the Sword of Courage. However, the white-blue Fire Ravens continued to follow their predetermined paths, landing in different spots.

Suddenly, Voisin Sanson's figure vanished from the spot.

As the crows exploded one after another, the Circle Inhabitant's figure reappeared about forty meters away.

You may be able to teleport, but I also have teleportation from my contract!

Lumian's figure quickly appeared beside Voisin Sanson, relentlessly pursuing him.

His eyes turned silver-black, reflecting Voisin Sanson's mercurial River of Fate.

He extended his left hand, pushing the illusory River of Destiny towards the tributary where Voisin Sanson couldn't escape the subsequent attacks, while slashing with the Sword of Courage, creating more white-blue fireballs.

Had he found the right choice, Lumian would have used Compelling Fate to directly disrupt Voisin Sanson's Circle Inhabitant effect.

Rumble!

Lumian's spirituality was drained by the continuous attacks, forcing him to urgently release the accumulated spirituality. Voisin Sanson was hit by the Sword of Courage and, after recovering, couldn't teleport away in time, suffering from the barrage of white-blue fireballs.

The Circle Inhabitant effect triggered for the fourth time.

Voisin Sanson recovered and teleported to another location.

However, the Fate Exchange did not stop, as only Voisin Sanson's body and spirituality were included in the Circle Inhabitant effect, not his fate or actions.

This was similar to Lumian's daily reset at six o'clock, which didn't undo previous actions or invalidate their results.

Lumian relentlessly pursued Voisin Sanson, blinking to his side again.

Voisin Sanson no longer chose to resist head-on. He used his contracted teleportation ability to change his position.

On the other side, Harrison had reverted to a thin, sinister paper figurine, sensing an impending infection.

Lumian continued chasing Voisin Sanson and overtook him with the time gap between teleportation and speed, finding two more opportunities to attack.

However, Voisin Sanson either used special abilities to neutralize the attacks or triggered the Circle Inhabitant effect.

Voisin Sanson's Circle Inhabitant seemed far from reaching its predetermined conclusion.

Even with the Sword of Courage, Lumian felt a certain level of despair-knowing that the Fate Exchange would lead to a very bad outcome, having opportunities to attack the enemy, but unable to stop the exchange and change the impending result.

This might be the meaning of inevitability.

Perhaps a Fate Appropriator needed a Circle Inhabitant to unleash its true horror.

Despair was fleeting; courage once again took hold of Lumian.

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Chapter 874 Unsealing

874 Unsealing

After a while, Voisin Sanson stopped passively waiting for the fate exchange to complete and began actively using various strange abilities, suppressing Lumian's attacks.

On the other side, Harrison increasingly relied on his Paper Figurine Substitutes to avoid the mystical plague spreading through the ruins of the town.

He had little time left to interfere with Lumian and kept trying to remove the densely packed mythical pathogens in the air with various methods he could think of, but to little avail.

Lumian felt the fate exchange nearing completion. Although he wasn't afraid, he decided to take a gamble.

Mimicking the Beyonders of a Warrior, he unleashed a Hurricane of Light, holding the Sword of Courage upside down and stabbing it forcefully into the ground.

With him and the Sword of Courage at the center, blazing white-blue fireballs spread layer upon layer, covering the ruins of the town.

Rumble!

Explosions erupted one after another, destroying the already crumbling ancient buildings and igniting every corner of the ruins.

Harrison used his Paper Figurine Substitute again. As he was always on the edge of the town ruins, his figure reappeared in the dark tunnel they had pursued through earlier.

Voisin Sanson, who was closer to Lumian, was inevitably affected. His attempt to teleport was interrupted by the violent shockwave.

His body caught fire again, but the injuries were not fatal. With the resilience of an Ascetic, he only instinctively twisted his face in pain.

Seizing this opportunity, Lumian teleported in front of Voisin Sanson.

Voisin Sanson's eyes immediately filled with ghostly green light.

Almost simultaneously, Lumian, anticipating Voisin Sanson's habit and method of using the terrifying beam, half-turned the Sword of Courage, holding it

horizontally in front of his chest.

The ghostly green beam, upon completion, shot towards Lumian at unavoidable speed, striking the Sword of Courage. The blazing white-blue flames on its iron-black blade were instantly extinguished, and its metallic luster dimmed significantly.

Successfully blocking Voisin Sanson's beam, Lumian released his left hand, aiming to deliver a fatal blow.

He sensed that Voisin Sanson's current Circle Inhabitant cycle was nearing its end. Perhaps two or three more triggers would lead to the inevitable conclusion, possibly even death.

At this moment, Lumian's hair stood on end, his mind nearly blank.

The negative effects of the Black Tear forehead accessory manifested.

If not for the Sword of Courage sharing the burden, he would have been utterly overwhelmed by Pleasure, rather than just briefly dazed.

Taking advantage of this moment of distraction, Voisin Sanson teleported away from the emptied ruins but did not extend the distance beyond the Fate Exchange limit.

Lumian quickly regained his senses and prepared to pursue Voisin Sanson.

Suddenly, his thoughts slowed, becoming sluggish as if he had been rapidly frozen.

His body became rigid, and even moving a finger was extremely difficult.

The fate exchange had completed.

Clang! The Sword of Courage fell to the ground, as Lumian no longer had the strength to hold it.

Lumian slowly collapsed to the ground, his eyes vacant, his expression blank, leaning against a pile of rubble.

No longer controlled by Courage, he instinctively tried to activate the Blood Emperor's residual mark on his right palm, hoping the rampant frenzy might help him break free from his current state, but he couldn't manage it.

His ability to think coherently was rapidly slipping away.

This was the outcome Voisin Sanson had wanted from the Fate Exchange.

Voisin Sanson smiled, teleporting back to Lumian, and whispered, "If not for your false Angel rank, the fate exchange would have been completed long ago.

"You probably don't know that the maximum limit for the Circle Inhabitant's cycles is nine. You're still several cycles short of dealing real damage to me.

"You're not truly a demigod. There's a fundamental difference between you and someone with godhood."

As Voisin Sanson spoke, he pulled out an incomplete ritual sheepskin, just large enough to cover a head, intending to turn Lumian into a sheep and completely control him.

In the next second, Lumian felt the stiffness in his body and the sluggishness of his thoughts easing, their effects seemingly distorted.

Opportunity! Lumian immediately tried to activate the black mark on his right shoulder, hoping to teleport out of the special mirror world.

Voisin Sanson's face changed, then he activated a contract mark, shouting in a deep voice, "Lumian Lee!"

As Lumian's figure was still fading away, his mind buzzed, his head spinning, making it difficult to maintain the teleportation effect.

Voisin Sanson then placed the sheepskin over Lumian's head, chanting in Hermes, "Sheep!"

A flash of dark light transformed Lumian into a grayish-white sheep.

Most of his abilities were sealed, and the earlier state of sluggish thoughts and stiff body returned, preventing him from using the Black Tear forehead accessory or the Devil's Whispers bone ring.

Seeing this, Voisin Sanson felt the weakness and spirituality exhaustion in his own body but believed he could endure the mystical plague for a while longer, waiting for the Circle Inhabitant effect to passively activate.

A sinister paper figurine with drawn features entered the still-burning ruins from the tunnel, its surface accumulating rust at a visible rate.

It looked at Lumian and spoke in Harrison's voice, "Your companions don't seem to have escaped either."

As he spoke, the paper figurine made a gesture, and the edges of the dark world illuminated by the flames began to turn transparent, revealing the states of Franca and the others-not through Harrison's magic, but through the Mirror People watching in the shadows.

In the mirror-like scene, Franca led the others, except Ludwia, trying to traverse out of the special mirror world.

Above them, a figure in a black dress and gold crown appeared.

Surrounded by white mist, a light seemed to emanate from in front of her.

She glanced down, causing Franca and the others to fall back into the area they had just left, unable to escape the special mirror world.

Higdon, having split into two and covered in green-yellow slime, blocked Franca and the others' escape route in the scene.

After using it three more times, Franca's Ice Talisman only had one Mirror Traversal left.

She did not attempt to flee again. She pulled out a set of silver-white full-body armor from the Traveler's Bag and placed it in front of herself. Anthony also drew the Winter is Coming revolver.

In another scene, another Higdon was searching for Ludwig.

Seeing this, the increasingly ragged paper figurine of Harrison spoke to Lumian with a laugh, "Your companions will likely all die before you. Their Mirror Substitutes aren't as numerous as my paper figurines. You still have time to mourn them.

"Actually, you've done quite well. If it weren't for me and Higdon, your team might have been able to escape or even win against Voisin Sanson on their own."

With double control over him, Lumian had almost no ability to think deeply, leaving only his emotions to resonate.

His heart was ablaze with anger, indignation, and hatred, filling the sheep's eyes with bloodshot rage.

Voisin Sanson turned to Harrison's paper figurine and asked, "Can I kill him now to bring back Lord Termiboros?"

Harrison's paper figurine shook its head slowly, "The Celestial Worthy's revelation is to imprison."

Voisin Sanson thought for a moment and said, "Indeed, killing this trash might trigger unforeseen changes due to the high-level powers within him, potentially affecting the entire Project Vortex.

"Can I attempt to unseal his chest and bring back Lord Termiboros?"

Harrison's paper figurine paused for two seconds and said, "Yes."

This did not violate the Celestial Worthy's revelation.

Voisin Sanson smiled and said, "I'll need you to use that Celestial Worthy's boon for the final part. Otherwise, I'd have to bring Lumian Lee to the brink of death to unseal him, which is too risky."

The method to unseal Lumian Lee's The Fool seal wasn't devised by Voisin Sanson himself but given through a ritual by the great Circle of Inevitability.

"Okay." Harrison agreed.

Voisin Sanson immediately took out a black metal box and opened it.

Inside were thumb-sized mercury beads, their surfaces tinged with black and inscribed with complex, fear-inducing patterns and symbols.

Voisin Sanson's voice became low and his words eerily ethereal.

The black-tinged mercury beads floated up, spinning rapidly in mid-air, forming a continuous river.

With barely any coherent thoughts, Lumian heard Voisin Sanson and Harrison's conversation and saw the scene unfold but felt no despair or regret.

At this point, despair and regret were meaningless.

Lumian was only filled with anger, indignation, and hatred. The sheep's eyes bulged with fury.

Son of a sow!

Within ten to twenty seconds, Voisin Sanson completed his chant, sending the silver-black river towards Lumian's chest.

In the tunnel, Harrison had lit four candles and placed four pieces of bread in front of each, reciting incantations while taking special footsteps and gestures.

Lumian quickly fell into a dark state, his thoughts gradually clearing.

But before he could form any other thoughts, his chest grew hot, the familiar heat rapidly dissipating, turning cold.

In an instant, silver-black light beams burst from his body, weaving together in front of him to form a figure.

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Chapter 875 Response

875 Response

Madam Magician and the other Major Arcana card holders were again affected by the distortion of order, abruptly emerging from their starry roaming state and floating in midair.

What met their eyes was an unusually bloody altar and countless mutilated corpses.

On the altar, there was also an oil painting depicting a strange cosmos.

Ma'am Hermit, whose hearing was sealed, had a twisted expression and whispered with difficulty, "It's here, it's that painting..."

She felt the terrifying voice influencing her growing louder, originating from that oil painting!

"It really works..." The Magician cast her gaze towards the boy, Will Auceptin, who was holding the iron cigar case. It was unclear whether the praise was for the item imbued with Mr. Fool's aura or the luck she had always envied.

The boy, Will, shrugged and said, "I didn't expect it to be this effective either."

As he spoke, Ma'am Hermit forced an ancient spear stained with mottled blood into existence, sending it with destructive intent towards the painting.

But the Spear of Longinus, born of Fairytale Magic, disintegrated into points of light before it could reach the altar.

In Madam Magician's eyes, brilliant starlight shone.

Around the altar, faint glows outlined a pair of dreamlike doors, attempting to transfer the painting along with the altar outside the barrier, into the deep, dark cosmos.

However, the starlight doors remained motionless, unable to open.

"Those who are not participants in the vortex ritual cannot affect the painting," Miss Justice said, eying the iron cigar case in Will's hand, eager to take it and use it as a medium to showcase her physical strength and see if she could damage the painting.

Madam Judgment took the lead, receiving the iron cigar case from Will and holding it in her hand, making it part of her fist.

Immediately, the Major Arcana card holder shouted in ancient Hermes, "Execution!"

Accompanied by this command, Judgment swung her right fist, the iron cigar case gripped in her hand.

Bang!

The altar dented slightly, but the painting showed no obvious signs of damage.

"There's some effect, but not much," Madam Magician accurately assessed.

She took the iron cigar case and tried various abilities herself, but could only cause minor damage to the painting, unable to shake its core effect, as they were not participants in the vortex ritual and could only influence it through the medium-the iron cigar case-which lacked destructive power.

Watching the painting still affecting her and many high-level individuals, Ma'am Hermit could not help but feel anxious.

...

Deep in the primitive island, in the dense white mist before the Black Emperor mausoleum.

As the four beams of light merged into Roselle's body in midair, Perle's face was suddenly stretched wide, presenting a comical yet terrifying appearance. The blood-red figure and the miniature crimson moon in the mist retreated strangely, as if going in the wrong direction.

From the light point where the Shadow of the Beauty Goddess emerged, the white mist, which had been nearly purified by the holy pillar, filled again. Saint Viève in midair and the Purifiers outside the villa, including Angoulême, felt an impending collapse of the current order.

The lightless domain instantly twisted, with some darkness seeping in, forming a shadowed side.

Discovering the presence of the Shadow of the Beauty Goddess, Mr. Moon was about to turn into crimson moonlight and illuminate the white mist but found himself rushing into the sky. The Worms of Time split by Pallez, just deciding to return, assess the situation, and unite in deception, got lost in life's path.

Mr. Hanged Man, riding the gale, suddenly plummeted, nearly losing his flying ability and falling to the ground.

As distortion phenomena appeared to varying degrees worldwide, at the core of the vortex ritual, Perle struggled to raise her head and look up.

At the edge of the abstract, fantastical world, Roselle's figure, clad in black armor and a luxurious cape, grew larger and clearer, with a crown set with dark gems forming swiftly atop his head.

The surrounding white mist mostly invaded His body, distorting His face, with His eyes a deep blue almost black, a slow-expanding mist.

The Black Emperor had revived in the astral world.

Roselle lowered His head slightly, gazing down, focusing on the white mist before His mausoleum, the torrent connecting Him and the mist, and the face of Perle in the depths of the mist, exuding majesty and depth.

The next moment, the Black Emperor raised His right hand, forming a fist, and gently twisted His wrist.

Distortion!

He forcefully completed a distortion using His authority, the Black Emperor pathway, the special connection with the Uncertain Mist, and the corruption deeply eroding His body and soul, relying on the invisible barrier blocking the Outer Deities.

Perle, deep in the white mist, briefly lost focus, then discovered in shock that the great Uncertain Mist was no longer closely connected with her through the vortex ritual but had shifted to the Black Emperor.

Her object of faith, her ritual foundation, had all been Distorted to Emperor Roselle!

After her initial confusion, Perle quickly felt a surge of fear and despair.

Not only her, but all the Uncertain Mist believers across the continents also saw a thin white mist before their eyes, with a majestic, indistinct figure standing within.

That figure, wearing a crown and black armor, quietly looked down at them.

The Black Emperor's first act upon revival was to temporarily "take over" all faith directed at the Uncertain Mist!

Of course, this also exposed Him more directly to the Outer Deity outside the barrier.

Another wisp of white mist separated from the surface of a planet, reaching the site of an intense divine battle, using the special environment and its symbolism to penetrate the barrier again, falling upon Emperor Roselle at the edge of the astral world, like a fishing line finally controlling its target.

Roselle's expression became increasingly distorted.

He continued to gaze at Perle and the Uncertain Mist believers worldwide, speaking in a majestic voice, "The Broker can unite the Outer Deities and has acted, posing a great threat, a crime beyond pardon!"

As He spoke, the Black Emperor's outstretched right hand opened, as if to grasp something.

After declaring the crime, His right hand clenched abruptly.

Bang! Bang! Bang! On the Northern and Southern Continents, the Uncertain Mist believers exploded into blood mist.

This was not the ability of the Judgment domain but the control granted by the boon system, the control of an evil god over His followers!

Temporarily distorting the Uncertain Mist faith, Black Emperor Roselle used this to purge the evil god's followers, making them feel the wrath of a god, aiming to eliminate them all.

A single Broker might not be dangerous, but their ability to weave all dangers together made them the greatest threat!

"No!" Despite her desperate resistance, Perle exploded uncontrollably within the white mist.

Her face split into different parts like the nose, eyes, mouth, and ears, scattered into the white mist, staining it with a noticeable blood color.

Yet the vortex ritual had not ceased. The Shadow of the Beauty Goddess and the miniature crimson moon continued to approach their target light point, even faster than before.

Silently, the exploded Uncertain Mist believers, in blood mist form, crossed the void, merging into the vortex mist that Perle had become. This accelerated the advance of the Shadow of the Beauty Goddess and the miniature crimson moon, sustaining the ongoing transaction as if other forces were maintaining the ritual.

A characteristic of the Vortex was that all participants contributed power to maintain the ritual until their part of the transaction was complete.

Thus, once the Vortex was formed, destroying it would become increasingly difficult!

Roselle glanced at the white mist connecting Him and the outside barrier, His expression of pain growing more apparent.

He shouted lowly, "Adam! Where are you?

"The Uncertain Mist has made a heavy bet. If you don't reveal your cards, we're all doomed!"

Seeing no change around, Roselle paused and continued to roar angrily, "Adam!

Are you really waiting for a chance to devour the Eternal Blazing Sun and others?"

Just after Roselle's low roar, a distant yet gentle voice echoed in His mind, "I"m here."

...

In the special mirror world,

Voisin Sanson watched expectantly and reverently as silver-black light beams shot from the gray-white sheep that Lumian had become, waiting for Lord Termiboros to be completely freed.

The beams wove together in front of him, quickly forming a figure.

The figure was slightly hunched, wearing a black classical robe and a pointed hat of the same color, with a thin face, slightly curly black hair, a broad forehead, and pitch-black eyes.

Just as Lumian was about to activate the Blood Emperor's residual aura to try and escape the sheep state, he froze upon seeing this figure.

Wh- Voisin Sanson and Harrison's bodies trembled, also becoming stunned.

The figure slowly straightened, not even glancing at Voisin Sanson and Harrison, but turned to look at Lumian.

Without any warning, the sheep's wool covering Lumian's body fell off, shrinking back to its original head-covering size.

Lumian remained in shock and bewilderment.

The figure took out a monocle made of crystal and leisurely placed it over his right eye, revealing a slight smile at Lumian, "You can call me Amon, or..."

The figure's voice grew majestic and layered, the smile on his face more evident.

"Termiboros."

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Chapter 876 The Patient

876 The Patient

Lumian knew that the figure before him was Amon. Although Amon's appearance differed somewhat from Monette and the other Amons, the monocle over his right eye and his overall demeanor and aura unmistakably confirmed his identity.

But why was Amon here? And why did he call himself Termiboros?

Lumian clearly saw those silver and black beams of light emerging from within himself, from the shattered seal of Mr. Fool. How did they transform into Amon?

This was why Lumian had frozen in place earlier.

Could it be that during their previous encounters, Amon had secretly bypassed Mr. Fool's seal, hidden inside him, and replaced Termiboros?

If so, what had Mr. Fool's seal actually been for?

Despite his shock and confusion, Lumian suppressed these emotions because he had more urgent matters to attend to.

He stood up, ready to pick up the Sword of Courage and use the Mirror Traversal ability of the Black Tear to reach Franca, Jenna, and the others, to help them fight Higdon.

Meanwhile, Voisin Sanson and Harrison stood frozen like statues.

Amon, who claimed to be Termiboros, raised His hand to stop Lumian.

He glanced at the transparent boundary showing the battle between Franca, the others, and Higdon, and smiled, saying, "I've fixed their fate for the next ten minutes so they won't die. You still have some time. As for what happens after ten minutes, that's up to your choices."

Lumian refocused on Amon, removing the Black Tear forehead accessory and tucking it into the separate space within his Traveler's Bag to prevent any further negative effects. In a low voice, he asked, "What choices?"

Without waiting for Amon's response, he couldn't help but ask another question, "When did you become Termiboros?"

As he spoke, Lumian temporarily put away the Devil's Whispers bone ring.

Amon's lips curled slightly. "A long, long time ago. By the time you first learned that name, Termiboros was already me."

At this, the former King of Angels' smile took on a hint of mockery.

"In that dream in Cordu Village, the Warlock symbolized the power of inevitability. The Warlock's death and burial in the tomb symbolized the loss of the true owner of that power-the real Termiboros. The owl guarding the tomb and the Warlock's body symbolized an outsider seeking this power. The other you, accompanying the owl, symbolized the inherent depravity within everyone.

"Pallez couldn't even decipher this, yet he calls himself a Cryptologist? Just because I changed my symbolic form, He couldn't recognize me?

"Has he already begun aging prematurely at such a young age?"

Lumian didn't know who Pallez was, but he understood the implications of Amon's explanation.

The first time he had heard about depravity was from a Secrets Suppliant. That knowledge came with the potion. The second time was in the honorific name of the True Creator worshiped by the Aurora Order.

And Amon had a very close relationship with that individual.

This meant the True Creator's influence on the Cordu incident was much deeper than Lumian had imagined. It wasn't just a matter of sending a few lizard-like elves to nudge events along!

Rage that even an Ascetic couldn't suppress burned within Lumian. He squeezed out a hoarse voice from his throat, "Was the Cordu disaster the plan formulated by you two?"

Amon pinched His right eye's monocle, not directly answering Lumian's question.

He pulled a piece of paper from the void and read it in the tone of a report, "Patient: Lumian Lee, male, claims to be born on September 26, 1340, a native of Cordu in Riston Province, Intis Republic.

"Diagnosis: Strong self-destructive tendencies, loss of ability to respond to others' emotions.

"Cause Analysis: Experiences as a street urchin made the patient distrustful of his surroundings, developing habits of self-neglect to survive, abandoning certain societal morals. Aurore Lee's care, sympathy, love, supervision, and interdependent life helped the patient initially heal from that phase, reestablishing social connections and gradually becoming a normal person.

"The disaster at Cordu Village and Aurore's death shattered the patient's rebuilt life, bringing more severe pain and despair, making him afraid to desire or respond

to others' emotions, fearing loss again, thus fostering strong self-destructive tendencies.

"First Phase Treatment Plan:

"Step 1: Emphasize the possibility of Aurore Lee's resurrection to give the patient motivation to live.

"Step 2: Arrange for the patient to stay at the Auberge du Coq Doré in the Trier market district, where many people at the bottom of society can effectively evoke the patient's empathy.

"Step 3: Force the patient to form connections with Celia Bello and others through events, preparing to rebuild social connections.

"Step 4: Use the undercover mission in the Iron and Blood Cross Order to make the patient meet Franca Roland. Franca Roland's background is similar to Aurore's, and her cheerful personality can effectively lower the psychological walls the patient has built, making her the most important candidate for re-establishing social connections.

"Step 5: Coordinate with the Tarot Club's Justice and Susie for treatment, reasonably allowing certain events to happen to aid in improving psychological conditions:

"Early Stage: Use the patient's sympathy for the unemployed Charlie and the street girls Ethans allow his help to yield positive results, giving him positive feedback.

"Mid Stage: Ensure the patient encounters Celia Bello after setbacks, receiving companionship and comfort, and using the self-indulgent yet unintentional behavior he chooses to relieve accumulated emotions.

"Late Stage: Bring inevitable events forward at the most appropriate time, with some events potentially occurring before mid-stage treatment:

"These include:

"1. Susanna Mattise targeting Charlie again, having the Bliss Society abduct him to Underground Trier. This would allow the patient to vaguely sense the Sufferer's presence, feel anger, and through these events, strengthen his connections with Franca, Celia, and Charlie, initially rebuilding social ties;

"2. The madman Flameng, whose situation most resembles the patient's, hangs himself after losing all hope and motivation for life despite the patient's help. This strongly resonates with the patient, giving him a huge shock, triggering his rebellious spirit and stubbornness;

"3. Scavenger Ruhr, unfortunately getting affected by the indiscriminate influence of cultists, contracts a severe illness. The patient's efforts to help end in failure, with Ruhr's wife, Michel, losing hope and choosing to indulge once by having a hearty meal and singing loudly before hanging herself at dawn. This similar fate

and predestined outcome thoroughly ignite the patient's emotions, making him want to fight against the unfairness of fate, wanting to challenge everything.

"4. The explosion at the chemical plant where Celia Bello's mother worked, acting as the final catalyst.

"First Phase Treatment Result: The patient's self-destructive tendencies significantly reduced, re-established social connections, regained some motivation to live, and can now handle more events."

As Amon read the "report" in an even tone, Lumian felt his heart sink, growing colder with each word.

It was like being doused with cold water as a street urchin, the chill spreading from his head to his toes, extinguishing all his hope and pride like a candle flame.

His indignation, his rebellion against fate-all of them seemed like a joke, shattered into pieces and ground into the dirt by those in power.

At this moment, Lumian felt completely numb.

Half of him burned with uncontrollable anger and the self-destructive urge to drag the report writer to death with him. The other half once again felt the despair and pain from when Aurore had pushed him away to face death alone.

Amon finally finished reading the first phase treatment report and looked at Lumian with a smile, seemingly waiting for a response.

Lumian's body hunched slightly, and his voice erupted from the depths of his soul, filled with agony, "Why? Why me?"

Amon smiled and said, "The Fool's aura and Aurore's foolish choice made you a good test subject, capable of bearing many things and verifying the initial experimental results.

"That's one reason. The other is if you truly self-destruct, won't my role as Termiboros be exposed? How can I deceive those outside and make Them place heavy bets?

"Only by slowly absorbing and digesting Termiboros' Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics within The Fool's seal and changing pathways will it be most hidden and least likely to be discovered."

Lumian's mind was in chaos, his emotions exploding, even the Conspirer's abilities were hard to use. He could only ask instinctively, "In that large ceremony with the padre, did not only Termiboros descend but also you? Did you intentionally seal yourself with the injured Termiboros into my body?"

Amon nodded lightly and smiled. "Thanks to your gifts, it helped me open the return path and gave me such a present."

Lumian fell silent, involuntarily breathing heavily as if the air here was too thin, and he had to force himself to breathe deeply. "Previously, the Sufferer hidden around me, who was it?"

Amon shook His head. "Haven't you guessed it yet? You should have heard His name, the Angel of Fate, Ouroboros."

The Angel of Fate, Ouroboros... Lumian was stunned, but it seemed to make sense.

This was the King of Angels who had once followed the Ancient Sun God and was currently serving the True Creator as mentioned by Mr. K during his preaching.

Lumian instinctively gritted his teeth, his voice squeezing out through the gaps, "Did you have a chance to save Aurore back then?"

Amon smiled. "Do you want to hear the answer?"

He glanced at the paper in His hand, seemingly preparing to read new content that might contain all the answers.

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Chapter 877 Promised Matters

Chapter 877 Promised Matters

Amon began reading again in a flat tone, "When the anomaly at Cordu Village was discovered, the corruption and personality distortion in Aurore Lee had already become quite severe. If the most skilled Psychologist provided treatment and any true god offered a seal, it might have been possible to save her. But why save her?

"If the situation at Cordu Village had continued to develop, it would indeed have caused a significant catastrophe. However, if intervened, it could bring substantial benefits and play an important role at a critical moment in the future.

"The lizard-shaped elves entered Cordu Village, quietly maintaining the balance. They wanted the outcome to follow the heretics' original plan but not actually succeed. At the same time, they ensured that Aurore Lee retained a slight chance of resurrection.

"In the end, their goal was achieved. Before the Sinners' organization sent someone, Guillaume Bénet conducted the grand sacrifice himself, opening a temporary passage above the barrier, allowing Termiboros to descend.

"Amon had already been waiting nearby, deceiving the ritual, utilizing the barrier, and secretly following Termiboros back into this world.

"Aurore Lee pushing Lumian Lee away in the end brought a bit of an unexpected twist, but it did not change the overall outcome. The Fool's aura on Lumian Lee, stimulated by the surrounding environment and his intense emotional fluctuations, successfully attracted The Fool's attention…"

Hearing this, Lumian's hands unconsciously clenched into fists, his heart burning with rage, overpowering the numbness and despair.

Amon, as if not noticing his emotional change, continued to read, "As a result, Termiboros was severely wounded, and together with the soul fragments of Aurore Lee and the villagers of Cordu, was sealed into Lumian Lee's body. During this process, Amon voluntarily joined them, stealing Termiboros' fate and identity before He could recover, killing Him and reducing Him to a Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristic of the Inevitability pathway.

"Before Lumian Lee became an Ascetic, Amon had already absorbed the Beyonder characteristic, completing the pathway switch, fully replacing Termiboros, only lacking the final ritual.

"This is very important. Whether it's the vortex ritual now or another plan, it doesn't change. Lumian Lee will understand why soon."

At this point, Amon looked up at the dark sky covered with a thick glass-like layer, smiled, and said, "Next, I will only read the key parts, otherwise, I'm afraid Roselle won't last that long."

Lumian didn't respond to Him, using all his strength to suppress his emotions.

He wanted to uncover the truth behind many previous events!

Amon lowered His head again, looking at the paper in His hand. "After the first phase of psychological treatment ended, the hidden dangers of the Tree of Shadow were prematurely triggered, forcing Lumian Lee to face Susanna Mattise's sacrifice.

"The Amon sealed within him indeed couldn't bear the weight and complexity of the Tree of Shadow's fate torrent, nor could He rapidly evolve the fate fragments of encountering the Montsouris ghost into an attack by the Montsouris ghost. However, the Angel of Fate, Ouroboros, had always been watching from nearby. This was His specialty, and in this regard, He was far superior to the Sufferer of the Inevitability pathway.

"With Ouroboros's covert assistance, Lumian Lee successfully swapped the fate of being attacked by the Montsouris ghost with the fate of the Tree of Shadow having its roots burned by the Fourth Epoch Trier's invisible flames. This would play a crucial role in Lumian Lee and Susanna Mattise's upcoming battle.

"Between the two battles, Amon didn't miss the opportunity, deliberately describing Lumian as the unfortunate one to strike at him. This was a deception; if it were the real Termiboros, He would have said similar words in such a situation.

"At the end of the Tree of Shadow incident, the lizard-like elf deliberately let Lumian Lee see it, giving him a strong desire and motivation to continue exploring the truth behind the Cordu disaster."

Hearing this, Lumian was stunned again.

My desire, my anger, is that what that individual wanted too?

Amon seemed to skip parts and started reading the next key point,

"The madman Flameng, driven insane by encountering the Montsouris ghost, coincidentally stayed at the Auberge du Coq Doré. His experiences and ending resonated with Lumian Lee. The Earth Blood stone he left behind gave Lumian Lee the chance to obtain the residual aura of the Blood Emperor.

"At this time, due to the convergence of Amon's main body, more and more Amons noticed Lumian Lee's existence and obtained corresponding information.

"To bring out the hidden value of the Earth Blood stone, one of the Amons chose to steal it. Coincidentally, a lady from the Church of Evernight asked Lumian Lee for help to obtain water from the Samaritan Women's Spring leading them into the underground catacombs.

"With the enthusiastic help of the Amons, Lumian Lee ultimately used the Earth Blood stone to gain the residual aura of the Blood Emperor. This was the first step in his mystical similarity to 0-01 which could provide him help in critical moments.

…

"The Hostel plan was initiated as expected. Some participants were killed, some achieved their goals, and those outside who could not observe Fourth Epoch Trier received guidance, while Lumian Lee and others obtained a fragment of the special mirror world for the first time.

…

"After leaving Trier, Lumian Lee inevitably converged to Port Santa, where the seal was reinforced early. Though it left hidden dangers, it could at least last longer…

"On the subsequent journey, Lumian Lee encountered Father Montserrat and obtained Omebella's burned umbilical cord. He also got involved in matters related to Naboredisley, laying the foundation for meeting Farbauti's avatar in the tomb at the end of the Dream Festival…

"During the Dream Festival, Lumian Lee successfully obtained the seal of the Underworld Daoist, truly gaining mystical similarity to 0-01…

"During the journey, Lumian Lee also met several people with experiences similar to his but with different choices and outcomes, which touched him, firming his ideas, and further improving his psychological state. The second phase of psychological treatment was successfully completed.

…

"After asking Mr. K for help to solve Perle's painting person, Lumian Lee went to the first cathedral built by the Aurora Order for the True Creator. There, he coincidentally saw the lizard-like elves crawling in and out of the god.

"This dealt him a huge blow, worsening his psychological state, but also made his desire and determination for revenge stronger and firmer.

…

"After returning to Trier from Morora, Lumian Lee began preparing for his advancement to Iron-blooded Knight. What he didn't realize was that his psychological state and emotional condition had not met the requirements to

become a demigod. Even with the sealed angel as a teammate, there was a significant probability that he would lose control after consuming the Iron-blooded Knight potion.

"Fortunately, the presence of the Black Tear and Celia Bello becoming a Demoness of Pleasure prematurely triggered the emotional issues within Lumian's team. After much entanglement and pain, Lumian chose to face his thoughts and tried to respond to others' attention to him. Although his response was twisted, he at least took the first step, no longer passively accepting but placing himself in a position of importance. This mindset change was crucial for his subsequent advancement ritual.

"As a result, Lumian Lee's emotions and desires were vented, and his importance was no longer suppressed by his fear of loss. His connections with Franca Roland and Celia Bello became stronger and closer, providing him with two strong anchors during his advancement to demigod, helping him stabilize his consciousness.

"The third and final phase of psychological treatment ended, and Lumian Lee could now withstand new blows.

…

"During the vortex ritual, Lumian's team fell into a desperate situation. All his teammates, except him, were about to be killed or taken away by Higdon of the Order of All Extinction in a few minutes.

"Lumian Lee wanted to ask Amon for help, but Amon chose to refuse because He wasn't Lumian Lee's godfather and had no obligation, even though Lumian Lee had indeed become more like Amon, using loopholes more skillfully after repeatedly receiving boons from Amon.

"Relying solely on himself and those few Grade 1 Sealed Artifacts, Lumian Lee couldn't save his teammates because Voisin Sanson and others would also assist Higdon shortly.

"Lumian Lee now has only one choice, to ascend to demigod on the spot. But Amon is unwilling to help him shatter the Sword of Courage, returning the Sword of Courage to a Beyonder characteristic, and his Iron-blooded Knight ritual is still incomplete.

"Amon tells him that the only help He would provide is to shatter the Black Tear, give him the supplementary ingredients missing for the Despair potion, and send him to Morora to complete the ritual using the exiles there, ascending to Demoness of Despair.

"Becoming a Demoness of Despair, Lumian Lee, wielding the Sword of Courage, successfully saves his teammates. Then, he would switch between the Demoness and Hunter pathways, spiraling upwards. This doesn't need to be symmetrical, depending on the situation, aiming to fulfill the phrase 'pure yin does not last, pure yang does not grow, yin contains yang, yang contains yin, the union of yin and

yang gives rise to everything.'

"This is the only correct way to approach the peak power of the two calamity pathways. Alista Tudor and Cheek's attempts failed; not only did They fail to succeed, but They also created a big trouble.

"In this process, Aurore Lee's soul fragments will gradually revive when Lumian Lee is in the Demoness state.

"If Lumian Lee can ultimately defeat Red Angel Medici and Primordial Demoness Cheek, mastering the peak power of the two calamity pathways, Aurore Lee's personality and soul fragments can rely on Lumian's own spirit and flesh to resurrect. Then, they can merge with his consciousness, suppressing the corruption of inevitability, and become his female form, controlling the feminine side of calamity. This is the true union of yin and yang, similar to the Medici evil spirit's current state but closer to the peak.

"This is also the only way to truly revive Aurore Lee."

Amon paused, looking at Lumian, who seemed to have turned into a statue, raised His chin slightly, revealed a faint smile, and recited the final sentence, "Can you accept such an outcome?"

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Chapter 878 "Sinner"

Chapter 878 "Sinner"

Hearing Amon's question, Lumian seemed to break free from a long nightmare, only to find reality was an even more despairing abyss.

His body trembled slightly as he used all his strength to squeeze out a sound from his throat.

"Isn't He afraid? Afraid that after I truly master the peak power of calamity, I'll seek revenge against Him?"

Amon laughed. "By making such a choice, He shows He's willing to face all possible futures and accept the worst outcome.

"It makes no difference to Him whether it's you or Medici, whether you submit, give up, be angry, or hate. If either of you manages to master the peak power of calamity, seek revenge against Him, disrupt His plans, or even pull Him down from His divine throne, He would still not regret it and would acknowledge the result."

At this point, Amon paused before continuing, "Because He was born to bear all sins."

Lumian fell silent, his fists clenched tightly, with thin streams of bright red blood seeping through the gaps.

Amon glanced at the transparent but dark sky. "Time is running out. You must make your choice."

Lumian's lips moved a few times before he suddenly laughed, a mixture of anger and self-mockery.

His voice was hoarse and low as he said, "I'm willing to go—to Morora. I will try all possible ways to revive Aurore, including the only method He mentioned, but I will not accept the outcome He predetermined!"

Amon chuckled, adjusting His monocle on His right eye.

"You don't need to tell me the second half of your sentence. My task is only to send you to Morora and make you a Demoness of Despair. Whether you accept that ending, you'll have to face Him and tell Him yourself."

With that, Amon raised His right hand and gently grasped, making the Black Tear forehead accessory magically detach from the Traveler's Bag and appear in His palm.

The black, tear-shaped Sealed Artifact silently shattered, transforming into specks of faint light. These lights quickly converged into a shrunken, withered, blackened, translucent heart.

Amon then reached towards Voisin Sanson, grabbing two items.

One was a small glass vial containing dark green liquid, and the other, three silver fragments.

After making his decision, Lumian's emotions finally settled a bit. He no longer felt as out of control as before—his body had been trembling uncontrollably, and his thoughts had been fixated on destruction.

Seeing the two items in Amon's hand, Lumian suddenly paused.

Voisin Sanson had the supplementary ingredients for the Demoness of Despair?

He was also the one who suggested lifting the seal earlier…

Amon mentioned that some participants in the Hostel plan received hidden guidance in Fourth Epoch Trier's unique environment without being noticed by the evil gods… Was Voisin Sanson one of them?

Voisin Sanson himself probably didn't remember being guided, thinking he escaped Fourth Epoch Trier purely with the help of the Mirror People, and later unknowingly did some seemingly unimportant abnormal things?

Amon couldn't break out of Mr. Fool's seal on His own, so there had to be a role to accomplish the unsealing task without killing me—the test subject… Voisin Sanson's stated goal allowed him to do this without suspicion…

That individual tacitly allowed the Hostel plan to happen, without much interference or obstruction, and didn't ruin Red Angel's plan, all to prepare for now?

Realizing this, Lumian instinctively scoffed to ease his emotions. "So He can't accept just any outcome after all."

He did so much to ensure the expected result!

Amon smiled. "Willing to accept the worst outcome doesn't mean not striving for the best. And now, would you refuse to go to Morora and become a Demoness of Despair?"

Lumian fell silent again.

Amon let the Demoness of Despair Beyonder characteristic and the two supplementary materials fly towards Lumian, casually remarking, "This Beyonder characteristic will continuously spread plagues, both mundane and mystical, and you'll also be infected."

After Lumian caught them, Amon smiled again. "Do you know what the Sequence 2 of the Inevitability pathway is?"

"Sinner," Lumian replied, determined to go to Morora and complete his task no matter how painful or reluctant he felt.

"And Sequence 1?" Amon continued to quiz him unhurriedly.

Lumian shook his head.

He really didn't know.

Amon explained with a smile, "Sequence 1 is Angel of Redemption, but to me, it's not as useful as Sinner.

"The past Sinner, the present Sufferer, and the future Angel of Redemption form the trinity of the Inevitability pathway."

Amon adjusted His monocle, smiling more prominently.

"And a Sinner has the ability to revert their state to any past moment, with the duration depending on specific circumstances."

Revert to any past moment… Lumian suddenly remembered that Madam Magician mentioned Amon, the King of Angels from ancient times, once briefly became a god!

Amon turned, smiling. "Of course, involving the uniqueness and power of a true god requires the current holder's consent. That Celestial Worthy has already diverted most of His attention to influence Project Vortex, so He certainly can't interfere with The Fool on this matter, and The Fool you believe in shouldn't object."

As He spoke, Amon spread His arms as if embracing returning power.

The monocle on His right eye shone brilliantly.

Before Lumian could react, he saw the obstacles and barriers blocking access to Morora in the special mirror world disappear, allowing him to enter the City of Exiles smoothly and without hindrance.

High above in the special mirror world, the figure wearing a golden crown and black dress nodded at Amon, not attempting to interfere with Lumian.

She was mirror Roselle. In this matter, She had placed bets on both sides, ensuring that the real Roselle wouldn't completely perish. Whether the real Roselle became a puppet of the Uncertain Mist or died to await another resurrection opportunity, it wouldn't affect Her existence and would even gradually make Her the main body.

In the next second, Amon's figure vanished from Lumian's sight.

The paper He had been reading silently floated down, completely blank—a sheet of white paper.

…

Before the bloody altar in the ancient castle.

Ma'am Hermit suddenly spoke, "The voice from that painting has weakened."

Madam Magician looked up, slightly puzzled and apprehensive. "The sealing power of the barrier has strengthened. The true god of the Door pathway has returned… No, it's not Mr. Fool, it's more like… more like Amon!"

Using her angelic intuition about the true god of her pathway, Madam Magician quickly made a judgment.

"How could Amon become the true god of the Door pathway again?" Miss Justice's heart stirred. "Did Mr. Fool or that Celestial Worthy lend Him power?"

If it was the former, it would be great news for disrupting the vortex ritual. If it was the latter, it would be serious.

"Based on current developments, it should be Mr. Fool," Madam Magician said thoughtfully.

At this moment, the Ma'am Hermit, receiving Miss Justice's report, moved her eyes slightly.

"Since the influence of the mysterious voice has weakened, the power of fate must have lessened too. Now, there should be a chance to destroy this painting!"

As she spoke, the holder of the Major Arcana card holder reached out to Madam Magician, asking for the iron cigar case.

…

In the sea near Port Santa, the seal, previously weakened by internal gray fog and external gnawing, instantly became as strong as before.

The School of Deliciousness's previous efforts were all in vain.

Deep in the primitive island, before the Black Emperor mausoleum.

The thick, pervasive white mist abruptly contracted towards the core as if squeezed by an invisible force.

The mark left by The Fool inside Roselle strengthened, alleviating some of the corruption caused by the Uncertain Mist.

Roselle's twisted, painful expression improved somewhat.

The eyes of Perle, scattered in different parts of the mist, saw a figure suddenly appear in midair. The figure wore a black robe, a matching pointed hat, and a monocle on His right eye.

He is… Isn't it said that external forces can't interfere with the vortex's operation? Perle, still barely alive, had this question when she saw the figure in mid-air look down at her, smiling happily as He introduced Himself, "Is this our first meeting? I am Termiboros."

"…" Perle suddenly felt as if her intelligence had been stolen.

How could it be Termiboros?

However, my spiritual intuition tells me that He is indeed Termiboros…

…

In the special mirror world,

Seeing Amon's figure soar upwards and vanish from sight, Lumian finally understood why He had said that whether it was the vortex ritual or another plan, it didn't matter compared to consuming Termiboros and becoming an Angel of the Inevitability pathway.

This meant there would always be a high-ranking being capable of temporarily exerting a true god's power, lurking in the shadows, waiting to strike at a crucial moment!

Lumian glanced at the white paper on the ground, then looked at Franca, Jenna, and the others struggling against Higdon with the help of the Pride Armor and the Demoness's black flames. He quickly put away the Sword of Courage, gripping the Beyonder characteristic and supplementary ingredients of the Demoness of Despair, and activated the black mark on his right shoulder.

He traversed the special mirror world and returned to Morora, the City of Exiles.

Immediately, he reconnected with 0-01, using the Grade 0 Sealed Artifact to help bear the damage and influence of the Demoness' plague.

Then, Lumian stood on the steps before the Knowledge Cathedral, gazing at the wide, deserted square. He began summoning the exiles most affected by 0-01 to gather quickly, aiming to save time.

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Chapter 879 Demoness of Despair

Chapter 879 Demoness of Despair

In the next two to three minutes, a large number of exiles poured into the square in front of the Knowledge Cathedral. Some, accidentally bumped into, chose to duel on the spot. Others quietly straightened their necks so they wouldn't be too crooked. Some sang loudly out of boredom, while others played a game of slapping each other…

Lumian stood on the steps, holding the Beyonder characteristic of the Demoness of Despair, expressionless as he watched these exiled felons.

Time is running out… Lumian silently whispered to himself, turning to look at the Knowledge Cathedral once more, but still did not see Archbishop Heraberg of Morora.

Finally resigned, he turned his gaze back to the exiles, who almost filled the square.

There were definitely more than thirty thousand.

Lumian suddenly started laughing, his body trembling with mirth.

Though he seemed to have many choices, considering environmental factors, time constraints, the current situation, and his own obsessions, only one path remained.

The only road before him.

After laughing for over ten seconds, Lumian, dressed in a white shirt, black vest, dark trousers, and laced shoes, stepped down from the steps and walked into the crowd.

The exiles near the Knowledge Cathedral began to feel something was wrong. Their bodies weakened, and when they tried to slap their opponents, it felt more like caressing their faces.

Some instinctively wanted to flee but found their legs powerless, their bodies heavy, moving only slowly.

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh. White-blue fireballs shot out from around Lumian, flying over the exiles infected with mystical diseases and landing at the edges of the square, which the exiles strangely ignored.

Rumble!

The fireballs exploded simultaneously, surrounding the square in a hell of white flames. The temperature soared, and thick smoke billowed.

Thud, thud, thud. Countless exiles, whose conditions had worsened, fell to the ground, watching as other felons with some strength left trampled over them. They stared at the white flames lighting up the sky, inching closer to them.

Pain and despair quickly filled their hearts, consuming their sanity.

Some wanted to call for help but could only make weak sounds.

Rumble!

Amid continuous explosions, Lumian walked out of the square, into the spreading sea of flames, and into the nearest street.

Rumble!

The houses on both sides of the street either collapsed under the white-blue fireballs or were directly ignited, rising into fierce flames like torches.

The felons in the square fell one by one, feeling helpless against the disease, experiencing pain and despair, waiting for death.

Lumian took out a glass bottle, placing the Beyonder characteristic of the Demoness of Despair, Plague Mother Serpent's bile, fragments of a Silver Hunter, blood of various plague victims, and fresh mistletoe into it one by one.

Bubbles gurgled up, and the dark purple potion shimmered with a rosy light.

Lumian gazed at the potion, laughing hoarsely. "Don't worry, I already know my insignificance. I will embrace despair and the path of the Demoness.

"But this is to avoid being manipulated in the future, to choose my own ending!"

With that, he walked forward, raising the bottle to his lips and tilting his head back to drink.

The exiles still standing in the square suddenly felt their pain and despair condense into something tangible, turning into invisible threads extending toward the burning street, toward the figure with his back to them.

They finally "awoke," but were too sick to fight the perpetrator. Some were even already engulfed by flames, burning their bodies.

They saw the figure walking step by step among the burning buildings, walking through the hellish streets, under the bright red sky. His hair floated up, growing longer, blacker, and thicker.

In the air, two stars seemed to light up, and the white-blue flames in the area suddenly turned pitch black.

This blackness spread like a flood, quickly drowning all light, making the fiery hell quiet, deep, and dark.

…

In the special mirror world, in the dark scene of the abandoned park where Franca and others fought against Higdon of the Order of All Extinction.

Covered in greenish-yellow mucus, Higdon had split into four, each seeking different targets, while black flames of the Demoness burned quietly around Franca and Jenna.

The black flames burned the spirituality of the disease but were dimmed by the decaying power, eventually extinguishing.

If it weren't for discovering that Higdon's disease, having some spirituality, could be ignited by the Demoness's black flames to slow its spread and intensity, Franca believed she and Jenna would have already exhausted their Mirror Substitutes and awaited death.

Meanwhile, the Pride Armor played a crucial role, almost unaffected by Higdon's diseases, and not corroded by the decaying power. It remained energetic, chasing down Higdon whenever he dared to attack from behind, occasionally unleashing a Hurricane of Light.

During the battle, Franca and Jenna noticed another problem.

They couldn't tell if it was because Higdon had no brain or if the demigod was just unlucky, but his Certain Death attacks often missed.

Combined, the two Demonesses and Anthony, who used his Psychological Invisibility to stay out of the decaying range, barely managed to hold on for nearly nine minutes before Higdon—a demigod. Occasionally, they even felt that Higdon lacked the oppressive presence of a true demigod, seeming like a poor-quality product.

But even so, they couldn't find an opportunity to escape and discovered that their enemies were multiplying—from two at the start to four now, with one splitting off to find Ludwig.

Moreover, although individual Higdon fragments seemed weaker than a true demigod, each fragment retained the same level of power, making them collectively terrifying. Franca guessed the number of splits should have a limit, but not too many.

I have two Mirror Substitutes left. Jenna probably has one… Anthony, although attacked less and outside the range, only had two to begin with and has used one…

Franca analyzed the situation quickly while constantly repositioning to avoid Higdon's sudden Sure Hit attacks.

As for Lugano, when Higdon blocked him at the start, Franca signaled him to run as far as he could and hide.

It proved to be the right call. Higdon's targets were Ludwig and the two Demonesses, making no effort to stop Lugano from fleeing and not splitting more Higdons to chase him.

Continuous use of black flames is also draining our spirituality. Jenna and I can't hold on much longer… Franca considered whether to use the last Mirror Traversal of the Ice Amulet now to delay for a while and see if there would be a turning point.

It could also give Anthony a chance to survive.

The Hypnotist was also not Higdon's target and had Psychological Invisibility.

Just as Franca was about to signal Jenna to approach, she suddenly saw greenish-yellow drops forming behind Jenna, quickly condensing into Higdon.

Almost simultaneously, Franca noticed from Jenna's worried expression that something was happening behind her too.

Without hesitation, both Demonesses activated Mirror Substitution.

The next second, two Higdons spread out like dirty, slimy "blankets," wrapping Franca and Jenna in a Sure Hit.

A cracking sound followed.

Meanwhile, Anthony, quietly lurking at the edge of the park, leaning against a half-wall, suddenly saw a greenish-yellow mucus-covered Higdon appear beside him.

He had been discovered after all.

Higdon pushed with both hands, sending a greenish-black light ball towards Anthony.

Crack!

Anthony used his last Mirror Substitution, his figure appearing behind this Higdon.

Seeing this, Anthony had an epiphany.

An opportunity!

He didn't flee but raised his Winter is Coming revolver, aimed at Higdon, and pulled the trigger.

Certain Death!

A yellowish bullet, tinged with dim green, crossed the short distance, hitting Higdon.

Covered in greenish-yellow mucus, Higdon froze, his body quickly disintegrating into small drops, falling to the ground without any spirituality.

This Higdon was dead.

But the other three Higdons remained unaffected.

After confirming this, Franca and Jenna felt utter despair.

Their previous plan involved the two Demonesses as bait, giving Anthony a chance to shoot one Higdon with the Certain Death bullet, hoping to kill all Higdons.

Unexpectedly, the Certain Death effect only worked on the one hit.

Moments later, they saw the Pride Armor hit by a Certain Death attack, metal fragments falling from its chest, standing still.

Jenna gritted her teeth, ready to forgo the ritual and gamble on forcibly advancing by consuming the ingredients of the Demoness of Affliction.

At least it would restore her spirituality.

Even if she failed, she could turn into a monster, giving Franca a chance to escape.

Before Jenna could reach into her Traveler's Bag, another figure appeared at the edge of the area.

It was Voisin Sanson, with his blond hair turning white, who had chased them here!

Jenna and Franca's hearts sank rapidly. Jenna no longer hesitated.

At this moment, above one of the Higdons, a black iron sword, burning with white-blue flames, suddenly fell from the sky, accurately piercing the top of this Higdon's head.

Boom!

This Higdon exploded into fragments, the spreading white-blue flames turning into silent blackness, engulfing each piece.

The fragments never reappeared, and a figure quickly appeared in the eyes of Franca, Jenna, and Anthony.

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Chapter 880 Walking Destruction

Chapter 880 Walking Destruction

In an instant, the figure became clear.

Everyone present, including Higdon and Voisin Sanson, was stunned.

The person had a slim face, light blue eyes resembling clear and dreamy lakes up in the highlands, a perfectly shaped nose, and lips neither too thick nor too thin. Her features were striking and graceful, with a peculiar sharpness that seemed to pierce through any defense of body and mind, straight to the soul, hitting its weakest spot.

At the same time, she had a cold demeanor, her face void of any smile, as if she had just killed thousands of people. Her long, straight black hair gently floated in the aftermath of the explosion.

At this moment, Franca recalled a description she had read before her transmigration: "Her beauty is aggressive…"

As she pondered, Franca felt a strong sense of familiarity.

Why does she look a bit like Lumian?

No, not a bit, a lot—like Lumian feminized and beautified, with some Photoshopped editing…

Right, she's holding the Sword of Courage!

My spiritual intuition tells me she is Lumian!

Demoness of Despair! Lumian escaped Voisin Sanson's pursuit, entered Morora, and without enough teammates to perform the Iron-blooded Knight ritual, chose to use the exiles there to advance to Demoness of Despair?

That's ruthless… something Lumian would do…

No, did he choose all the options I gave him?

I must admit—more beautiful than I imagined…

Uh, who helped him shatter the Black Tear?

As Franca's thoughts raced, Jenna shouted in pleasant surprise, "Lumian!"

The enchanted Higdon and Voisin Sanson snapped back to reality.

Lumian's figure disappeared again, reappearing behind another Higdon.

The Higdon covered in greenish-yellow mucus was prepared, instantly disintegrating into countless droplets.

However, around him, an almost impermeable invisible web suddenly appeared.

The web covered an area of about thirty meters, decaying rapidly while trapping and binding Higdon's greenish-yellow droplets.

Silent, destructive black flames surged from the Demoness-form Lumian, igniting the nearly decayed web and engulfing every greenish-yellow fragment, stripping them of all spirituality.

"Idiot!" Lumian cursed expressionlessly, his figure disappearing once more.

I didn't continue attacking but used Charm to buy time to weave this web, anticipating your escape!

Though Lumian used teleportation and invisibility, the black flames from his body did not extinguish.

After burning the web and the trapped Higdon fragments, the flames quickly spread across most of the park-like ruins, igniting the pervasive disease in the air.

Feeling the power of the disease and decay significantly diminishing, Franca didn't search for Lumian. Instead, she tacitly charged at Voisin Sanson.

She sensed Lumian wanted to eliminate Higdon first, so they needed to hold off Voisin Sanson, the Circle Inhabitant, to prevent him from interfering in Lumian and Higdon's battle.

Every moment counted!

Jenna had a similar feeling, quickly hiding and circling around Voisin Sanson, ready to support Franca and Anthony.

Among them, Anthony could inflict the most damage on a demigod!

Anthony used Psychological Invisibility again, cautiously approaching Voisin Sanson.

Voisin Sanson was still confused and fearful—he couldn't figure out where he went wrong trying to unseal and release Lord Termiboros, which allowed Lumian Lee to escape.

For a devout follower of Inevitability, this was a mistake redeemable only by death.

As soon as he regained control, Voisin Sanson hurried to the battlefield of Higdon and Lumian's companions, hoping to capture Lumian's teammates and force him back to save them, thus regaining control over him.

Unexpectedly, Lumian had indeed returned, but as a Demoness, a demigod-level Demoness!

If not for the fact that his lust-enhancing contract wasn't with a demigod creature and he had become a demigod-level Ascetic, he would have already lost control under that soul-piercing Charm.

Quickly, Voisin Sanson spotted Lumian's figure, emerging behind the last Higdon.

Voisin Sanson was about to teleport over and hunt him down when Franca's figure appeared behind him.

Franca raised her left hand, adorned with a black iron spiked ring, her eyes glowing with two streaks of lightning.

Psychic Piercing!

Voisin Sanson's body shook slightly, his soul feeling a brief pain.

Immediately, a transparent figure resembling him grew from his back, coldly gazing at Franca.

Crack!

Franca used her last Mirror Substitution, the fragments falling lifelessly to the ground.

Simultaneously, Jenna appeared several meters to the side.

She held a brown leather scroll, chanting a word in Hermes, "Sun!"

The scroll burst into radiant sunlight, enveloping Voisin Sanson in its holy and fiery light.

Though the power of Inevitability was not evil, corrupt, or dark, it contained a will that, for Sanson, was foreign and had to be expelled.

Of course, after reaching the demigod level, Voisin Sanson's consciousness had been corrupted and influenced by that will, aligning more closely with its master, so the purification effect wouldn't be too significant. However, his contracted creatures included dark, evil, and corrupt types, some of which feared purification. So, under the sunlight, Voisin Sanson couldn't help but close his eyes, raise his right hand to shield his face, and black smoke sizzled from his body.

As a demigod, Voisin Sanson wouldn't suffer severe damage from such Purification and would soon recover, but this gave Anthony a chance.

Anthony stopped, raised his Winter is Coming revolver, and pulled the trigger after a simple aim.

Bang!

A dark yellow bullet flew toward Voisin Sanson.

Sure Hit!

Anthony wasn't sure if Voisin Sanson had a substitute ability, so he chose Sure Hit instead of Certain Death.

Clang!

The bullet hit Voisin Sanson, producing a metallic sound, tearing his clothes, and causing his skin and flesh to rupture.

In the instant he was enveloped by sunlight, unsure of what he might encounter if he teleported away, Voisin Sanson activated a contract ability to metallize himself, enhancing his defense without amplifying the effect of the sunlight.

If the next attack couldn't be stopped even with metallization, Voisin Sanson could trigger the Circle Inhabitant effect, resetting his body state.

During the desperate blockade by Franca, Jenna, and Anthony, the last Higdon, seemingly foreseeing this, suddenly grew two greenish-yellow mucus-covered arms from his back, pushing out a dim green light at the Demoness of Despair, Lumian.

Certain Death!

The light hit Lumian's tall, perfect body but passed through.

The figure wavered like ripples, quickly shattering—just an illusion.

At this moment, multiple Lumian figures with black hair lightly floating appeared around Higdon, all wielding the Sword of Courage, slashing at the Sequence 4 demigod of the Order of All Extinction.

This was the demigod-level Demoness's utilization of the special mirror world, with each figure possibly being a mirror illusion or the real Lumian hidden among them!

Higdon's body suddenly disintegrated into dim greenish light, indiscriminately using the Certain Death effect.

This was both an area attack and an escape!

At this moment, another Lumian appeared in midair.

He held the Sword of Courage with both hands, descending heavily and stabbing the ground.

Rumble!

White-blue flames followed the violent explosion, quickly engulfing the area, consuming the dim greenish light striking the various Lumian figures, not giving them a chance to split into more Higdons.

Immediately, the white-blue flames turned into silent black, igniting and devouring all spirituality in the area with a destructive presence.

Smack!

As the black flames receded, a fist-sized lump of greenish-yellow mucus fell to the ground.

This was deliberately left by Lumian.

He grabbed the mucus without fearing infection, holding it in his hand and smearing it on a mirror.

His hand, covered in black flames, pressed onto it.

The greenish-yellow mucus let out a shrill scream.

In another dark ruin, another Higdon had just found Ludwig and was about to reach for the little boy with a ravenous expression when silent black flames bizarrely erupted from within him.

He was quickly engulfed by the black flames, turning into lifeless liquid, dripping to the ground.

After dealing with Higdon, Lumian teleported directly in front of Voisin Sanson, signaling Franca, Jenna, and Anthony, who had no Mirror Substitutes left, to retreat.

In Voisin Sanson's eyes, just recovering from the fierce sunlight, the coldly beautiful Demoness curled her lips into a soul-capturing smile.

Voisin Sanson froze for a moment, hearing a slightly magnetic, pleasant voice in his ear: "Hope your Circle Inhabitant effect still works; I don't want to kill you just once."

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Chapter 881 Three Times

Chapter 881 Three Times

Voisin Sanson felt there was no warmth in the voice's laughter, and he suddenly shuddered, snapping back to reality.

His first reaction was to quickly teleport out of this area, because Lumian had become a potion pathway demigod, and still had three companions assisting him. Meanwhile, Sanson's ally, the other demigod Higdon, had been completely killed by Lumian in a very short time.

No matter how devoutly he believed in the great Circle of Inevitability, no matter how urgently he longed to rescue Lord Termiboros, the Angel of Inevitability, today, Voisin Sanson was not so blind as to misread the current situation.

He knew he only had two choices: stay and fight to the death, or flee quickly and wait for another opportunity.

At this moment, it was not difficult to decide which to choose.

As the black mark on his body activated, Voisin Sanson's figure disappeared from where he stood.

The next second, he appeared dozens of meters away, facing a dark, transparent, almost glass-like barrier ahead.

The barrier flickered in and out of visibility, sealing off an area the size of a plaza.

Lumian, his body now slightly slimmer, held the huge iron-black straight sword and did not stop Voisin Sanson's attempt. He only said in a slightly mocking tone, "This is the special mirror world, and a demigod-level Demoness can utilize the power of this world to some extent.

"If you want to break the mirror barrier and 'teleport' out, there's only one way—defeat me, kill me."

Voisin Sanson struggled for a moment but failed to succeed. He had no choice but to turn around and face Lumian.

Then he saw the other reveal a beautiful but dangerous smile.

Lumian did not act immediately, because he was listening to the beating of his own heart.

The seal of Mr. Fool on him had lost its effect, but Amon had left some power in the original position, preventing the soul fragments of Aurore and others from leaking out and perishing completely.

Of course, this was only a temporary restriction. In two or three days at most, the seal would completely dissipate.

And because of the vast difference in strength between the two seals, Lumian felt that the distance between himself and his sister had shortened considerably, as if he could hear her voice and receive her thoughts.

Thump, thump, thump.

That heartbeat was familiar and warm.

"Do you see? Voisin Sanson is right in front of us, that heretic who always made you have nightmares, who scared you into fleeing Trier.

"Do you see? He's afraid."

Lumian whispered these two sentences with a gentle expression, then raised his head and cast his gaze toward Voisin Sanson.

During this process, he teleported several times in succession, changing his position to prevent Voisin Sanson's attacks from affecting him.

Lumian slightly arched his back and gripped the Sword of Courage with both hands.

The next second, his figure suddenly faded, blinking to the front of Voisin Sanson, seemingly intending to ignore the other's counterattack and forcibly cleave the target in two.

Voisin Sanson did not hesitate because of how beautiful this image was or how alluring this figure was. Relying on the endurance ability of an Ascetic, he concentrated dark green light in his eyes.

As the beam surged forth, Lumian had already become transparent, turning into a mirror.

Smack!

Just as the mirror shattered, Lumian's figure appeared behind Voisin Sanson, maintaining the downward slashing motion with the iron-black straight sword.

Voisin Sanson quickly let the semi-transparent figure resembling himself emerge, staring at Lumian.

But Lumian's figure suddenly became illusory, as if reflected in a mirror.

At the same time, Lumian materialized above Voisin Sanson's head, holding the iron-black straight sword burning with white-blue flames; he completed the last motion of this attack with a jumping slash.

Clang!

The Sword of Courage struck the junction between Voisin Sanson's neck and shoulder, directly cleaving open the skin and flesh gleaming with metallic luster, staining it with bright red blood.

Immediately after, a violent explosion occurred, and Voisin Sanson's body was about to be torn apart.

At this moment, Lumian was slightly dazed, while Voisin Sanson instantly returned to his original state, teleporting to the other side of the sealed area.

Lumian did not pursue closely, but turned his body to face the white-haired fatalist and said with a smile, "First time."

Voisin Sanson immediately felt his scalp tingle, understanding that the other meant he had already killed him once, with many more times to come.

He immediately activated a contract ability called "Phantom".

He suddenly split into dozens of copies of himself, and each Voisin Sanson seemed capable of teleporting, appearing in different positions and corners of the sealed area.

They simultaneously raised their right hands, their eyes reflecting the corresponding mercury-colored illusory river of Lumian.

This could be either Magnified Fate or Fate Exchange!

And Lumian seemed unable to distinguish which Voisin Sanson was real, unable to effectively prevent it.

Lumian's light blue eyes smiled without mirth.

He glanced at the Sword of Courage and found that Voisin Sanson's blood, which should have stained it, had disappeared, as if returning to the body of that Circle Inhabitant.

Lumian was not surprised. He suddenly threw the Sword of Courage, hurling it towards the center of the sealed area.

The huge iron-black straight sword fell to the ground like a cannonball.

Rumble!

A massive explosion suddenly occurred, shaking even the special mirror world, and white-blue flames quickly covered every inch of ground and every bit of air in the sealed area.

This was why Lumian had limited the battlefield to the size of a plaza.

The phantoms created by Voisin Sanson were quickly destroyed. After struggling to resist for two seconds, his true body shattered, triggering the Circle Inhabitant effect.

Lumian himself was also engulfed by the explosion, the flames scorching his skin, the shockwave tearing at his body.

Then, he turned into a mirror.

The mirror immediately shattered.

As the explosion quickly subsided, Lumian looked at Voisin Sanson, who was far away from him, and smiled more obviously.

"Second time."

His clear light blue eyes, like highland lakes, still held no mirth.

As he spoke, invisible spider silk extended from Lumian's body, binding the hilt of the Sword of Courage and dragging it back.

Realizing that the area-of-effect attack of the iron-black straight sword could completely cover this area, and that none of his contract abilities were sufficient to withstand such an explosion, Voisin Sanson was overcome with a feeling called despair.

Although before chasing here, he had already canceled the previous Circle Inhabitant effect and waited for the restriction to end, resetting the same Circle Inhabitant with nine more chances to trigger, now with seven left, if Lumian were to throw that iron-black straight sword again and again, repeating the area-of-effect explosion from earlier, he didn't think seven Circle Inhabitant effects would have much significance.

Unless that iron-black straight sword needed some time between such attacks.

Voisin Sanson dared not gamble. He chose to end the Circle Inhabitant effect on himself.

His right hand pressed towards Lumian's approaching figure from a distance, and silver-white lines with black edges appeared in his eyes.

These lines twisted like snakes, framing Lumian's figure in the middle, then quickly connected head to tail.

Voisin Sanson wanted to make Lumian a Circle Inhabitant!

Different types of Circle Inhabitant effects didn't need to wait for restrictions to end.

And in the same time period, Voisin Sanson, at only Sequence 4, could maintain only one "Circle".

His preset condition now was that if Lumian made any move to attack him, it would trigger the Circle Inhabitant effect, resetting the state of this Demoness of Despair—such harsh conditions couldn't be placed on an area-of-effect Circle Inhabitant, and would be suppressed by the target's level, not achieving the best effect, unlike the area-of-effect Circle Inhabitant which could affect even Angel-level Beyonders.

The Inevitability power Voisin Sanson attached to this Circle Inhabitant could only maintain three cycles. Once it exceeded three times and started the fourth, the destined fate would arrive.

Of course, what exactly this destined fate would be needed to be chosen by Voisin Sanson himself.

Because he had to complete this "Circle" quickly, otherwise Lumian could launch an attack first, Voisin Sanson had no time to discern carefully. He just glanced and chose a tributary from Lumian's illusory mercury-colored long river, placing it into the circle.

It was the tributary of the Mirror People being hostile to this Demoness of Despair, which could help Voisin Sanson destroy the surrounding mirror barriers, giving him a chance to teleport and escape.

The worse the destined fate, the worse the final result, the more Inevitability power Voisin Sanson had to invest, and the longer it would take to complete the Circle Inhabitant, which was not suitable for the current situation.

As soon as this "circle" was completed, Lumian immediately had a spiritual intuition and put down the Sword of Courage in his hand, no longer advancing.

Seeing this, Voisin Sanson instinctively concentrated dark green light in his eyes.

Those two beams shot out like light, instantly falling on Lumian, who once again turned into a mirror, his body materializing not far from his original position.

Seeing this, Voisin Sanson suddenly froze.

Why didn't Harrison and I think of using this method to trap Lumian when facing his attacks?

That way we could have resolved the battle faster, without needing to be killed several times…

And now, he still had who knows how many Mirror Substitutions.

Voisin Sanson quickly decided to provoke Lumian to attack. His eyes once again lit up with a dark green hue.

Just then, even with the endurance of an Ascetic, Voisin Sanson couldn't help but cough once, causing the dark green beam in his eyes to deviate from its target and fall on the distant mirror barrier.

The barrier was slightly damaged but instantly repaired itself.

Voisin Sanson began to feel his body weakening, each breath feeling like his airways were being scorched by flames.

His spirituality was also rapidly depleting.

Disease… I've been infected by the Demoness's disease! Voisin Sanson suddenly raised his head, just in time to see Lumian reveal a mocking but beautiful smile.

"Why did you think the explosion and incineration from earlier could directly kill my mystical pathogens?

"They can persist for quite a while longer."

Voisin Sanson's heart tightened, and he frantically attacked Lumian, but only managed to shatter three or four mirrors.

And with each ineffective attack, Voisin Sanson grew more desperate. He seemed to already see the worst outcome approaching, yet was powerless to reverse it, only able to watch helplessly as the bell of death tolled.

He even tried to metallize his body, but the disease could still infect him, eating into him.

Cough, cough, cough!

After many more attempts, Voisin Sanson finally lost the strength to stand. He collapsed to the ground, coughing violently as he fell.

He no longer had the power to maintain the Circle Inhabitant effect on Lumian.

Lumian walked step by step to the front of this Circle Inhabitant, looking down at him from above, and said with a mocking smile, "Only three times?"

Voisin Sanson raised his head with difficulty, looking at that beautiful and cold face, feeling as if he was rapidly falling into a bottomless abyss.

That feeling was the epitome of despair.

Lumian bound Voisin Sanson with a spider web, suspending him in the air, then formed a sharp, thick ice pillar beneath him.

"Goodbye, give my regards to your master," Lumian said softly, retracting all the spider silk.

Pfft!

Voisin Sanson fell heavily, impaled by the ice pillar.

His eyes bulged, and blood flowed beneath him.

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Chapter 882 The True Purpose

Chapter 882 The True Purpose

Seeing Voisin Sanson's eyes bulge, his breath gradually fading, his face twisted in pain and palpable despair, Lumian reached behind into the Traveler's Bag and took out the silver Lie earring, putting it on his left ear.

The dying Voisin Sanson suddenly saw a familiar figure.

That figure had light blue eyes, beautiful features, and long, thick golden hair.

It was Aurore.

But this time, there was no longer fear or terror on Aurore's face, only a faint smile.

"Gasp…" Voisin Sanson uttered his final sound.

He died like that, with his eyes bulging.

Lumian returned to his original appearance, casually saying as he removed the Lie earring, "You died so quickly? I wanted to thank you for helping me digest the Despair potion."

When he had just advanced, the Despair potion was already mostly digested, and now it had progressed even further.

Lumian wasn't surprised by this. According to the mystical knowledge he had learned from Madam Magician, the essence of the acting method was actually to gradually align one's mental and spiritual state with the core symbolism of the potion through acting, thereby bypassing restrictions and completing digestion step by step. His state before and after taking the Despair potion could be said to be very close to the name "Despair".

Lumian wasn't despairing about having to become a Demoness. For faster advancement, better handling of possible apocalyptic scenarios, and earlier resurrection of his sister, he had considered similar things more than once. After all, he would have the chance to switch to the Hunter pathway and become a man again later.

He despaired that he was forced to do this and had no way to refuse. He despaired that his previous efforts, struggles, and anger were all under someone else's

arrangements, and that he would have to follow someone else's arrangements to walk the path of the Demoness afterwards.

Of course, when despair reached its peak, the desire and belief in his heart to become strong and change all this also intensified to the extreme.

"Is this what you wanted too?" Lumian whispered self-mockingly as he unsealed the area and let the remaining mystical pathogens dissipate completely.

Franca, Jenna, and Anthony had already hurried over after Voisin Sanson was impaled on the ice pillar.

Lumian suddenly sensed something and turned his gaze to a certain spot in this dark ruin.

It was where the Order of All Extinction demigod Higdon had finally died.

There, points of green light with yellow tinges appeared out of thin air, rising upwards, only to be blocked by the barrier of the special mirror world.

This place preliminarily cuts off connections, preventing some bestowed power from returning? Lumian, with his experience, immediately made the corresponding judgment.

By this time, Franca and the others had run up to him.

Looking at that familiar yet beautiful and cold face, Franca opened her mouth, wanting to say something, but swallowed it back.

Jenna examined Lumian's current appearance, with only one thought in mind: It's good that he's still alive; it's best that everyone is still alive!

As for the rest, there was nothing to worry about.

Lumian pointed to those green lights with yellow tinges that were being blocked, his voice slightly magnetic and distinctly feminine as he said, "You can take a weapon over there and place it there."

This was actively creating a Beyonder weapon.

After Franca exchanged glances with Jenna and Anthony, she very proactively said without any modesty, "I'll go; I'm just in need of a weapon that can harm demigods."

She was the second highest Sequence Beyonder in the team—not counting Ludwig.

If she had had a similar weapon earlier, she might not have been so desperate when facing Higdon.

"Alright," Jenna expressed her attitude.

Anthony also nodded.

This didn't mean that if he put the Winter is Coming revolver under those light spots, this Beyonder weapon would reset its usage count. Given its own material composition, doing so would likely cause the corruption to exceed the limit, making it disintegrate directly.

Franca took out her Cannon Gun and ran towards the area permeated with green light spots with yellow tinges.

Lumian withdrew his gaze, looked at Jenna, and said with a slight smile, "Do you have any ring-shaped items?"

Jenna, looking at that smile that seemed to radiate its own light, was a bit surprised, but felt that now was not the time to ask.

She found a cheap silver bracelet and handed it to Lumian.

After taking it, Lumian placed the bracelet on top of Voisin Sanson's corpse, waiting for the Inevitability power to be intercepted.

He then looked towards the distant transparent boundary that was like a mirror, seeing his own figure and face.

He made an effort to bring a smile to the corners of his mouth.

Because Aurore was just such a person who excelled at finding joy in suffering.

…

In front of the bloody altar, Ma'am Hermit was trying to find a way to combine the iron cigar case bearing Mr. Fool's aura with the Spear of Longinus to directly attack that oil painting depicting endless starry skies. Madam Magician, based on her rich knowledge of seals and powerful sealing abilities, carefully said, "The power of Inevitability is to make the interference of non-vortex ritual participants fail, while that terrifying voice affects all Beyonders similar to Listeners and Mystery Pryers. We may be able to solve them separately.

"The power of Inevitability is most likely dissipating from that circular ring on the oil painting. If we can plug it, shield it, we should be able to break free from the fate of interference being destined to fail, directly destroy the painting, and interrupt that terrifying voice."

"Plug it…" Ma'am Hermit immediately had an idea upon hearing Miss Justice's relay.

Taking advantage of the opportunity when the barrier seal was strengthened and the power of inevitability was significantly weakened, she cast a Warlock's spell, throwing that iron cigar case towards the oil painting on the altar, making it land accurately on the area painted with the silver-white ring with black edges.

The iron cigar case directly pressed down on that ring, shielding it, without leaving any trace exposed.

The little boy, Will, immediately said, "The power of Inevitability has decreased a lot more!"

Hearing this, Madam Magician quickly raised both arms, making the void around that oil painting bend, becoming dark and deep.

That space subsequently collapsed, shattering inch by inch, along with obvious cracks appearing on the oil painting and altar.

Miss Justice's face then protruded with patches of grayish-white scales, her body seeming to swell.

Similarly, Madam Judgment once again made a judgment.

Seeing her companions all launching attacks, Ma'am Hermit once again condensed that ancient spear stained with strange blood, throwing it towards the oil painting.

The oil painting, already in tatters under continuous attacks, was completely pierced by this Spear of Longinus, nailed to the altar.

Immediately after, flames that seemed to encompass all colors erupted from the spear tip, completely igniting the oil painting that still had terrifying sounds leaking out, gradually burning it to ashes.

…

Above Trier, one Worm of Time after another crawled back into Mr. Star's body.

This Major Arcana card holder wearing red gloves said to Mr. Hanged Man in his original magnetic voice, "Amon has returned, and briefly regained the true god powers of the Error and Door pathways. I must return to the Cathedral of Serenity immediately."

As soon as he finished speaking, Mr. Star instantly disappeared.

Mr. Hanged Man cast his gaze downward, seeing the "Moon" transformed into crimson moonlight fall into the extremely compressed villa mist, while Saint Vièvе of the Eternal Blazing Sun Church shone into it in the form of sunlight.

…

Deep in the primitive island, outside the Black Emperor mausoleum.

Amon, at the edge of the astral world, looked down at Perle, at the Shadow of the Beauty Goddess and the miniature crimson moon still struggling to approach the corresponding light spots in the white mist, without any action.

"What are you still waiting for?" Roselle, his face gradually deepening in pain, asked.

"The same as what you're thinking now, the most arrogant thought you've ever had." Amon pinched the monocle on his right eye and smiled in response. "If it was just to eliminate the believers of Uncertain Mist, there would be no need for such trouble, nor would it be worth us revealing our trump cards."

Roselle glanced at the transaction still ongoing below and said, "That could bring great hidden dangers."

"When you make a decision, you have to accept the corresponding consequences. How can you accomplish something big without taking any risks or bearing any losses?" Amon said with a smile, then added, "This wasn't said by me, nor by you."

Before Roselle, who was being eroded more and more deeply and painfully by the white mist, could respond, Amon looked into the distance and said, "Those few from the Tarot Club are not bad, they don't need me to personally descend to destroy that oil painting."

Saying this, Amon, wearing a monocle, showed an eager expression. "Now, it's time."

He cast his gaze towards the Black Emperor mausoleum, towards Bernadette who was being restricted by Roselle and unable to come out.

That Queen Mystic suddenly recalled something, feeling as if a certain memory had parted the mist and revealed itself.

She immediately stretched out her right hand, quickly sketching out one word after another bearing starlight in front of her.

These words, seemingly the source of all languages in the Northern and Southern Continents, quickly intertwined into strange symbols, opening a secret door that seemed to lead to the depths of the spirit world.

That secret door opened silently, and a gust of wind blew out, transforming into a man with a human upper body and an airflow lower body, wrapped in white cloth.

"The Magic Wishing Lamp and that item," Bernadette commanded in an authoritative voice.

That man with an airflow lower body respectfully responded, then took out two items from the white cloth wrapped around his body.

One looked like a miniature kettle, golden in color, covered with mysterious and complex symbols, with something like a wick protruding from the spout. This was 0-05—the Magic Wishing Lamp that the believers of Uncertain Mist wanted to obtain.

The other was a gray stone tablet, also engraved with those words that seemed to be the source of all languages in the Northern and Southern Continents, with numerous traces on its surface, mottled and ancient.

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Chapter 883 The Poor Genie

Chapter 883 The Poor Genie

After receiving those two items, Bernadette had fully remembered what she and the former Angel of Imagination, now the True Creator—Adam—were cooperating on.

Now, it was the final step of this transaction. The gray stone tablet she held in her hand was the second Blasphemy Slate transformed from the remains of the Ancient Sun God, the predecessor of the True Creator, recording the names, potion formulas, and related rituals for each Sequence of the twenty-two paths of the divine!

Bernadette originally didn't want to push the transaction to this step, hoping to resolve the corruption issue on her father's body before this, thereby ending the vortex ritual, but ultimately, she had to face the current situation.

Many of her efforts had failed, and several of her backup plans either didn't have time to take effect, or lost their effect because she was restricted by her father in the mausoleum and unable to leave. She could only hope that the proclaimed inevitable outcome would come to pass.

Bernadette raised both hands, pushing the Magic Wishing Lamp and the second Blasphemy Slate towards midair.

The moment He saw these two items, Emperor Roselle fully understood all of True Creator Adam's arrangements and ultimate purpose.

He reached out His hand, distorting the distance between the Magic Wishing Lamp and Himself, making it fall directly into His palm.

The Blasphemy Slate first disappeared, then appeared in the hands of Amon, who was wearing a black pointed soft hat.

Holding the Magic Wishing Lamp, Roselle smiled calmly at Amon and said, "Now that I am the true Black Emperor, and deeply corrupted by the Uncertain Mist, I indeed might be able to do something with this Magic Wishing Lamp and the Genie inside it as a medium."

"It's not 'might', it's 'certainly'," Amon adjusted the monocle on His right eye, smiling as He corrected.

Roselle didn't say more. Holding the Magic Wishing Lamp, He half-closed His eyes, extending His consciousness to this golden object.

This brought along some of the white mist that had begun to erode His consciousness.

Vaguely, Roselle seemed to see another barrier standing between heaven and earth.

That barrier was wrapped in thin grayish-white fog, its specific appearance indiscernible.

Soon, Roselle sensed a gap in the grayish-white fog, on that invisible barrier, but couldn't lock onto it.

At this moment, Amon pressed His right hand against the crystal monocle wedged in His eye socket.

That monocle suddenly lit up with a brilliance that seemed to illuminate the entire world.

Roselle's consciousness, preliminarily combined with the Uncertain Mist's corruption, instantly floated into the corresponding gap.

A haze immediately appeared before His "eyes".

Deep within that swirling smoke seemed to be hidden thirty-three layers of sky, each layer with numerous buildings faintly visible.

Roselle's consciousness quickly ascended, arriving at the highest layer of sky, coming to a majestic and grand palace.

He "saw" an incredibly enormous imperial figure, "saw" that the figure's face was masked by strings of jade, and beneath the jade strings seemed to be nothing, a void.

Roselle inexplicably felt that this enormous imperial figure was very similar to Himself, born from the same source, yet encompassing Him. A close connection was quickly established between the two.

This connection swiftly eroded Roselle's consciousness, yet was blocked by the corruption of the Uncertain Mist. They both merged and opposed each other.

Roselle momentarily regained some clarity.

A flash of inspiration struck Him, and using that close connection, He lowered His stance and said in His true mother tongue, "Imperial brother, please lend me your strength!"

That emperor with a face shielded by jade strings attached to a tall oriental crown suddenly stood up.

Behind Him, several similar imperial figures appeared, these figures each with different external appearances, but similarly with faces covered in jade strings, lacking faces, a complete void.

At the same time, all thirty-three layers of the sky deep within the haze lit up, revealing magnificent buildings and sacred figures.

Roselle's vision was instantly filled with azure light.

His consciousness suddenly returned to the Black Emperor divine body, seeing bursts of azure light erupting from within, dispersing and dissolving the white mist that had deeply eroded Him. Yet as time passed, the azure light and white mist began to show signs of merging in some places.

During this process, the Uncertain Mist did not withdraw its white mist. On the one hand, this was due to the barrier's obstruction and the influence of the True Creator and Amon; on the other hand, the Uncertain Mist was following its own chaotic madness, following its instinctive desires and cravings, wanting to truly merge with the azure light.

Roselle increasingly felt as if He was another facet of the Uncertain Mist, the connection established between Them through the white mist quickly becoming unusually solid.

At this point, even if the Uncertain Mist wanted to recall that white mist, it couldn't be done instantly, requiring some time, unless Roselle agreed.

The ball of white mist from the vortex ritual involuntarily rose, flying towards Roselle's body. This terrified Perle, who was currently only able to survive with the help of this mist, while the Shadow of the Beauty Goddess and the miniature crimson moon in the mist both stopped advancing, standing still.

Roselle once again cast His gaze towards Amon, who was holding the Blasphemy Slate, and said with some emotion, "As expected of a Visionary…"

To dare to imagine this, to dare to arrange this!

Amon's previous answer had confirmed Roselle's initial and boldest guess was correct.

The true purpose of the True Creator using the vortex ritual was to deal with the Uncertain Mist, that great existence peering at the current world!

Normally, even if that True Creator and the six true gods in the astral world put aside Their grudges and fully cooperated, They couldn't accomplish such a thing, at most forcing the Uncertain Mist to retreat. But now, He had used the vortex ritual, used the Uncertain Mist's craving for the Black Emperor true god, allowing the Uncertain Mist to establish a firm and close connection with Himself, making Himself increasingly similar to the Uncertain Mist, thus creating a certain opportunity.

Of course, the so-called opportunity certainly wasn't to use this connection to transfer power over and directly attack the Uncertain Mist; that wouldn't lead to a very good effect. But in the mystical world, there were some underlying rules that could be exploited, many ways to defeat powerful existences by harming the weak, which was the basis of many curses.

As this thought flashed, Roselle began to rub His fingers over the golden surface of the Magic Wishing Lamp, covered in mysterious and complex symbols, muttering, "Genie!"

The wick at the spout suddenly ignited, emitting light that looked like viscous water, spurting upwards to form a blurred and distorted pale golden figure.

As soon as that pale golden figure appeared, He turned His head, about to dive back into the Magic Wishing Lamp, but the white mist and azure light eroding Roselle's Black Emperor divine body suddenly split off a large portion, like a bear smelling honey or a vampire placed next to a pool of fresh, healthy blood, violently surging around this pale golden figure, binding it layer upon layer, as if submerging it.

Genie twisted and struggled desperately, trying to escape this predicament and shrink back into the Magic Wishing Lamp, but couldn't succeed no matter what. His pale golden figure gradually showed signs of merging with the white mist and azure light.

Genie's mouth kept opening and closing, as if frantically cursing Amon and Roselle, but restrained by the white mist and azure light, He couldn't even make a sound.

Roselle raised the Magic Wishing Lamp and Genie to His chest level, distorting the relationship between the main body and external items, briefly making Himself an appendage of Genie.

In an instant, Genie, originally one with the Uncertain Mist and completely of the same source, seemed to become another facet of the Uncertain Mist again, yet was subjected to sealing, unable to exert His power, appearing quite weak!

Roselle looked at Amon again.

Now, before your authority over loopholes as a true god of the Error pathway, under this firm and close connection, from a mystical perspective, the weak Genie can completely equal the powerful Uncertain Mist. Severely injuring Genie would be equivalent to severely injuring the Uncertain Mist and making Genie fall asleep would be equivalent to making the Uncertain Mist fall asleep!

What happens next is up to the two of you!

Amon smiled and raised the Blasphemy Slate in His hand.

In the Forsaken Land of the Gods, atop the majestic and stretching mountain range, before a huge blood-stained cross.

The True Creator—Adam—who had shaken off the influence of the Outer God's ravings, was already waiting here.

He wore a simple white robe, had a thick golden beard, eyes as clear as a child's, and beneath His feet was a dense shadow, different from Him, with five heads. It seemed to be His, yet not His.

Adam opened His mouth and said solemnly and sacredly, "I am One, and also Infinity, the Beginning and the End."

As soon as He finished speaking, True Creator Adam's clear eyes instantly became illusory, and around His body appeared a strange sea that seemed to encompass all colors and all possibilities.

Immediately after, Adam grasped the silver cross pendant hanging on His chest.

Above His head, a blazing yet illusory sun leaped out. To His left, lightning, gale winds, and sea waves interwove to form an overlooking phantom. To His right, a white tower with numerous brass eyes rose from the ground.

These illusory, seemingly imagined authorities and symbols, along with Adam's own shadow, driven by the chaotic sea, merged into Adam's body one after another.

With a thunderous sound, that strange sea encompassing all colors and all possibilities surged up, submerging the entire mountain range, while Adam expanded into a huge figure of light that seemed capable of supporting heaven and earth.

This True Creator briefly returned to His peak state, and that human savior who had battled ancient gods appeared in the world once again!

He walked slowly on the chaotic and pitch-black "water surface", pointing His finger towards the sea that was both real and illusory.

With this pointing, the surface of the second Blasphemy Slate in Amon's hand quickly surged with chaotic seawater encompassing all colors and all possibilities.

Amon no longer held it directly, letting this mottled and ancient stone tablet float in front of His body.

He then looked towards the pale golden Genie that was frantically twisting while seemingly cursing Him, revealing a smile that made the other even more furious.

Then, He let that Blasphemy Slate rise up.

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Chapter 884 The Future He Proclaimed

Chapter 884 The Future He Proclaimed

As the Blasphemy Slate in front of Amon rose up, the white mist corroding Roselle and Genie suddenly reacted, trying to break free and retreat back to the endless cosmos. But Roselle forcibly "held" it down, only allowing it to withdraw bit by bit.

Similarly, the pale golden Genie struggled desperately, trying to dive back into the Magic Wishing Lamp through the spout, but Roselle gave Him no such opportunity, firmly binding Him in front using the white mist and azure light.

Roselle turned His head to look down at the Black Emperor mausoleum, Distorting the distinction between inside and outside, and gave His eldest daughter Bernadette a smile that was both pained and satisfied.

He called out loudly, "Enjoy this world for me for a while!"

"Dad!" Queen Mystic Bernadette cried out, her cheeks glistening with tears.

Roselle said no more, turning His gaze back and standing upright.

He continued to resist the retraction of the white mist, tightly gripping Genie, then raised His chin and said to Amon in an authoritative and firm voice, "Do it."

Amon's monocle on His right eye instantly lit up with a strange radiance. He pressed down with both hands, causing the floating Blasphemy Slate before Him to heavily smash towards the pale golden Genie and Roselle who was "embracing" Genie.

The chaotic seawater encompassing all colors and possibilities transformed into a torrent, surging over mightily.

Drawn by this, the ball of white mist representing the vortex ritual, along with Perle, the Shadow of the Beauty Goddess, and the miniature crimson moon inside it, also rushed rapidly towards Genie and Roselle.

At this moment, within the vortex's white mist, a previously unexpanded point of light rapidly enlarged, revealing a dim and dark scene that seemed to correspond to both Fourth Epoch Trier and some unknown place.

From this scene, a delicate, slender, and beautiful white hand suddenly reached out, grabbing the distorted arm of the Shadow of the Beauty Goddess, and swiftly dragged this Grade 0 Sealed Artifact into its own light point. Both disappeared into the deep, blackish gloom.

Affected by the completion of this transaction, the miniature crimson moon formed by the Great Mother's corruption instantly arrived before the light point where a blurred figure was suspended, about to permeate into it.

Amon was fully utilizing loopholes while also having to control that Blasphemy Slate and maintain its stability, so He could only barely spare a bit of attention to interfere.

He couldn't prevent the disappearance of the Shadow of the Beauty Goddess, only causing the miniature crimson moon to autonomously crumble and dissipate by nearly half.

The remaining miniature crimson moon drilled into the corresponding light point, entering the blurred human figure suspended in midair.

That figure wrapped in bandages, thorns, and roses suddenly had its belly swell up enormously, with obvious cracks appearing. From these crevices, arms covered in black tar-like liquid and protruding with scarlet eyeballs, skull heads, and mouths with teeth and tongues suddenly stretched out, tearing at the blurred figure's abdomen.

The next second, the white mist representing the vortex ritual covered the pale golden Genie, with all the light points within simultaneously extinguishing.

Genie cursed frantically and silently, but could only watch helplessly as the chaotic torrent encompassing all colors and possibilities surged towards Him along with the mottled, ancient, and gray stone tablet.

He was instantly submerged.

His body composed of pale golden viscous lamplight quickly disintegrated, reverting to tiny golden fragments.

These fine, pure gold light points were rapidly washed away and eliminated by the chaotic torrent, leaving not a trace behind.

In the blink of an eye, only an extremely dim blue-tinged white light remained of Genie.

This light, not completely decomposed by the chaotic torrent, pathetically shrank back into the golden Magic Wishing Lamp.

At this point, Roselle no longer needed to restrain Genie, nor did He need to arduously maintain the close connection between Himself and the Uncertain Mist.

He looked at the chaotic torrent surging before Him, raised His chin again, and opened His arms, as if an emperor embracing His own world.

In an instant, the chaotic torrent encompassing all colors and possibilities submerged Roselle's figure as well.

This resurrected Black Emperor's body quickly disintegrated, rapidly becoming ethereal.

"Dad…" Bernadette in the mausoleum below called out once more, but this time her voice was very low, like sleep-talking.

Almost simultaneously, outside the barrier, the white mist covering a certain planet suddenly contracted to its core, as if directly struck by the second Blasphemy Slate along with the chaotic torrent, revealing the weathered earth and dried-up seabed once again.

Immediately after, uncertain, dense white mist spread out again, with indescribable sounds echoing throughout the cosmos.

This caused even the extremely bright astral world to be covered by thin mist, making the entire world dim and dark.

The next second, the white mist, whose size and state were indescribable, detached from the previous planet.

That planet shattered silently, with various rocks and gasses ejecting outwards in waves.

Then, a chaotic sense encompassing all colors appeared on the surface of the dense, uncertain, and unviewable white mist.

It suddenly shrank, rapidly disappearing into the depths of the endless, dead, and dark cosmos.

…

On the streets of Trier, citizens saw the mist in the sky gradually dissipate, and the sun returned to normal—neither bright enough to blind human eyes nor dim as if at dusk.

The series of strange events that had just occurred were not forgotten by them, and the voice proclaiming "Emperor has returned" still lingered in their hearts.

"What exactly is happening to this world?" Many citizens had similar questions.

With these doubts and lingering fear, they turned their gaze to newsstands and nearby cathedrals.

On this day, mystical magazines like Psychic, Arcane, and Lotus sold out in Trier. Whether it was the Eternal Blazing Sun's cathedrals, God of Steam and Machinery's cathedrals, or The Fool's cathedral, all were packed with people.

Similarly, in cities large and small across the Northern and Southern Continents, like Backlund and Port Pylos, corresponding magazines were in short supply, and every cathedral was filled with believers.

…

Above the primitive island, Amon descended to a height level with the top of the Black Emperor mausoleum.

He looked at Queen Mystic Bernadette, who had just walked out of the mausoleum, and said in a deliberately indifferent tone, "For sixty years, the Uncertain Mist will not be able to come again. There will be one less danger to face at the time of the apocalypse.

"And as long as no new Black Emperor is born, as long as the order of human society has not completely collapsed, or this mausoleum has not been completely destroyed, Roselle will be able to resurrect from nothingness after a hundred years. At that time, with three types of corruption on Him, He will achieve a basic balance and be able to maintain basic humanity and clarity."

At this point, Amon laughed and changed His tone. "This is the future He claims, and also His promise to you."

Without waiting for Bernadette to respond, Amon grabbed at the air and tossed a crown inlaid with many dark gems that had just appeared, along with the Magic Wishing Lamp, to Queen Mystic.

"As a guarantee of the promise, the Black Emperor's Uniqueness shall be given to you.

"As long as you don't die, no new Black Emperor will appear."

Bernadette caught the dimly glowing crown and said in a low voice, "I hope the future He claims will inevitably unfold."

Amon pinched the monocle on His right eye and chuckled softly.

"This is not something I can answer on His behalf. Anyway, I've received my payment, and the ritual was completed just now."

As soon as He finished speaking, Amon, who no longer had the status of a true god, languidly took back the Blasphemy Slate and three other rays of light, disappearing into midair.

…

In front of the destroyed bloody altar.

After the world's darkness and mist at high altitudes retreated, Madam Magician cast her gaze towards the western sky.

As an Angel closely connected to the spirit world, she had already learned from the spirit world about what had just happened and the fate of her Minor Arcana cards.

"What's wrong?" Miss Justice asked.

Madam Magician's expression was very complex, and her tone carried a slight sigh.

"That evil god who preached in the name of Truth has suffered a heavy blow and must sleep for decades.

"This is good news. There's one less major danger for humanity to face during the apocalypse, and there won't be any Brokers running around making connections before the apocalypse.

"But Emperor Roselle has perished because of this. He may only have a chance to resurrect and return after a hundred years, and also…"

Madam Magician didn't continue.

Ma'am Hermit, who had lifted her hearing seal, and other Major Arcana card holders like Miss Justice and Madam Judgment also had rather complex expressions.

…

In a room five or six meters high in the New City of Silver.

Lumian had already brought Franca, Jenna, Anthony, and the subsequently recovered Ludwig, Lugano, and others to this place that could guarantee their safety.

Looking at Lumian with his black hair scattered and delicate features, Franca wanted to tease him a bit, but felt that his mood wasn't quite right.

She had always known that Lumian had considered switching to the Demoness pathway. For faster advancement, as long as he maintained his sense of self, he could completely switch back to the Hunter pathway later and become a man again. So Franca originally thought Lumian had made the decision to switch to Demoness this time to deal with the dangerous situation, but after careful observation, she felt it wasn't like that.

If it had been his own choice, Lumian wouldn't have hidden suppression and pain under his calmness!

Thinking of this, Franca glanced at the sky outside that had returned to azure, and deliberately said, "The vortex event seems to have ended. Very good, very good. The apocalypse didn't come, this world wasn't destroyed, and we're all still alive!"

As long as we're still alive, there's still hope!

Jenna also pondered for a moment before asking Lumian, "Do you want a change of clothes?"

Lumian looked at the two Demonesses and Anthony, then at Ludwig who was eating frantically without caring that his godfather had become a woman, and Lugano who occasionally stole glances at him. He said in a slightly low voice, "I'll explain the specifics later. I'm going somewhere now."

"By yourself?" Jenna asked.

Lumian nodded gently.

Franca didn't try to persuade him. She took out a black cloak she had bought when disguising as a Witch from the Traveler's Bag and threw it to Lumian.

Lumian put on the cloak and activated the black mark on his right shoulder.

He teleported to a deep valley where an ancient church stood, its surface water-black and carved with human skulls.

This was the first cathedral built by the Aurora Order for that True Creator.

Lumian entered this deep black church, walking step by step to the huge black cross inside. Along the way, there were no human presences, nor any unknown things blocking him.

After stopping, Lumian, wearing the black cloak, looked at the male deity statue hanging upside down on the cross. His gaze moved from the rusty iron nails piercing the deity's body and the fresh red blood rendered around them, all the way down to the face where all features were blurred except for the eyes, which were very clear, tightly closed, as if bearing all pain and guilt.

After staring for a few seconds, Lumian said in a low voice with a hint of magnetism, "One day, I will truly walk before you and tell you my answer."

After saying this, Lumian in his black cloak turned around and walked towards the outside of the cathedral.

At the same time, incandescent fireballs shot out from around him, flying towards different parts of this cathedral, flying towards the male deity statue hanging upside down on the black cross.

Rumble!

Pillars collapsed inside the cathedral, windows shattered, and corners were set ablaze.

Rumble!

The huge black cross was blasted to pieces, and the inverted statue crashed down, smashing into many fragments on the ground.

The statue's head separated from its neck, rolling a few times and becoming covered in dust.

Its face happened to face towards the silhouette of Lumian walking through the collapsing cathedral and raging flames, his black hair and cloak fluttering. The eyes remained tightly closed, as if bearing all pain and guilt.

God loves the world.

(End of Volume—Demoness)

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Chapter 885 The Corrupted Cannon Gun

Dreams are reality, despair is hope

The sunset light shone through the window, casting a dim golden-red glow in the room.

Except for Lugano who had taken Ludwig to explore local cuisine in the New City of Silver, Franca, Jenna and Anthony remained in the living room, listening to Lumian recount what had happened to him after they parted ways.

Lumian recounted the key points of Termiboros becoming Amon, the psychological treatment report Amon had read out, and the subsequent "story" script, all in a detached manner as if he were an outside observer, without concealing anything.

That low and indifferent voice entered Franca and Jenna's ears, gradually making them feel a suffocating pain and despair, as if they had experienced it themselves.

This was not physical pain, nor the kind of despair when facing death. It came from one's own insignificance, one's own powerlessness, from the realization that one's beliefs, emotions, and decisions were actually products arranged by someone else.

Franca couldn't help but think of the lab mice she used to work with frequently.

She finally understood why Lumian, despite not being averse to switching to the Demoness pathway, was still in pain over advancing to demigod status, his emotions constantly suppressed.

Looking at that familiar yet strange face, that expressionless beautiful visage, Franca felt an inexplicable heartache and pity.

After Lumian finished recounting his final choice, the room fell into silence.

After a moment, Franca took the initiative to change the subject, sighing. "I never imagined that Black Tear was also arranged by that individual. Wasn't that something from the Demoness Sect?"

"If not Black Tear, there would be White Tear or Gray Tear. If they can't arrange the vessel for the Primordial Demoness's divine descent, can't they arrange for other Demonesses?" Lumian responded calmly.

Seeing him in this state, Jenna felt a wave of sadness and heartache. With her experience, she would rather Lumian be in a state of rage, or directly show the pain hidden deep in his heart, instead of being like a dried-up well now, with all emotions pressed down to the bottom.

Franca had a similar feeling. She almost instinctively made a self-deprecating remark, "I never thought Jenna and I would have a place in the script, even if our role was just to stabilize your mental state, providing a stable anchor point when you advance to become the Demoness of Despair."

The word "anchor" was something she had encountered a few times with Madam Judgment, suspecting it was related to how High-Sequence Beyonders stabilized their own state—the higher the Sequence, the easier it was to go mad, and anchors seemed to be external help to strengthen self-awareness and resist the tendency to lose control.

"It's not just that," Lumian, still wearing the black cloak, said in a matter-of-fact tone. "It's also a means to prevent me from becoming addicted to the feeling of Aurore's soul fragments gradually reviving, unwilling to switch back to the Hunter pathway, and gradually abandoning my self-identification as a male."

Jenna and Franca fell silent, both feeling an indescribable pain in their hearts.

The latter stood up from the large, high-backed chair that she could curl up in, looked at Lumian, and said straightforwardly, "I don't like the way you put it, as if Jenna and I have really become tools.

"Black Tear only made the problem erupt earlier; it doesn't mean the problem didn't exist, it doesn't mean that the emotions and thoughts in our hearts were created out of thin air, that they appeared because of that individual's arrangements!

"I-I only speak for myself, my attitude is that I won't persuade you to definitely switch back to the Hunter pathway, nor will I care whether you're a Demoness or a Hunter. I'm also very glad that Aurore still has hope of resurrection, and I'm looking forward to seeing her come back to life, but what I value more is you, Lumian Lee, the one who has gone through so many things with us and shared so many beautiful memories…"

At this point, Franca was at a loss for words, not knowing how to express the thoughts she hadn't yet spoken.

Jenna also stood up, pursing her lips before saying, "I would be happy to see Aurore resurrect through you, but I don't want to see you give up on yourself because of it.

"In this world, there are people who care about Lumian Lee, who like him, who value him!"

"Yes!" Franca echoed Jenna's words.

Lumian's blue eyes, now a lighter shade, looked at the two Demonesses, with a faint light flickering in their depths.

He didn't respond to Franca and Jenna's words, but he didn't object to or mock their statements either.

Just as Franca and Jenna were about to say something more, they suddenly saw Anthony give them a look, indicating that this was just right, and that Lumian should be left alone to calm down and think for a while. Too much comfort, encouragement, and confession would only bring about the opposite effect.

Uh… Franca closed her mouth.

She then realized a fact:

Anthony was here… Doesn't that mean he heard everything I said earlier?

Embarrassing!

EMBARRASSING!

Jenna sat back in her original position, trusting the Psychiatrist's judgment in this matter.

As for her own emotional outburst just now, she didn't feel shy about it. She knew Anthony had seen through it long ago.

Anthony sighed inwardly. As a normal, almost middle-aged man, he was very grateful to be a Psychiatrist, a Hypnotist. Otherwise, facing two Demonesses each with their own unique charm every day, and later adding a captain whose beauty was breathtaking, he would definitely be naturally enchanted and unknowingly lose his heart.

He felt that with this kind of training, even if he hadn't become a demigod yet, he could resist the Charm of an enemy Demoness of Despair for a longer time.

The embarrassed Franca instinctively searched for a topic. She let out an "Ah" and said, "That individual's arrangements are truly terrifying. It's not something we can escape or choose not to accept."

Jenna nodded in deep agreement.

Both Demonesses had been in significant situations before. They had personally experienced the celestial changes that Red Angel Medici had created in Fourth Epoch Trier. But the True Creator's arrangements, which came without warning and left no trace, completely surpassed their imagination. Just thinking about it a little would cause nightmares or sleepless nights.

Lumian responded in a low voice, "That being is a true god. I even suspect He's more than just a true god. At least Madam Magician's attitude towards Him is

more respectful and fearful than towards true gods like the Eternal Blazing Sun.

"The Tarot Club, the Church of The Fool, and other related forces combined might not be able to prevent His arrangements. At most, they could detect anomalies a bit earlier and give warnings."

"Yeah, although there are many Angels around Mr. Fool's divine throne, they're still not enough to face a true god. Damn, why would a true god focus on someone who wasn't even a demigod before?" Franca sighed and cursed.

She originally wanted to add, "With such a large gap in status, resistance is mostly futile. We can only make do for now, not letting this matter weigh on our minds, and try to use His arrangements to strengthen ourselves as much as possible." But after considering Lumian's current state, she swallowed these thoughts that arose from her own personality.

"Perhaps we'll only stop worrying about being arranged by that individual when Mr. Fool wakes up," Jenna said carefully.

"Yeah, when will Mr. Fool wake up?" Franca echoed with a sigh.

Suddenly, with her rich gaming experience, she had an idea.

She sat up straight and looked at Lumian, saying, "The lucky coins in my, Jenna's, and Ludwig's possession all seem to come from Mr. Fool's past bestowal, carrying his aura. Could it be… could it be that gathering all the lucky coins might awaken Mr. Fool?"

"If it were that simple, the Major Arcana card holders would have already collected the lucky coins and awakened Mr. Fool," Lumian pondered for a few seconds before saying, "Perhaps gathering the lucky coins is just a prerequisite, and there are still some things to be done afterward."

At this point, Anthony interjected, "I'm about to get a lucky coin too. The Knight of Swords promised to use it as payment."

"Four coins now…" Franca couldn't help but glance at Lumian.

In the past, she would definitely have teased him, but now, facing Lumian in this state, how could she bear to?

Lumian didn't show any disappointment. He looked out the window and said, "Madam Magician should be coming to me soon. I'll ask her about the true significance of the lucky coins."

"Mm." Franca touched her Traveler's Bag. "By the way, I want to ask Madam Magician to create an independent space in my Traveler's Bag to store that revolver. I can feel that it, like Black Tears, is continuously creating diseases and constantly spreading outward."

Her Cannon Gun had already combined with part of the boon power from Higdon that was intercepted in the special mirror world, and had not yet been renamed.

After saying this, Franca asked Lumian to place the entire room into the Bottle of Fiction, while she took out the corrupted Cannon Gun and used Magic Mirror Divination method to grasp its corresponding effects and negative impacts.

Before long, Franca obtained a relatively detailed answer:

"The corrupted Cannon Gun will continuously spread disease and decay within a three-kilometer radius, with random types of diseases;

"The corrupted Cannon Gun can add either the Certain Death or Sure Hit effect to fired bullets, for a total of thirteen times, which can be stacked with the original Heavy Strike effect;

"If either the Certain Death or Sure Hit effect is triggered, the user will inevitably fall seriously ill for a period of time afterward. If a suitable healer isn't found, they might even die from it. If found, the severe illness state would last from a few hours to a day.

"After all the Certain Death and Sure Hit uses are exhausted, the negative effect of continuously spreading disease and decay will still exist, lasting for about a year."

As soon as she got the answer, Franca immediately stuffed the corrupted Cannon Gun back into the Traveler's Bag. Then, deliberately trying to liven up the atmosphere, she smiled and said, "If I were to use Impregnating Bullets with the Sure Hit effect, how would the enemy deal with that?"

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Chapter 886 Conditions Met

Chapter 886 Conditions Met

Regarding Franca's question, Jenna and Anthony were amused but didn't know how to respond.

Lumian, however, seriously discussed the possible consequences. "Is pregnancy a big problem for Beyonders? It's not something they want, they can lose it immediately through intense combat."

Seeing that Lumian was willing to discuss the issue, Franca chuckled and said, "It's not that simple. After getting the Impregnating Bullet, I seriously researched related issues and consulted Madam Judgment.

"It's been confirmed that these Impregnating Bullets originate from the Great Mother's boon. Even demigods can't escape it. Once pregnant, it's very difficult to terminate without special abilities. And we all know that one way for Beyonders to eliminate excess Beyonder characteristics is to have others or themselves become pregnant, using the child's birth to take away corresponding Beyonder characteristics, though the result is uncontrollable.

"In other words, the target hit by this Impregnating Bullet, regardless of whether they're male or female, human or dog, will immediately become pregnant. The fetus will grow rapidly, tearing away part of the Beyonder characteristics or boon powers, thus causing instability in the target's state and a decline in strength."

"This, combined with the Sure Hit effect, is a bit terrifying…" Jenna spoke her mind. "One can only stay vigilant and preemptively replace oneself with a substitute."

Franca originally wanted to take the opportunity to tell Lumian, "If you don't want to be a Demoness, we can ask Mr. Sun for help through the Tarot Club, or I can give you a shot with an Impregnating Bullet to see if there's a way for you to give birth to a Demoness of Despair, hehehe." But considering her companion's emotional state, she gave up on this joke.

Moreover, she felt that Lumian would likely insist on being a Demoness for a while to see if there were truly signs of Aurore's soul fragments reviving.

"I've decided, the Cannon Gun will now be renamed the Inevitable Gun," Franca said after careful consideration, abandoning the name "Execution Gun" which she liked more and found more fun. She then asked Lumian, "What abilities does your

bracelet have? By the way, I'll tell you about some Magic Mirror Divination targets that have been verified as safe."

"Including the one you mentioned that would cause social death but gives the most accurate divination results?" Jenna asked curiously.

Franca nodded solemnly. "Yes, but you'd better not pray to that one, otherwise… otherwise… Ah, I am the experience and lesson itself."

As she spoke, Franca couldn't help but glance at Anthony, finding that this Hypnotist showed no change in expression, as if he had already forgotten about the incident from back then.

With Franca's guidance, Lumian successfully completed his first Magic Mirror Divination, obtaining key information about the cheap silver bracelet:

"…Can use the Circle Inhabitant effect nine times, each Circle Inhabitant lasting no fewer than three times and no more than nine times.

"Circle Inhabitant can be used within a one-kilometer range, or targeted at a single individual, or applied to oneself. The range-type Circle Inhabitant trigger conditions cannot be harsh and can affect Angels in the corresponding area. The individual-type Circle Inhabitant can set some relatively harsh trigger conditions, but if the target's status is higher than one's own, the effect will be significantly reduced, even to the point of ineffectiveness.

"There are no restrictions on using Circle Inhabitant on oneself, and it can be restarted even if killed by an Angel.

"Only one 'Circle' can be maintained at the same time, and the same type of 'Circle' needs to cool down for three minutes before it can be created again.

"The Circle Inhabitant effect can last for a long time, unless the number of times is reached or the user actively removes it. For example, if a 'Circle' attached to oneself is set to restart near death, and there's no chance to trigger it afterward, it can last up to a year at most.

"Whether or not the Circle Inhabitant uses are exhausted, this bracelet contaminated by Inevitability powers will enhance the abilities of Fate Appropriation, Fate Exchange, Magnified Fate, and Compelling Fate to the Circle Inhabitant level. After about a year, the corresponding boon power will completely dissipate, turning this silver bracelet back into an ordinary accessory with curse remnants.

"Even just carrying this silver bracelet will unknowingly attract Inevitability boon recipients and be viewed with hostility by them.

"Each use of Circle Inhabitant will result in a period of bad luck, the specifics varying depending on the user's status."

Lumian held the cheap silver bracelet, repeatedly admiring it, as if waiting for the arrival of Inevitability boon recipients.

His pleasant voice, with a hint of magnetism, echoed, "If it's me, the bad luck would probably last about three hours. For you all, it might be close to two days. For Anthony, it should be three days."

"Indeed, it suits you best," Franca said. "Along with the Sword of Courage, you're equivalent to a demigod of the Hunter, Demoness, and Inevitability pathways, and your abilities have even become mixed without much conflict."

At Sequence 4, this could definitely be considered outstanding!

"What should we name it?" Lumian looked down at the cheap silver-black bracelet.

"Circle of Fate?" Franca eagerly offered her opinion.

"Circle of Binding?" Jenna suggested, her eyes flickering slightly.

"Then let's call it the 'Circle of Binding'. It's more fitting for my current psychological and emotional state," Lumian said with a self-mocking tone.

Before Franca could express her disappointment, he put away the Circle of Binding and said carefully, "The topic of Impregnating Bullets reminded me of something."

"What is it?" Franca asked curiously.

Lumian's light blue and clear eyes lit up.

"When I first learned that the name of the Great Mother's Invisible Child of God was Omebella, the Termiboros inside me seemed a bit surprised.

"I originally thought it was because this evil god Angel had heard of this name in the endless cosmos and didn't expect Omebella to enter our world and become an Invisible Child of God. But now, the situation is that the Termiboros inside me was equivalent to Amon's true form.

"In other words, this had nothing to do with any knowledge or legends from the endless cosmos.

"Currently, there are only two possibilities. One is that Amon is deceiving me, preparing for when I investigate this matter in the future. The second is that He truly didn't expect it, and what He didn't expect was that the name of Omebella, the giant queen and Goddess of Harvest from the Second Epoch, would appear on the Great Mother's Invisible Child of God."

"Does Amon not expecting it mean that that individual also didn't expect it?" Jenna understood what Lumian was really trying to express.

Lumian's beautifully curved chin nodded slowly.

"My encounter with Father Montserrat was definitely His arrangement, to grasp the situation of the Great Mother's Invisible Child of God. But the name of the Great Mother's Invisible Child of God might not have been part of the arrangement. It was an accident, something He might not have expected either."

"You want to start from this incident to find a path with fewer arrangements?" Anthony roughly understood Lumian's idea.

Lumian curled his lips into a smile, laughing once, causing Franca and others to feel a bit dazzled.

"His former identity was the Ancient Sun God who ended the era of ancient gods' rule. There are very few ancient secrets not grasped by Him, and this might be one of them."

Hearing this, Franca suddenly remembered that the True Creator worshiped by the Aurora Order was formerly the Ancient Sun God, the savior of humanity.

And according to intelligence gathered by the Curly-Haired Baboons Research Society, the Ancient Sun God was very likely also a transmigrator!

Dammit, how could a transmigrator do such a thing as arranging an innocent person's life! After cursing inwardly, Franca said to Lumian, "Do you now meet all the conditions to come into contact with Omebella's remains and use them briefly?"

After Lumian consumed Omebella's umbilical cord remnants and achieved a slight fusion with it, he only needed to meet two more conditions—"having experienced betrayal by a direct relative" and "being female"—to be able to touch and briefly use the Grade 0 Sealed Artifact formed from Omebella's remains.

Lumian, abandoned by his playboy father, had long met the first condition, and now, he was truly female.

Lumian offered a curt acknowledgment.

"Moreover, Omebella's remains are in the New City of Silver, in this very city.

"I wonder what useful secrets I can discover from New Silver City's records and direct contact with the remains…"

Before Jenna and the others could respond, points of starlight appeared, and Madam Magician's figure was instantly outlined in the room.

This Major Arcana card holder seemed to have already foreseen the difficulty Franca was currently facing and directly extended her hand, saying, "Give me your Traveler's Bag."

…

It was early spring, and in the fields outside the New City of Silver, patches of wheat seedlings were still lush green in the twilight.

Madam Magician walked with Lumian on the path between the fields, breathing in the scent of soil and plants, feeling the cool breeze.

Having already obtained most of the information from the spirit world, she still patiently waited for Lumian to finish recounting his experiences before sighing.

"We've always said to be careful of that individual's arrangements, to pay attention to coincidences around us, but what we didn't expect was that the arrangement happened from the very beginning, and gave many seemingly reasonable explanations, to the extent that we could only see traces of arrangements in specific events, completely overlooking the overall problem."

Lumian was still wearing the black cloak given by Franca, with his hair hidden in the attached hood.

He didn't blame the Major Arcana card holders for their thoughts, after all, that being was a true god.

Looking at the patches of green wheat seedlings tinged with golden red, he said in a low voice,

"Is it only when Mr. Fool awakens that we won't have to worry about every detail of our lives being arranged?"

"Yes, or quickly become an Angel. Although that won't exempt you from arrangements, you'll be able to detect many arrangements that rely too much on coincidence in a timely manner," Madam Magician tried hard not to let her eyes reveal emotions of pity.

Lumian fell silent for a moment before responding, "Are those lucky coins devices to awaken Mr. Fool?"

"Yes," Madam Magician didn't deny it. "You should have one too."

Lumian turned his head, using his eyes to express his question.

Madam Magician smiled and said, "That's the reward for the water from the Samaritan Women's Spring and the soil from in front of the ancient tomb of the Dream Festival.

"However, this needs to wait a few more days. There are time intervals for using these items."

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Chapter 887 The Function of the Lucky Coins

Chapter 887 The Function of the Lucky Coins

Lumian roughly understood the meaning of Madam Magician's words.

The water he had previously taken from the Samaritan Woman's Spring and the soil from the area of the Dream Festival ancient tomb did have a reward, which was another lucky coin. However, the one giving the reward needed to wait until all of that water and soil had been used up and the effects confirmed before actually paying. Using these items needed to be done in batches, with time intervals between uses, rather than consuming them all at once—which might actually lead to unfavorable results.

"We still need to wait a few more days?" Lumian cast his gaze towards the golden-red tinted horizon and nodded gently, "I understand."

He wasn't impatient. Having been arranged for so long already, a few more days didn't matter.

Lumian probed further, "How many lucky coins need to be gathered in total to awaken Mr. Fool?"

"The lucky coins are tools, mediums, not the awakening itself. There are only five such coins in total," Madam Magician answered clearly, no longer speaking in riddles. "Once you get the last lucky coin, the five of you will be able to use your respective coins to enter Mr. Fool's dream and attempt to awaken him. Understand? The lucky coins are mediums to help you participate in Mr. Fool's dream.

"Of course, given your Sequences, even with the lucky coins, you can't decide when you can enter that dream or what you can do once inside. We'll need to assist you to ensure you can all go at the same time and maintain sufficient clarity and rationality."

Lumian listened quietly, his eyes slightly turning as he pursed his lips lightly.

"Mr. Fool's dream? We're responsible for awakening Mr. Fool?"

"Yes," Madam Magician answered with just one word.

She surveyed Lumian's profile, which took on a dreamlike beauty in the twilight glow, and inwardly sighed.

Lumian furrowed his brow slightly. "What do we need to do to awaken Mr. Fool? Haven't the previous holders of the lucky coins entered Mr. Fool's dream before? Haven't they made any attempts?"

Why does it have to be us?

"I don't know exactly what needs to be done to awaken Mr. Fool," Madam Magician said very frankly. "That's for you to figure out. We'll give you some suggestions based on your feedback."

She paused, then said in a teasing tone, "The previous holders of the lucky coins did indeed enter Mr. Fool's dream and made quite a few attempts, but they were successively discovered by that Celestial Worthy's spirit, either kicked out of the dream or had their actions restricted, unable to do much. One of them, after being kicked out of the dream the first time, would be kicked out again within a minute of re-entering the dream, regardless of whether they disguised themselves or behaved.

"You need to be careful too. The early stages are fine, but if you're later discovered and locked onto by that Celestial Worthy's spirit, you'll also be kicked out of the dream, or become mute, blind, or foolish."

After pondering for a moment, Lumian asked, "Are we the destined ones to awaken Mr. Fool?"

"Perhaps, perhaps not. We can't be sure yet," Madam Magician explained simply. "We can only say that the previous holders of the lucky coins would suddenly feel at some moment or in some scenario that they should trade away the lucky coin to someone else. This might be a hint from fate."

Lumian didn't ask any more questions. Instead, he mentioned that he now met all the conditions to come into contact with Omebella's remains, and finally asked, "Can I apply to the New City of Silver now?"

"I'll help you inform Mr. Sun. You just need to be prepared," Madam Magician said with a laugh. "Of course, you won't be able to actually take away Omebella's remains. That belongs to the New City of Silver. Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts are extremely precious anywhere. No one will gift it to you without appropriate compensation.

"What you'll be allowed to do is to review the relevant records of the City of Silver, come into contact with and study the item that the remains have become within the New City of Silver. If you encounter difficulties, with the approval of the New City of Silver's six-member council, you may be able to borrow that Grade 0 Sealed Artifact for a short time, to be returned within a certain period."

"That's already very good," Lumian said sincerely.

According to 007, an official Beyonder, even to use a Grade 1 Sealed Artifact, he had to submit a report in advance, obtain approval, and meet the corresponding conditions. As for Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts, that was something he couldn't even dream of.

And now, the New City of Silver might actually allow him to borrow Omebella's remains for a period of time!

Lumian "habitually" smoothed his hair and told Madam Magician about Termiboros's, that is, Amon's true form's reaction when he first learned that the name of the Great Mother's Invisible Child of God was Omebella, along with his own speculations.

"This might indeed hide a very big and important secret, with some connection to that bird egg deep in the Underworld and the missing Madame Night Pualis," Madam Magician said, slightly raising both hands as if feeling the freshness and vigor of the early spring wheat seedlings.

Lumian stopped in front of a pond used for water storage and after a few seconds of silence, asked, "Madam, what is the true purpose and final result of Project Vortex?"

Madam Magician recounted in detail all the transactions and developments she understood, but because Lumian no longer had a false Angel status and had lost Mr. Fool's seal, unable to bear certain knowledge, she uniformly used descriptions like the evil gods outside the barrier, the one worshiped by the Brokers, and the Great Mother to refer to those great existences.

Upon hearing that Emperor Roselle had been resurrected as the Black Emperor, and then chose to die again to severely damage the great existence preaching in the name of "Truth", Lumian's expression changed several times, but in the end, he didn't say a word.

"I understand how you feel," Madam Magician comforted her feminized Minor Arcana card in a self-mocking tone. "I don't like that individual, and I really dislike His methods, but I have to admit, He is indeed preparing for our world to face the apocalypse, not just doing things that only benefit Him under the guise of a banner. So my feelings are very torn."

Lumian's expression remained cold, maintaining his silence.

Madam Magician didn't continue discussing this matter. She raised her right hand, letting points of starlight appear and fall towards Lumian's left chest, forming an illusory symbol composed of layers upon layers of doors.

This Major Arcana card holder said simply, "Since there's no need to seal an Angel, my power alone is enough to simply protect Aurore and the others' soul fragments. We don't need to trouble Mr. Fool, and besides, if Mr. Fool were to seal it, it might actually affect the gradual revival of Aurore's soul fragments through your female state.

"Well, if you're unwilling to take the lucky coin into Mr. Fool's dream, we won't force you. I'll still help reinforce the seal periodically."

Lumian smiled bitterly. "That individual has already made the choice for me."

He remained silent for a while, his slightly paler lips moving a few times.

"Can being in the Demoness state really allow Aurore's soul fragments to gradually revive? Is this truly the only way to resurrect Aurore?"

"It may not be the only way. At least, I can't give you an accurate judgment. Only Mr. Fool could provide the corresponding answer," Madam Magician neither denied nor confirmed that individual's statement.

Her current knowledge and abilities were not sufficient to support her refutation.

The only thing she could be certain of was: "This is indeed a way to resurrect Aurore, just that the final resurrection won't be completely whole."

"Why must it be Aurore's soul fragments gradually reviving, and not the soul fragments of other villagers? There are many soul fragments sealed within me, why is Aurore the most special one?" This was now Lumian's greatest concern.

Madam Magician said, "Aurore's soul fragments simultaneously meet three conditions. First, she was a Beyonder, having undergone the transformation of Beyonder characteristics on her spirit. Second, she was corrupted by Inevitability powers. Third, at the end of the ritual, her soul fragments received protection from that individual or several ones, so they're in relatively better condition, the kind that can gradually revive.

"Therefore, her soul fragments are indeed the most special among all the soul fragments within you. The remaining soul fragments might only be able to exist in the form of half-human, half-object puppet soldiers when you become an Angel of the Hunter pathway in the future."

Lumian thought for a while and said, "If I were now a Beyonder of those three pathways of the Great Mother, I wouldn't doubt that Aurore's soul fragments could gradually revive within me, but a Demoness doesn't have the symbol of new life…"

"But the Demoness has the authority of resurrection. Have you forgotten that one of the descriptions of the Demoness of Unaging is that she's bizarrely hard to kill, skilled in resurrection and rebirth?" Madam Magician reminded him.

Lumian quietly exhaled and said, "If I continue to advance to become a Demoness of Unaging, would the revival effect of Aurore's soul fragments be better?"

Madam Magician smiled and said, "There's no need to deliberately pursue that. When you later jump to Sequence 2 of the Demoness pathway, you'll similarly gain all the abilities and characteristics of the Demoness of Unaging, unless you

find a way to separate out the corresponding Unaging Beyonder characteristic yourself."

Seeing Lumian nod slightly, Madam Magician smiled and asked, "As a demigod who has switched pathways, you should have some special, mixed abilities now, right?"

Lumian offered a curt acknowledgment and said, "The most special ability is the application of fire.

"On the one hand, I can use a Hunter's blazing-white flames and the Demoness's inherent black flames separately. On the other hand, I can fuse them together for an explosive effect. This can both physically destroy human bodies and objects, and ignite spirituality, burning spiritual bodies, comprehensively damaging and destroying a target.

"Yes, after the fusion of the Demoness of Despair Beyonder characteristic and the Hunter pathway Beyonder characteristic, new mystical knowledge appeared, calling this black flame that suppresses irritability and madness the 'Fire of Destruction'."

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Chapter 888 Changes in Abilities from Pathway Switching

Chapter 888 Changes in Abilities from Pathway Switching

After describing the Fire of Destruction, Lumian frowned and said, "I've heard that members of the Demoness sect have a tradition of turning their lovers into females. Are there no Beyonders of the Hunter pathway among their lovers?"

This question was essentially still asking "Why me?"

Couldn't they just find any Sequence 5 of the Hunter pathway, seduce them to jump to Demoness of Despair, and satisfy the requirement of "yin contains yang, yang contains yin"? Why did I have to be arranged?

"Perhaps only you could very easily enter the area around the Samaritan Woman's Spring and obtain the remnant aura of the Blood Emperor, thus having mystical similarity with 0-01." Madam Magician fully understood what Lumian was concerned about.

Lumian continued asking, as if talking to himself, "The Red Angel has ways to control 0-01 without relying on mystical similarity. Since that individual has no selfish motives and isn't afraid of the Red Angel's revenge, why not directly reinvest in Him, instead of grooming a 'weakling' like me?"

Isn't this a waste of time?

Madam Magician glanced at the field ridge under her feet.

"I can answer this for you. First, the Red Angel can't get as close to the top powers of the two Calamity pathways as you can, unless His next step isn't to reclaim 0-01 and become the Red Priest, but to find a way to replace the Primordial Demoness. Second, the birth of a Red Priest is inevitably accompanied by competition, chaos, and disaster. Only through multi-party competition can a Red Priest emerge in the shortest time in the best way. If only the Red Angel were to walk this path, it wouldn't go smoothly."

"Am I competing with Him?" Lumian curled his lips in a self-mocking smile. "Then I should thank that individual for giving me this qualification."

As for ability, that was still far off.

Madam Magician continued, "Many members of the Demoness sect indeed have lovers from the Hunter pathway, but they rarely let these male lovers switch pathways and become female at Sequence 5. On the one hand, there are very few members of the Demoness sect who can get their hands on two Demoness of Despair Beyonder characteristics. On the other hand, they seem to be avoiding similar things. As far as I know, among the demigod-level Demonesses, only one was formerly a Hunter."

"Who?" Lumian immediately became alert like a Hunter.

Madam Magician smiled and said, "The Demoness of Cyan, Yalenna.

"She is a Sequence 3 Demoness of Unaging. Her mother is the leader of the Demoness sect, the Demoness of Gray Judith. Her father was a Hunter, who later went missing, suspected to have been killed by the Demoness of Gray."

Lumian pondered for a moment and said, "Could the Demoness of Gray have also been a Hunter before?

"Her twin sister Krismona was born female, born a Demoness. As a contrast, is it possible that She was born male, born a Hunter, until She transformed into a Demoness at Sequence 4?

"The Demoness of Black only mentioned that the Demoness of Black was Sequence 9 at birth, but never said that her Sequence 9 equaled Assassin."

"It's possible, but currently unverifiable. The Demoness of Gray is older than all of our Tarot Club's Major Arcana card holders combined. We don't know much about Her," Madam Magician said, a hint of a smile appearing on her face as if she had thought of something.

Is that so? I thought you were an Angel from the early Fifth Epoch, given that your teacher was Mr. Door, the strongest King of Angels of the Fourth Epoch…
Lumian didn't voice these words about a woman's age.

He began to walk slowly again, pondering as he spoke, "Is the Demoness sect, or rather the Primordial Demoness's hatred for pure female Demonesses really due to inner distortion? Is there no other mystical reason?"

Pure female Demonesses apparently wouldn't have the chance to touch the power at the top of the two Calamity pathways, so they should pose the least threat to the Primordial Demoness.

"Inner distortion is one reason, but my intuition tells me it's not the whole reason," Madam Magician said, turning her head to look at the New City of Silver where lights were gradually coming on. "The Seven of Cups is about to advance to Demoness of Affliction. You can try to get some intelligence on this from Krismona's remnant projection."

Lumian didn't continue this topic, instead returning to discuss the changes in his abilities after becoming a Demoness of Despair.

This was also something he had to do after his condition initially stabilized.

"At the Demoness of Despair stage, Disease has evolved into Plague that can cover a range of three kilometers. I currently have mastered three types of plagues. One is derived from the original Disease, targeting the flesh of relatively common creatures, mainly infecting organs such as the heart, brain, and lungs. From the incubation period to the outbreak of symptoms to becoming severe, it only takes about ten seconds, and then within another minute, it can cause the target to deteriorate to near death. The specific time varies depending on the enemy's status and constitution.

"The second type of plague is Weakening, originating from the mystical pathogen inherent in Black Tear. It can gradually strip away the target's strength until even their heart is too weak to beat. At the same time, it causes a gradual loss of spirituality. In other words, it can not only target relatively common creatures but also affect special creatures and even the dead. Any target with spirituality or relying on spirituality will gradually weaken because of it.

"The third type of plague is Rigidity. Over time, it causes even zombies to become rigid and stiff, becoming inflexible. This is a more mystically oriented plague.

"The fusion of Hunter traits with the plagues has given these mystical pathogens a certain resistance to fire. They won't quickly wither away under fire burning conditions and can persist for a longer time. Among them, the Weakening plague can inherently survive in high temperatures for a period, and its current fire resistance is the strongest among the three plagues.

"For dealing with these plagues, the burning of Demoness black flames and freezing over a certain range are better methods.

"I can also create my own unique plague varieties by combining my own traits, corresponding mystical knowledge, specific ideas and experiments, and possibly required special materials. This takes a long time and can't yield results quickly. But regardless, a Demoness's Plague can only target things with spirituality and cannot cause rocks or metals to weather, rust, or decay like the demigods of the Order of All Extinction.

"In using Precision, a Hunter's Precision can help me maintain two types of plagues simultaneously, but it requires three to four times the spirituality consumption of maintaining a single plague."

Madam Magician nodded lightly, not interrupting Lumian's self-analysis.

"The Demoness of Despair's mastery of the mirror world and mirror magic has reached a considerably deep stage. I can locate mirrors within a five-kilometer range and mirrors I've visited before. I can traverse freely in the mirror world and transmit information through the mirror world to those located mirrors, displaying

it. This is much more convenient than messengers, but there's a possibility of the information being intercepted by mirror world creatures. Some curses need to be attached to the information to avoid most troubles.

"I can also use located mirrors to project myself there, looking just like the real thing. Currently, this projection has distance limitations and cannot exceed a city.

"A Hunter's Precision has also fused with this Mirror Projection ability, allowing me to complete three to five projections simultaneously, with each projection having some power and able to accomplish some things, though they cannot leave the range reflected by the corresponding mirror."

When fighting against the Order of All Extinction demigod, Higdon, Lumian had used the power of the special mirror world to create many Mirror Projections. If Higdon had ignored them at that time, these illusions and projections could have caused a certain degree of damage!

"Other mirror magic, such as Mirror Maze, Mirror Substitution, and Magic Mirror Divination, have also reached the level of Sequence 4. Among them, curses completed through mirrors include normal types, those fused with Cull that can erupt fiercely in an extremely short time, and those mixed with the power of Inevitability that can complete fate-related curses," Lumian pondered as he spoke. "Fate-related curses can put the target in a state of misfortune for a period of time. This is not easily noticed by them and is used against enemies who inherently have strong curse prevention abilities."

Lumian paused, then continued, "Like other Demonesses of Despair, if enemies can't replace themselves with a substitution before I lock onto them and complete the curse, they won't be able to transfer or share the damage even if they have a Mirror Substitution or Paper Figurine Substitute.

"The Demoness's spider silk has also changed, becoming more solid, more tough, able to complete more tasks, including restraining, binding, interfering, transmitting pleasure, black flames, and curses. At the same time, the fusion of Hunter traits has made these spider silks sharper, able to directly cause a certain degree of damage.

"My hair is the source of spider silk. If an enemy's body is touched by my hair, the corresponding part will experience some petrification symptoms.

"Weakness Investigation is no longer limited to discovering weaknesses and vulnerabilities in the flesh, soul, and defenses, as well as fate streams that can lead to death, but also includes the target's emotional and desire weaknesses and trigger points.

"Cull has fused with the Demoness pathway's Mighty Blow, capable of bringing more terrifying damage. I can take out some physically fragile demigods in one strike."

"Physically fragile demigods often have many mystically oriented life-saving abilities, or make it impossible for you to find their true form," Madam Magician

reminded at this point.

Lumian nodded, indicating he would remember.

"Other abilities include black magic like Invisibility, the ability to manipulate frost, Wand Substitution, basic divination abilities, which are all the same as a normal Demoness of Despair.

"Instigation and Provocation have fused together, granting me the ability to use language and attached mystical power to stir up the target's emotions and desires, making them do what I anticipate.

"Pleasure can be combined with Cull and Precision…

"…

"That's about it."

Madam Magician nodded thoughtfully and remarked, "Jumping to a neighboring pathway indeed brings many strange changes and mixed abilities. This is not something that can be achieved by using the neighboring pathways' Sealed Artifacts."

Lumian gave an affirmative sound, then asked, "Should we still have Franca continue undercover in the Demoness sect?"

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Chapter 889 Intelligence on the Demoness Sect

Chapter 889 Intelligence on the Demoness Sect

Faced with Lumian's question, Madam Magician pondered for a few seconds before saying, "Whether it's investigating the state of the Primordial Demoness, exploring the secrets of the deepest layer of the special mirror world, uncovering the essence of the mirror self, or mastering the secret of resurrection and rebirth of the Demoness of Unaging, it's impossible to bypass the Demoness Sect.

"These are equally important for you now.

"So, my opinion is to let the Two of Cups continue to contact the Demoness of Black, while you lurk in the shadows to prevent accidents.

"The Demoness Sect has probably already suspected the Two of Cups' background and intentions, but I'm not sure what countermeasures they will take. If they want to use the Two of Cups to do some things and achieve certain goals, we can take advantage of such arrangements to peek into the secrets of the Demoness Sect and the special mirror world, and incidentally obtain subsequent resources for the Demoness pathway. If they prepare to eliminate hidden dangers and wipe out the Two of Cups, you, lurking in the shadows, must immediately act and quickly rescue the Two of Cups. The mission with the Demoness Sect shall then end there.

"This is indeed already a fairly high-risk matter. Both the Two of Cups and you have the right to refuse."

Lumian listened attentively and then smiled and said, "I think the Demoness Sect won't do anything to Franca for the time being. It's more likely they'll use her. Otherwise, in the underground mausoleum of Morora, Julie in her divine descent state wouldn't have thrown me out of the special mirror world. And after I achieved my goal, obtained the Black Tear, and returned from Morora, the Demoness of Black wouldn't have been so easily patronized by Franca."

Madam Magician nodded almost imperceptibly.

"If this isn't that individual's arrangement, it means the Primordial Demoness also hopes for a Beyonder who harbors hope for Tudor's resurrection and is closer to the top powers of the two Calamity pathways than Her to grow up according to the method currently considered closest to the correct answer, in order to achieve a goal that is very important and crucial to Her."

Lumian twisted his mouth and said in a self-mocking tone, "One of the ways to counter a true god's arrangement is to place oneself in the plans of another or several true gods, whether those plans are good or bad."

"The principle is the same as balancing the corruption on oneself." Madam Magician shook her head and smiled. "But you should remember that before Mr. Fool awakens, no true god can compete with that individual in arranging this matter, even if several Sequence 0 true gods unite. Of course, this can indeed interfere with and influence that individual's arrangements, giving you a chance to detect anomalies in a timely manner or in advance."

Lumian nodded solemnly. "Whether Franca continues the Demoness Sect mission or not, I will follow up on these matters. Madam, can you give me more intelligence about the Demoness Sect? The Demoness of Black only reveals very little to Franca each time."

Madam Magician said in an appreciative tone, "You now indeed have the ability and mindset to independently handle one aspect of affairs. If Mr. Fool wakes up, you are completely qualified to draw a Major Arcana card.

"From now on, matters concerning the Demoness Sect will be consolidated under you. If you need assistance or want to mobilize resources from other Major Arcana card holders, you can find me or Judgment at any time.

"Well, because the Demoness of Unaging can be resurrected, can be reborn, is difficult to kill completely, and stays forever young without aging, she can live for many, many years, even longer than the lifespan of Angels from many pathways. So, if we don't count Sequence 4 Demonesses of Despair, and only consider the accumulated number of currently living Sequence 3 and Sequence 2 Beyonders, the Demoness Sect has more than any orthodox god church.

"In this regard, only Sanguine, whose lives are equally long, can compare with them, but still fall short.

"Of course, a large part of the high-level power of orthodox god churches is in Grade 0 and Grade 1 Sealed Artifacts and Holy Artifacts. If encountering major disasters, those Sealed Artifacts and Holy Artifacts can also play the role of corresponding high-level beings to some extent, and a large part of them can be relatively smoothly converted into Beyonder characteristics that rapidly strengthen reserve forces."

Lumian recalled and said, "According to the Demoness of Black, at Sequence 3, one can name oneself with a color. There are thirteen such 'Color Demonesses' in total."

"Among them, four are Angels, Sequence 2 Angels. In this respect, the Demoness Sect is inferior to orthodox god churches, because their high-level members must be Demonesses, and there are no angels from other pathways. Orthodox god churches, on the other hand, can potentially use Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts or Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics of other pathways they possess to create

Sequence 1 Archangels." Madam Magician gave a detailed introduction.

"Why can't there be Sequence 1 Demonesses?" Lumian expressed his confusion.

Madam Magician chuckled. "What I'm about to say is one of the highest-level mystical knowledge of the paths of the divine.

"Each pathway has its own distinct Uniqueness. Occupying and accommodating the Uniqueness is the key to becoming a true god, but it's not the only condition. A true Sequence 0 also needs all the Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics of its pathway to support the Uniqueness, which is three in total. So, with the Sequence 0 Primordial Demoness, there can't be Sequence 1 Demonesses of Apocalypse, only Sequence 2 Demonesses of Catastrophe.

"Similarly, orthodox god churches can't have Sequence 1 Archangels corresponding to their own deities. Well, except for some pathways with special abilities."

As Lumian suddenly came to a realization, he very keenly asked,

"I can't advance to Sequence 1 of the Demoness pathway and become a Demoness of Apocalypse unless the Primordial Demoness falls before that?"

"Correct." Madam Magician specifically reminded, "There's only one Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristic left for the Hunter pathway. The Red Angel has already occupied two, which is why He can become a King of Angels again."

"Is the definition of a King of Angels occupying multiple Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics or accommodating the Uniqueness?" Lumian had some understanding of the concept of King of Angels before, but today was the first time he clearly recognized what this title represented.

Magician nodded. "Yes, whether it's occupying two Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics, or three Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics, or accommodating the Uniqueness, as well as the Uniqueness plus one Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristic, the Uniqueness plus two Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics, they are all Kings of Angels.

"The only King of Angels composed of the Uniqueness plus three Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics was my mentor, Mr. Door, but He used His own sealing authority to resist the tendency to converge. If not for this, after three Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics and the Uniqueness are placed in the same Beyonder's body, they would inevitably converge rapidly, and the possessor would either immediately become a god, lose control on the spot, or die directly."

No wonder Mr. Door was the highest-ranking nobleman in the Tudor Empire… Lumian asked with undisguised concern, "Where is the last Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristic of the Hunter pathway?"

Is Red Angel Medici about to get it?

"It's rumored to be with the Primordial Demoness." Madam Magician didn't conceal this intelligence, "And the one who reportedly brought that Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristic to the Primordial Demoness was the Demoness of Black, Clarice."

Lumian nodded thoughtfully.

Madam Magician continued to introduce the situation of the Demoness Sect, "Besides the Demoness of Gray Judith, the Demoness Sect has three other Sequence 2 Demonesses of Catastrophe, namely the Demoness of Yellow, the Demoness of Blue, and the Demoness of Purple.

"There are currently nine Sequence 3 Demonesses of Unaging. Besides the Demoness of Black and the Demoness of Cyan that you know, there are also White, Scarlet, Silver, Green, Gold, Brown, Orange…"

After hearing this, Lumian keenly noticed a problem. "Trier with its special mirror world should be one of the most important areas in the eyes of the Demoness Sect, yet they didn't send a Demoness of Catastrophe to be in charge, leaving all affairs to the Demoness of Black…"

This doesn't seem normal.

Or, is one of the Yellow, Blue, or Purple Demonesses of Catastrophe hiding in Trier?

"Moreover, the one responsible for keeping the Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristic of the Hunter pathway and using methods like sacrifice to give it to the Primordial Demoness was also only the Sequence 3 Demoness of Black, not any Demoness of Catastrophe. Wasn't the Demoness Sect worried at the time that the Demoness of Black's status wasn't high enough, her strength wasn't enough, and something might go wrong?" Madam Magician reminded Lumian that there was another detail that was problematic.

After exchanging intelligence about the Demoness Sect for a while longer, Madam Magician looked at the sky that had completely darkened and said, "Tomorrow, Mr. Sun will send someone to take you to the Twin Towers to read the records the City of Silver has on Omebella's remains and to make contact with that Grade 0 Sealed Artifact.

"After that, you decide for yourselves when to return to Trier."

"Yes, Madam Magician." Lumian replied, watching as this holder of a Major Arcana card turned into points of starlight and disappeared before his eyes.

…

As the night settled in, Franca paced in the living room, muttering to herself, "Why hasn't Lumian come back yet?"

Wasn't he just reporting his encounter to Madam Magician and exchanging intelligence?

It's been so long!

Jenna was also a bit worried. She walked to the window and looked out at the street.

Suddenly, her gaze froze.

"There." She pointed to the top of the bell tower attached to The Fool's cathedral.

Franca took a few steps over and saw at the top of the bell tower, in a place without any railings, sat a woman wearing a black cloak, with some black hair falling down, delicate and fine features, and a grand and radiant face.

It was Lumian.

At this moment, Lumian was sitting there, legs dangling outside, gaze quietly looking down.

Franca and Jenna exchanged a glance and quickly rushed to The Fool's cathedral, climbing up the bell tower.

Seeing Lumian's back, they didn't immediately inquire about the situation, but remained quiet, each walking to one side, following Lumian's line of sight to gaze at what he was intently watching.

It was the giant buildings that had lit up with yellowish lights in the dark night, the various mushrooms that were faintly visible in the streetlight glow, the silhouettes of giants and half-giants behind glass windows, raised wine glasses, wisps of cooking smoke, songs from nearby squares, the noise spilling out from bars, and the faint sounds of joy and laughter from different houses.

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Chapter 890 Murder

Chapter 890 Murder

The next morning.

Lumian and the others had just finished breakfast in their room and were waiting for Ludwig to clean up the rest when they heard the doorbell ring.

Outside the door was a half-giant youth about two meters tall, with slightly longer arms and legs, short curly brown hair that looked fluffy.

He had thick eyebrows and big eyes, with a square face. After his gaze swept over Lumian, Franca and Jenna, it involuntarily lowered to look at his own toes as he said, "I'm here to find Lumian Lee, uh, possibly Ms. Lumina Lee."

He spoke in ancient Feysac.

"That's me," Lumian understood this was probably the messenger sent by Mr. Sun to take him to the Twin Towers of the New City of Silver.

That Major Arcana card holder seemed to have deliberately found a youth, to ensure the height difference wouldn't be too dramatic.

The youth let out a sigh of relief and said awkwardly, "I've been ordered by the six-member council to take you to see Elder Derrick Berg at the Twin Towers."

"Alright," Lumian nodded to Jenna and Franca, then followed the youth out of the hotel towards the Twin Towers located in a corner of the New City of Silver.

Along the way, the half-giant youth walked slightly ahead to the side, his back somewhat stiff, occasionally showing a tendency to swing the same arm and leg together, as if he had almost forgotten how to walk normally.

He would turn his head to glance at Lumian from time to time, but not knowing what to say, he could only quickly turn his head back.

Halfway through the journey, he finally thought of a suitable topic. Half turning his body, he asked Lumian, "Aren't, aren't you worried that I might be a bad person? Maybe what I said about the six-member council's order and going to see Elder Derrick Berg at the Twin Towers is all a lie to trick you?"

I could kill thirty of your kind in one breath… Lumian only thought to himself, without saying it out loud.

On the one hand, they were both followers of Mr. Fool and not too familiar, so there was no need to mock. On the other hand, Lumian felt that if his sister Aurore was here, she definitely wouldn't answer in a similar way.

He smiled lightly and said, "I'm not worried, because this is the New City of Silver."

The half-giant youth suddenly became very happy and said in a tone of heartfelt pride,

"Yes, the Lord has always taught us to be kind and restrained. Our New City of Silver strictly cracks down on all kinds of crimes, especially guarding against theft, fraud and other such behaviors…"

12:12

"Yes, the Lord has always taught us to be kind and restrained. Our New City of Silver strictly cracks down on all kinds of crimes, especially guarding against theft, fraud and other such behaviors…"

The half-giant youth opened up and began to talk endlessly about how Mr. Fool originally sent an Angel to save the City of Silver, how he gave the City of Silver this promised land, and how they, the people of the City of Silver, built the New City of Silver.

Lumian had heard these stories repeatedly when drinking in the New City of Silver before, but he wasn't impatient now, letting the half-giant youth continue his smooth narration.

He heard happiness of peace and tranquility in the other's description.

In this exchange, the two arrived at the Twin Towers, the core buildings of the New City of Silver. The left tower had a pointed top and housed public facilities such as the library, while the right tower had a round top and was where the six-member council that governed the New City of Silver worked.

Lumian instinctively turned his gaze towards the round tower and noticed that in the cracks between the bricks near the ground, tufts of black hair-like plants had grown out, sometimes drooping, sometimes swaying lightly as if blown by a gentle breeze.

When he came last time, Lumian had also noticed these black plants but didn't pay much attention. This time, however, he felt a kind of blood connection.

We are all parts or rather continuations of the life of the Goddess of Harvest, Omebella!

Even when sealed, does a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact still have some influence on the outside world? Lumian withdrew his gaze and followed the half-giant youth into the pointed tower.

They walked on large black stone slabs, passing huge pillars, and came to the library on the third floor.

In front of the intimidating bookshelves stood a tall man wearing a simple white robe.

The man was over two meters tall, with neatly combed brownish-yellow hair. He looked only about 22 or 23 years old, but had a very calm demeanor and an overwhelming aura. He was clearly Mr. Sun, whom Lumian had met last time, one of the top figures of the Church of The Fool.

"Elder Berg, Ms. Lumina is here," the half-giant youth said respectfully.

Mr. Sun, whose name was Derrick Berg, looked at Lumian and nodded, saying, "Follow me."

Lumian politely replied, "Thank you."

The half-giant youth then waved and walked towards the door. After a few steps, he turned around and called out to Lumian's back, "My name is Rugest!"

After saying this, Rugest quickly turned and ran down the stairs.

Lumian followed Mr. Sun deep into the New City of Silver library, entering the innermost secret room where a stack of documents made up of scattered records was placed.

"These are all the records regarding the 'Gift of the Land'. I have already translated them into ancient Feysac for you," Mr. Sun said simply, sitting down in a position against the wall and falling silent, as if he had turned into a statue.

Lumian understood this was to guard against any accidents that might occur while he was reading the materials, so he nodded lightly, sat down at the table, and picked up the stack of new papers.

He read very slowly, taking nearly half an hour to roughly understand the relationship between the Goddess of Harvest, Omebella, and the City of Silver.

In the Second Epoch, in the era when the ancient gods ruled the earth and sky, the City of Silver belonged to the Giant King's Court, and all its people were slaves to the giants.

But unlike other human vassal powers of the Giant King's Court, the City of Silver's situation was considerably better, because they believed in and followed the subsidiary god of the Giant King, the ancient god, the Giant Queen, the Goddess of Harvest—Omebella.

According to the City of Silver's records, the Giant Queen Omebella had descended to their city multiple times, displaying two images.

One image corresponded to light and goodness, with "the harvest's grace, life's precious embrace" as the core of faith, viewing the people of the City of Silver as Her own children, always ensuring bountiful harvests, abundant reproduction of livestock and poultry, and rapid population growth. This was the main reason why the people of City of Silver rarely suffered innocent slaughter and did not lack food.

The other would bring desolation and death. At that time, all the people of Certain Death knew phrases like "extreme harvest is inevitably accompanied by extreme desolation", "only life can quell the land's wrath", "death, like new life, is a common and beautiful thing, not to be feared", "we have accepted the land's gifts, so we must pay the corresponding price".

If Omebella descended in this form, She would inevitably demand bloody sacrifices, with large numbers of humans as offerings. Even if the people of the City of Silver did these things, sacrificing their own relatives, they would sometimes still suffer famines lasting up to a year—if they didn't do so, the famine might last three to five years.

Is this what the era ruled by ancient gods was like? Even the City of Silver, which was relatively well off, was like this… Lumian turned to the next page.

This page recorded the Giant King's Court's words of praise for the Giant Queen Omebella. What caught Lumian's attention most was one sentence: "The noble Queen used Her maternal nature to help the great King calm His emotions…"

What does this mean? Maternal nature… helping the Giant King—this ancient god—expel excess Beyonder characteristics and regain some sanity by giving birth to children? Lumian pondered as he continued reading.

After another fifteen minutes, he turned to the stage of the Giant King's Court's rapid decline.

The City of Silver, which had obtained another divine-level Sealed Artifact, had learned of the fall of the ancient god, the Giant King and feared falling into the hands of the more brutal Devil Monarch.

In such anxiety and unease, on a night without the crimson moon, the Giant Queen Omebella appeared outside the City of Silver.

This time, She did not descend directly, but walked over step by step.

She was in poor condition. She asked the believers of the City of Silver to perform a ritual, sacrificing half of their people to help Her replenish Her life force.

The record of the subsequent situation was vague, but the result was clear: "That night, man slew god, subject slew ruler, child slew mother."

In other words, the bizarrely resurrected Omebella finally died at the hands of the betraying believers of the City of Silver? Lumian wasn't too surprised.

After that day, the City of Silver discovered that Omebella's remains didn't have Beyonder characteristics in the true sense, but still possessed powerful force and terrifying authority. They completely buried this history, hid this secret, and even after converting to belief in the Ancient Sun God, they didn't tell that Lord the true origin of the divine-level Sealed Artifact, Gift of the Land, until Mr. Fool's Angel of Redemption came to save them.

At this point, all records of Omebella—the Goddess of Harvest—ended. Next came information about the Sealed Artifact—Gift of the Land.

"Gift of the Land can naturally create an edible plant in any environment and promote its growth, reproduction, and abundant harvest within a fifty-kilometer range.

"Gift of the Land will turn all dead humans within a fifty-kilometer range into terrible evil spirits, unless that human died by being murdered by a direct relative. Those who have eaten the food it creates and have a strong connection with it will turn into evil spirits within three hundred kilometers…"

Seeing this record different from the official Sealed Artifact description, Lumian suddenly raised his head and looked at Mr. Sun sitting by the wall.

He asked in confusion, "Every dead human will turn into an evil spirit?

"Even those who were below Sequence 5 in life?"

As far as Lumian knew, evil spirits were the strongest among soul creatures. Even the weakest should be at the level of Sequence 5, while the strong ones could be equivalent to demigods.

"Yes." Mr. Sun nodded steadily.

Wh— the ability of the Gift of the Land is terrifying. This is equivalent to being able to mass-produce Sequence 5 Beyonders, some of whom should even be demigods… Is this what a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact is? Lumian subconsciously began to evaluate from a combat power perspective.

He probed, "What's the maximum number of dead humans that can turn into evil spirits at one time?"

"We've never tried," Mr. Sun replied with a solemn expression.

Lumian suddenly realized and quickly apologized, "I apologize for my rudeness."

He continued reading the materials about the divine-level Sealed Artifact; in the New City of Silver, Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts were called divine-level Sealed Artifacts.

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Chapter 891 Gift of the Land

Chapter 891 Gift of the Land

"The Gift of the Land can make the soil fertile within a 300-kilometer range, make water flow abundant, increase the tendency for life to reproduce, and prevent even the most unfavorable environmental conditions from stopping life from bearing offspring, only reducing the quantity and frequency…

"The Gift of the Land will randomly cause the land within a 300-kilometer range to become desolate, crops to fail completely, and plants to wither. Unless the desolation effect ends, this land will not become fertile again. This can be suppressed by Angel-level abilities similar to purification, limiting the desolation to a very small area, unable to spread…

"If actively used, the Gift of the Land can cause all life within a 30-kilometer range to rapidly drain away until death. Similar abilities outside this domain will also gradually wither and be weakened because of this. Lifeless dead who enter this domain will quickly return to the earth…

"The Gift of the Land can also fill a 50-kilometer range with various toxins, grow various Beyonder plants beneficial to itself. Similarly, it can tame all animals without higher intelligence in this area, and strengthen the tendency for every Beyonder to lose control…

"Through contact, the Gift of the Land can create dolls from soil, plants, lava, ores, and metals, and give them some life and power. The strongest dolls do not exceed Sequence 3, with a maximum of nine demigod-level dolls…

"The Gift of the Land can transform the environment, making even the Abyss suitable for human survival…

"The wielder of the Gift of the Land will truly become one with the land, forests, water flows, mountains, ores, etc. within range, and can use them to traverse, with varying speeds…

"Every time one is hit by the Gift of the Land, they will face a test of losing control, as well as a test of death. If unable to pass, they will either lose control on the spot or die directly…

"The Gift of the Land can temporarily turn the wielder into a mythical creature, but requires the wielder to be able to withstand the impact of mystical knowledge and mad thoughts brought by the corresponding Mythical Creature form…

"The Gift of the Land can give the wielder all female characteristics…

"Life that comes into contact with the Gift of the Land will either be cured of all injuries and diseases, or die instantly. Which outcome occurs cannot be divined beforehand. According to prophecy, females with Omebella's bloodline who have suffered betrayal by direct relatives will not experience the instant death outcome…

"Those who do not meet the above conditions, even if lucky enough to receive the healing effect, cannot use the Gift of the Land for more than one minute afterwards, otherwise they will lose control or die…

"Those who meet the conditions will still suffer other negative effects…

"Those who understand the above information, if they do not possess godhood, are likely to become pregnant in the coming period, conceiving an unknown creature…

"Note: Except for the prophecy part, all descriptions are based on the City of Silver's experience, lessons, and understanding."

After reading the information about the Gift of the Land, Lumian finally understood why only females with Omebella's bloodline who had suffered betrayal by direct relatives could touch, pick up, and briefly use this Grade 0 Sealed Artifact. For others, it was purely gambling with their lives, unless they had no other way to heal their injuries and diseases, or faced a crisis they couldn't normally overcome. Otherwise, no one would try.

But it's truly very powerful, worthy of being a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact. And if used briefly, the negative effects are not completely unacceptable. It's just necessary to suppress the desolation effect and guard against enemies turning into even more terrifying evil spirits after death… Lumian silently mused to himself, focusing his attention on the most crucial content.

That was the part about Omebella, in poor condition, walking to the City of Silver seeking sacrifice.

According to Madam Magician, at this time Omebella had already had Her identity and destiny stolen. The people of the City of Silver shouldn't have been able to know that the female giant before them was the Goddess of Harvest, Omebella.

But in the records, the residents of the City of Silver undoubtedly knew it was Omebella, without even a hint of doubt or raising any objections.

They considered it a fact that needed no verification, reflected in the record as just two short sentences, with the purpose of describing that Omebella arrived at the City of Silver by walking.

Lumian raised his head, looking at Mr. Sun seated against the wall, and asked thoughtfully, "Which image did the Goddess of Harvest Omebella have when she walked to the City of Silver?"

He remembered the previous records mentioning that Omebella had descended to the City of Silver multiple times, mainly presenting two images, one representing harvest and reproduction, the other symbolizing desolation and death.

This made Lumian suspect whether Omebella had two identities, with "harvest and reproduction" having its destiny stolen, while "desolation and death" walked to the City of Silver seeking sacrifice.

Mr. Sun shook his head. "There was no record at the time."

Lumian supported his cheek with his hand, pondering silently.

Judging from the demand for the City of Silver to sacrifice half of its people, it does seem closer to the 'desolation and death' image…

But if the 'harvest and reproduction' image was severely damaged, it's also possible to demand life to help oneself recover…

Moreover, two images can be understood, but how can two identities be concentrated in one person… Surely the Goddess of Harvest Omebella didn't steal the identity and destiny of another Omebella before? She's not from the Marauder pathway, and there's no legend indicating She possessed similar items…

Lumian deliberated for a moment, then stood up and said, "I want to touch the Gift of the Land."

To see what resonance Omebella's bloodline could bring, what information could be obtained.

Mr. Sun, Derrick Berg, also stood up. "Okay."

Wearing a simple white robe, he walked steadily in front, entering the round tower from the second-floor connection, then descended all the way, passing through the deep dark dungeon, arriving at a pair of heavy stone doors.

Behind the stone doors was a mottled staircase extending downwards, with points of light like dawn seeping from the depths, bringing some visibility.

Lumian found that the walls on both sides of the staircase were damp, seemingly oozing many water droplets, and tufts of hair-like black plants had grown out of the cracks, hanging there.

The further down the staircase they went, the brighter the dawn-like light became, and between the damp walls and the hair-like black plants grew mushrooms of various colors, golden wheat ears, the unique Black-Faced Grass, and other things. The spirituality in the air also became increasingly lively and vigorous.

Lumian's heart gradually palpitated, as if returning to a mother's embrace, or finding his past self.

He heard the sound of blood flowing, seemingly from within his body, yet also originating from the bottom of the staircase.

"It really is Omebella… The Invisible Child of God is indeed Omebella…" Lumian sighed a couple of times, calming his own state.

His hair was growing inch by inch inside his cloak, his skin becoming more delicate and elastic.

After descending for a while longer, Lumian saw sunlight, coming from Mr. Sun.

Pure, warm, sacred golden light quickly filled this area, causing the forces of desolation and the aura of death to retreat to the edges.

Seeing this scene, Lumian instinctively associated it with a Demoness's Disease and Plague.

In such a domain of sunlight, the vast majority of mystical pathogens would quickly perish, while a few ordinary pathogens might survive…

Finally, The Sun Derrick Berg and Lumian arrived at a large room filled with points of dawn-like light.

The room was permeated with the smell of soil, the scent of grass, and the fragrance of flowers. The ceiling, floor, and surrounding walls were covered with those hair-like black things, growing all kinds of plants and mushrooms.

In the center of this room, brown soil was piled up, with a withered, giant tree trunk inserted at the top.

The tree trunk was just short of touching the ceiling, about seven or eight meters high, requiring three or four people's arm span to encircle it. Most of the bark on its surface had fallen off, with the remaining parts a grayish-brown color.

Its core had become hollow, and the exposed wood parts facing Lumian and Mr. Sun were partly protruding and partly sunken, outlining a legless, human-like pattern.

That silhouette used the branches on the trunk as hands, its face extremely distorted, with two huge crimson flowers serving as eyes.

Within the wood grain texture of its "body surface", traces of blood color were faintly visible.

"This is the Gift of the Land." The patches of sacred sunlight created by Mr. Sun merged with the points of dawn-like light in the room.

Lumian already felt his blood stirring, feeling an unusually close, blood-based connection with that withered tree trunk.

The two were originally one.

Lumian seemed to receive a call, subconsciously walking forward, his elegant and clean face seeming to emit its own radiance in the dawn-like light mixed with sunlight.

One step, two steps, three steps… He came to the top of the pile of brown soil, stopping in front of the withered giant tree.

The Sun Derrick Berg did not stop her.

Lumian took a breath, adjusted his state, prepared to use Mirror Substitution, and then extended his right palm with evenly proportioned bones and flesh and long fingers, touching towards the withered tree trunk with streaks of blood seeping out.

As soon as his fingers touched the dull-colored wood, a scene suddenly flashed in his mind:

The sky was hazy, seemingly shrouded in dark mist, a huge light shadow that seemed able to support heaven and earth appeared in front, while behind were strange silhouettes outlined by blurred lines…

This scene flashed by, followed immediately by darkness without a hint of light, an utterly quiet stillness.

After an unknown time, in the darkness and stillness, a shrill cry faintly came:

"My child, Omebella…

"My child, Omebella…"

Lumian suddenly broke free from the illusion, as if forcibly pushed away from the Gift of the Land by an invisible force.

He immediately felt a stinging pain in his right shoulder, with a bit of coolness like moonlight shining.

That was the contract mark from the Abscessed Hand being activated, but without producing any effect, bringing teleportation and Blink.

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Chapter 892 That Name

Chapter 892 That Name

Lumian turned his gaze to his right shoulder.

Before this, he had anticipated many scenarios, but he hadn't expected that the contract mark corresponding to the Abscessed Hand would have an abnormal reaction when he touched the Gift of the Land, bringing a stinging pain and coolness.

Is this because the complete Abscessed Hand has corruption from the Great Mother, or does Hand Bro himself have some connection to the Goddess of Harvest Omebella? When He became 0-01's puppet and encountered me, He called out Omebella… Lumian frowned imperceptibly, forming a rough guess.

It was very strange that despite the Abscessed Hand being an Angel, no high-level being remembered His original form!

Combining this with some thoughts from reading the records about Omebella earlier, Lumian suspected whether Hand Bro might also be an Angel whose identity and destiny were stolen by enemies, and who was even brutally dismembered and sealed in various places to prevent His resurrection.

However, this suspicion couldn't explain one issue—judging from how the Abscessed Hand evolved towards femininity when all parts of its body were assembled, showing characteristics related to Sequence 1 Beauty Goddess of the Moon pathway, He must have either been deeply contaminated by the Great Mother or received corresponding boons. Who would dare to bear such a destiny?

Perhaps Hand Bro both satisfies the conditions of lacking necessary wisdom and receiving high-level boons from the Great Mother, naturally reacting to matters of the Child of God, and also has intricate connections with Omebella… He should be an Angel of the Moon pathway, which is adjacent to the Goddess of Harvest Omebella's pathway…

I wonder how many high-level beings from the Second Epoch have survived… But they may not know about these matters, just like the Round Moon Duke of the Sanguine… Lumian suppressed the doubts in his heart and looked again at the Gift of the Land existing in the form of a withered tree trunk.

After the first contact, he had confirmed that he wouldn't die on the spot because of this, so he tried to press his right palm again on the grayish-brown tree trunk

with both protrusions and depressions.

The fragrance of flowers and the fishy smell of blood pierced his nostrils. Before his eyes again appeared the hazy sky shrouded in dark mist, the huge light shadow that could support heaven and earth, and the strange silhouettes outlined by blurred lines.

This time, Lumian felt pain, felt terror, and also felt the madness of wanting all things to return to the earth.

He fell into familiar darkness, without a hint of light, quiet to the point of deathly stillness.

As time passed second by second, a shrill cry gradually sounded in his ears, calling for her child Omebella.

This made Lumian slowly come to his senses, and then he felt the stinging pain and coolness in his right shoulder.

He endured this feeling, not being pushed out of the illusion.

The darkness quickly shattered, and Lumian saw the light of dawn, saw faces full of determination, and felt anger, pain, and hatred in his heart.

At this moment, he heard a voice, gentle yet painful, a woman's voice: "Zedus…"

Lumian "woke up", and what entered his eyes was the distorted face outlined by protrusions and depressions on the withered tree trunk, and the two huge crimson flowers serving as the face's eyes.

His palm was still pressed against the tree trunk.

What I just saw and heard, were they Omebella's last obsessions, the scenes that left the deepest impression on Her? Combining the corresponding emotions, does the world shrouded in dark mist correspond to Her first death? Are the huge light shadow and one of the blurred figures the high-level being who stole Her identity and destiny?

What do that deathly silent darkness and the shrill cry represent? I've heard similar cries in the depths of the Underworld, when I shared the senses of the creature inside the bird egg… The bird egg represents gestation… Does that deathly silent darkness correspond to Omebella's state before birth, or the state before regaining new life? Did that voice crying out for her child pull Omebella back from the depths of death, giving Her new life?

Would this new life also reset identity and destiny, making the theft ineffective?

The protagonists of the third scene are the dawn and human faces, with emotions of anger and hatred. Does this correspond to Omebella being killed by the City of Silver?

Yes, these can all be called obsessions, having a crucial impact on Omebella's fate…

Who was that 'Zedus' at the end?

As these thoughts flashed through his mind, Lumian turned his head to look at the tall and steady Mr. Sun beside him. "May I know if you have heard of the name Zedus?"

"You can just speak casually. In the church, no one is nobler than another." The Sun Derrick Berg first corrected, then shook his head and said, "I haven't heard this name."

"Was there no one called Zedus among the brass of the City of Silver when the Goddess of Harvest Omebella last came to the City of Silver?" Lumian pursued.

Mr. Sun answered in a very certain tone, "No."

Zedus wasn't the person who killed Omebella… Who could it be? Thinking of this, Lumian suddenly had a flash of insight.

Could this be Hand Bro's name?

Since Hand Bro could call out Omebella to me, causing the contract to mutate when I touched the Gift of the Land, theoretically, Omebella's remnant consciousness in the Gift of the Land should also be able to detect the Abscessed Hand's contract mark on me and call out His name!

Lumian withdrew his right hand, waited for several tens of seconds, and pressed his palm to the withered tree trunk for the third time.

The previous illusions and auditory hallucinations reappeared, but there was no additional content.

Lumian sighed inwardly, crouched down slightly, adjusted his cloak, and pressed his other hand to the surface of the Gift of the Land, grasping the most solid and obvious protrusion.

Then, he gritted his teeth, the blood vessels on his neck bulged, and his temples throbbed with a blue tint.

This made Mr. Sun's eyelids twitch, as if he hadn't expected a beautiful lady with a cold expression to show such a side.

Soon, the brown soil began to loosen, and Lumian forcefully pulled up that withered, giant tree trunk.

The entire New City of Silver inexplicably trembled—a gentle shake.

Lumian half-lifted the seven or eight-meter-high withered tree trunk, trying to swing it.

It can barely be used to smash people, but it would reduce agility to the lowest level, and speed would also significantly decrease… Lumian made a judgment on whether he could use the Gift of the Land to fight in the future, then inserted the huge withered tree trunk back into the pile of brown soil.

Almost simultaneously, he felt a certain power in his bloodline surge towards his abdomen, causing a slight stinging pain there, as if something was gestating.

Lumian raised his right hand, pressing it towards the corresponding position on his stomach with quiet and eerie black flames.

For a moment, he experienced maternal emotions of reluctance and pity, but this couldn't stop him from infusing the Demoness's black flames into his abdomen in the manner of Fire Infusion.

Indescribable pain, loss, and sadness surged into his heart simultaneously, his face suddenly turned pale, and his light-colored lips involuntarily trembled slightly.

This made The Sun Derrick Berg can't help but ask, "Do you need my help to dispel the negative effects, or find a Beyonder to provide treatment?"

Lumian shook his head, curled his lips, and said in a low voice, "A small matter."

He turned to remind Mr. Sun, "Even Beyonders with godhood might conceive after touching the Gift of the Land, and those with Omebella's bloodline are more likely to encounter this."

"We don't have any records of this. Historically, the City of Silver has needed to actively use this Sealed Artifact very rarely, and each time, the user quickly died." Mr. Sun nodded slightly.

Lumian didn't say anything more, turned around, and walked step by step towards the outside of this huge room, towards the mottled stairs leading to the upper part of the round tower, with Mr. Sun quietly trailing behind.

…

In the hotel room.

Lumian wrote down the gains and questions from reading the records related to Omebella and touching the Gift of the Land in a letter.

He then summoned the "doll" messenger and handed over this letter and a mirror —with this marked mirror, he could later directly transmit information to Madam Magician through the mirror world.

The "doll" messenger took the letter and mirror but didn't leave immediately. Wearing a light golden dress, it leaned against the window frame, carefully and attentively examining Lumian.

Lumian arched an eyebrow. "What are you looking at?"

The "doll" messenger suddenly jumped up, floating in mid-air, and said with an indignant look, "Don't you know how beautiful you look right now?

"Beautiful enough for me to ignore that you're still wearing men's clothes, beautiful enough for me to forgive why you haven't made yourself tidier!"

Lumian was momentarily at a loss for words.

The "doll" messenger waved its hand and said reluctantly, "See you next time!"

"See you next time," Lumian politely replied.

After about fifteen minutes, the "doll" messenger emerged from the void, holding a bulging envelope, and said joyfully, "We meet again!"

"Indeed." Lumian was a bit helpless.

He took the envelope, opened it, and found that the letter itself was very thin, mainly containing an additional green gemstone.

The gemstone was deep and alluring, with a dreamy crystalline green color.

Lumian only looked at it for a moment, but felt as if his vision and soul were sinking into it.

He quickly forced himself to look away, unfolded the letter paper with confusion, and began to read:

"The theft of Omebella's identity and destiny had not become ineffective before the Fifth Epoch…

"We will inquire about the name 'Zedus' from the ancient beings who survived from the Second Epoch, including seeking revelation from even higher beings.

"The origin of this name might solve the mysteries surrounding Omebella…

"That green gemstone was made at my request by Miss Justice, with the purpose of helping you seal part of the knowledge related to the great existences. Although you still have a lot of corruption and seals, as long as you don't recall that knowledge, there shouldn't be any problems. But we can't guarantee that you won't encounter situations where you need to recall it. Before you possess a true or false Angel rank, this hypnotic effect won't be lifted."

Lumian understood the reason and looked at the green gemstone again, allowing his mind to sink into it.

When he came to his senses, the green gemstone had become ordinary, and he had forgotten part of his knowledge.

But it's still worth quite a bit of money. Lumian put away the green gemstone and said to the "doll" messenger still lingering over the desk, "See you next time."

The "doll" messenger waved in response."See you next time!"

Leaving the room, Lumian said to Franca, Jenna, Ludwig, and others, "We're going back to Trier now."

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Chapter 893 A Terrifying Matter

Chapter 893 A Terrifying Matter

Inside the newly rented apartment of Lumian and others on Rue de la Gauche in Quartier de l'Observatoire.

"We're going to the catacombs now," Lumian said to Jenna and Franca in the living room, after glancing out the window at the passing carriages, bicycles, and various mechanical creations.

Before Franca contacted the Demoness of Black again, he wanted to get more intelligence from Krismona's shadow to guard against possible accidents. This required Jenna to advance to Demoness of Affliction at the sacrificial square on the third level of the catacombs.

Jenna looked at the black cloak Lumian was wearing and asked carefully, "Do you need to change your clothes underneath? At least that would make you more comfortable."

Lumian fell silent for a few seconds before stating, "Okay."

Now it was Jenna's turn to be surprised. She had thought Lumian would be more resistant and would need to be persuaded with sufficient reasons.

Franca was equally astonished. When she had drunk the Witch potion, she hadn't accepted such things so quickly.

Her lake-blue eyes flickered slightly, and she quickly made some guesses, her emotions becoming rather complex.

Except for height, Lumian's figure was now similar to Jenna's. After receiving a few pieces of clothing from her, he walked into the bedroom, not completely letting go despite the more intimate relationship between the three of them.

Seeing this, Jenna vaguely understood and turned her head to look at Franca.

"Sigh…" Franca sighed.

Jenna followed by pursing her lips.

Soon after, Lumian came out, wearing the linen men's shirt and dark trousers with a spirited and dashing air.

Franca looked him over and said, "You're too tall. You'll need to find a tailor to make custom-fitted women's clothes."

Lumian tersely acknowledged and walked to the full-length mirror in the living room, looking at himself with his black hair simply tied back.

The stunningly beautiful yet cold-expressionless woman in the reflection made him feel a moment of disorientation. He unconsciously reached into the Traveler's Bag and took out the Lie earring.

His right hand hovered in midair, not immediately putting on the earring.

Franca quickly stepped forward, trying to make her tone sound natural. "I don't think you should force it now. The premise for Aurore's true resurrection is that you always maintain your sense of self and reach the top of the two Calamity pathways. During this process, the fragments of her soul should gradually revive according to your progress. You don't need to deliberately act or imitate her."

"Moreover, Madam Magician guesses that the key part of Aurore's resurrection lies with the Demoness of Unaging. It may not be a good thing for you to let her manifest in you now, just like switching to an adjacent pathway before the Sequence 4 node," Jenna also said in a soft voice.

"Yes, I don't know if your sister ever taught you this phrase: 'Too much of a good thing'. It means that even good things can become bad if taken to excess," Franca added.

Lumian was silent for a moment, then put the Lie earring back into the Traveler's Bag.

Franca quietly let out a sigh of relief and said with a smile, "Do you need a hat with a veil or will you continue to wear the cloak? Looking like this, you'll quickly become the center of attention for everyone on the street."

As fellow Demonesses, she and Jenna both had deep experience with similar situations, and Lumian was now a Demoness with godhood.

Lumian picked up the cloak draped over the back of a nearby chair and put it on again.

As the hood gradually covered his delicate and fine features and simply tied black hair, Lumian turned around and walked towards the door.

Jenna put on a round ladies' hat with a black veil hanging down, while Franca prepared a baseball cap for herself, lowering the brim.

…

On the third level of the catacombs, inside the sacrificial square.

Lumian threw out several mirrors, setting up a Mirror Maze. This way, even if other people came to this level to explore and adventure, they wouldn't be able to see the three Demonesses and their companions, and would pass through normally.

As Jenna adjusted her state and prepared the potion, Franca looked towards the boundary of the maze, which showed no sign of abnormality, and exclaimed in admiration,

"As expected of a demigod. Even though I know the real surrounding area has been hidden by a Mirror Maze, I can't see any problems at all."

In comparison, her own Mirror Maze couldn't achieve this level.

Before Lumian could respond, she asked curiously, "When do you plan to give Voisin Sanson's corpse to Ludwig?"

After Voisin Sanson's death, because he had already been deeply corrupted by the power of Inevitability, and continuing to stay in the special mirror world was quite dangerous, Lumian and the others didn't channel his spirit, but only took away his corpse.

Lumian thought for a moment, then smiled slightly and said, "There's no rush. By stringing him along bit by bit, perhaps the ritual to advance to Sequence 3 of the Hunter pathway will also require team cooperation. Having an Angel team member like this could greatly reduce the number requirement.

"Besides, whether it's you digesting the remaining Affliction potion or Jenna digesting the Affliction potion, we can make use of Ludwig. If we give him all the benefits at once now, how can we make him reluctant to leave?"

Seeing Lumian seriously considering returning to Sequence 3 of the Hunter pathway, Franca felt a wave of joy and was quite gratified, her arms involuntarily swaying twice.

"Anthony is also about to become Sequence 5, just waiting for the final ritual preparation," Lumian suddenly said.

"Uh…" Franca was stunned for a moment. "When did this happen?"

"He told me yesterday. While you were advancing matters related to the Demoness Sect, he was also completing Madam Justice's tasks. He's already established initial contact with the Psychology Alchemists and naturally received corresponding rewards. He's been applying his Hypnosis ability all along, including helping me, and completed the digestion some time ago," Lumian briefly explained. "What he currently needs is to go to the spirit world to contract a certain creature, gaining the characteristic of maintaining clarity in dreams. This can also be substituted by other methods, and Ludwig's dishes might be able to help."

Franca smacked her lips. "We haven't been caring enough about Anthony…"

"For a Spectator, he might not want you to care too much about him or pay attention to him," Lumian glanced at a corner of the Mirror Maze. "Just like he's here now too, ready to Placate Jenna immediately if the situation goes wrong."

He's here too? Franca felt as if she had heard a ghost story.

At this time, Jenna, who had already eaten the Ice Lemon Fish fillet, had prepared the Affliction potion, which was black-based with green foam on top.

Lumian immediately raised both arms.

Behind Jenna, a crystal-clear ice pillar with multiple protrusions rose from the ground, ready to serve as a stake.

Then, Jenna handed the Affliction potion to Lumian and climbed to the top of the ice pillar on her own, allowing Franca to tightly bind her body, restricting her movement.

Bright white Fire Ravens lit up around Lumian. They circled and flew out, landing on Jenna's body surface.

Jenna was quickly set on fire, her expression uncontrollably twisting.

Lumian stepped on layers of frost-condensed stairs, coming to Jenna's front, and poured that bottle of potion into his companion's mouth.

Jenna's mind began to blur, the pain in her body pulling at her, keeping her last bit of clarity.

Lumian then floated lightly from the top of the frost stairs to the ground, focusing on sensing the surroundings.

He was waiting for Krismona's shadow to arrive. Having lost Mr. Fool's seal, he currently couldn't enter the area around the Samaritan Women's Spring.

Franca kept watching Jenna, seeing her skin quickly blacken, her face twist to deformation, contorted in pain, her teeth no longer able to bite, emitting painful sounds.

This made Franca extremely distressed, seemingly more tormented than when she herself had performed this ritual.

Suddenly, Lumian's light blue eyes first took on an iron-black color, then became silver-white with black.

He felt that Krismona's shadow, or rather her residual consciousness, had descended within the Mirror Maze, yet he couldn't see her at all.

Jenna's thoughts continued to drift, her sense of self gradually losing itself. She recalled the pain and joy of her time with Lumian, and also remembered the

experience of helping Franca find pleasure and her inner emotions during that period—addicted because of enjoyment, awakened because of pain.

In this state, Jenna had no way of knowing whether she had been noticed by the Primordial Demoness. By the time she regained some of her thoughts, a sacred figure wearing a plain white robe, blurry and hard to see clearly, had appeared before her eyes.

"Lady Krismona," Jenna called out the other's name, and learning from last time's lesson, she quickly and directly asked, "Why does the Primordial One hate pure females who walk the Demoness pathway?"

Krismona answered in an ethereal voice, "My mother hates those Demonesses who don't experience the pain of gender change, and She's also guarding against them."

"Why guard against them?" Jenna further inquired.

Krismona spoke in an extremely hollow tone, "Pure female Demonesses, after becoming Angels, or perhaps after becoming Demonesses of Unaging, might encounter a very terrifying matter. They might overcome it, or they might not. If they can't, it's a very big problem for my mother. She can't let it happen."

Jenna was stunned for a moment, then blurted out, "What about you?"

Strands of blood color suddenly appeared on the surface of Krismona's blurry face. Her previously hollow voice suddenly carried a hint of suppression and pain. "So, I died…"

Before the words faded, this former Demoness of Catastrophe, a true Child of God, rapidly faded away.

"What exactly is that terrifying matter?" Jenna rushed to ask.

Krismona's shadow quickly dissipated, leaving only half a sentence: "That mirror world…"

Jenna suddenly came to her senses, seeing the charred skin on her body surface falling off in pieces, while the ropes had been burned through at some unknown time.

She immediately concealed her form and sought a corner to change her clothes.

Phew… Seeing this, Franca instinctively let out the worry and torment pent up in her heart.

At the same time, she seemed to hear Lumian also quietly let out a sigh of relief.

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Chapter 894 Value

Chapter 894 Value

After Jenna changed into her dress, she recounted in full her current state and the information she had just obtained from Krismona.

She said with regret, "The time was still not enough. I could only see Lady Krismona for that very short period between fully enduring the potion and regaining complete consciousness.

"However, next time I'll be able to clearly ask what that terrifying matter is."

Lumian looked around and said, "Just now I could only sense Krismona's residual consciousness appear, but I couldn't directly see or make contact with her. This may be because she is one with the seal of the catacombs itself, or because she possesses some special quality that allows her to exert more precise influence on Demonesses."

"I think it's all of the above," Franca said to Jenna with considerable concern. "I always thought the greatest danger for female Demonesses was the Primordial One's hatred, that we would be interfered with during advancement, and even if we could struggle through, we would be hunted down by the Demoness Sect afterwards. I didn't expect there was also this hidden problem. The terrifying matter Krismona spoke of even makes the Primordial Demoness wary. It's very likely related to the deepest secrets of the special mirror world. Do you want to consider switching to the Hunter pathway, then jumping back to the Demoness pathway later?"

Jenna fell silent for a moment before saying, "I want to wait until I understand what that terrifying matter is before deciding whether or not to abandon my identity as a pure female Demoness."

After Lumian's experience, she actually wasn't as averse to changing gender for just a period of time rather than permanently.

Jenna paused, then said with a self-deprecating smile that was half sighing and half intended to comfort Lumian, "I've lived in Quartier du Jardin Botanique and the market district for so many years, and I've seen many tragic things. One thing I've learned is that if you don't even have value to be used by others, it's very difficult to break free from the mire.

"As a pure female Demoness, possibly linked to the deepest secrets of the special mirror world, this is the key reason I was able to receive a warning from Lady Krismona. And later, unable to join the Demoness Sect, if I want to digest potions faster, advance better, resist the tendency towards madness and loss of control, and truly possess the ability to protect family and friends, this should also be a very important factor. There will always be high-level figures who want to use female Demonesses to do certain things, to touch the deepest secrets of the special mirror world, so they'll need to give me certain 'benefits'.

"Relying on the Major Arcana card holders is one way, but it can't be the only way."

Lumian fell silent for a few seconds before stating, "Before encountering that terrifying matter, you should still have opportunities to question Krismona's shadow.

"We'll decide whether or not to take the risk after we understand the nature of the problem."

"Right," Franca agreed with Lumian. "When advancing to Demoness of Despair, you should be able to contact Krismona once more. Anyway, that terrifying matter won't appear until at least the Demoness of Unaging stage."

Lumian, wearing a black cloak and holding a white candle, shook his head.

"This is the last option. We can't assume Krismona is necessarily good and telling the whole truth. Perhaps pure female Demonesses encounter that matter at the Demoness of Despair stage, and Krismona is waiting for this accident.

"The opportunity I'm talking about is that in a few days, we should be able to enter Mr. Fool's dream, with a good chance of being imbued with Mr. Fool's aura. That way, we can pass through the seal and directly face Krismona's shadow near the Samaritan Women's Spring.

"Moreover, the most acceptable method for the Demoness of Despair ritual currently is to go to Morora, which definitely won't allow time to return to Trier and advance here."

Lumian continued with very clear reasoning, "There's another method using those Mirror People in the special mirror world as ritual objects, but this is only suitable for Franca. If Jenna, as a female Demoness, were to use this method to complete the ritual, it might cause that terrifying matter to arrive prematurely."

After all, it was very closely related to the deepest secrets of the special mirror world.

"Mm." Both Jenna and Franca agreed with Lumian's explanation.

Lumian called out to Anthony standing in the corner, dispelled the Mirror Maze, retrieved the mirrors, and holding a burning white candle, headed towards the

upper levels of the catacombs.

Franca walked alongside him and said after some thought, "By the way, the Despair potion you drank should include portions from Sequence 9 to Sequence 5, right? When I was considering switching to the Hunter pathway before, I consulted Madam Judgment about related matters. She said one issue with switching to adjacent pathways is that all the preceding potions have to be fully digested, otherwise it will affect one's state and significantly increase risks for future advancements."

This is unlike advancing within the same pathway, where the mental and spiritual state has already been adjusted to suit digestion of preceding potions, so it doesn't take long to stabilize one's condition.

Lumian chuckled softly, seeming to bring a touch of color to the dark and gloomy catacombs.

"I've already digested most of the Despair potion.

"Given my mental and spiritual state then and afterwards, Affliction isn't a concern. It's very compatible and took just a few days to digest.

"The same goes for Pleasure. My experiences during that period changed my mental and spiritual state, and we even had that experience that very morning. So it's not like my state gradually reverted back due to being away from that condition for too long. This doesn't need to be specially digested again.

"Instigator is similar. Don't you often say I'm an excellent Instigator?

"Comparatively, I've been more engaged in direct combat and killing enemies recently. Using Fate Exchange to harm targets was just one of my methods before, not the main approach. So I'll need to seriously act and digest the Assassin and Witch potions once. But as they're in the minority now, they can't really affect my state much and are more of a hidden danger for future advancements."

"I see…" Franca nodded, not saying anything more.

Afterwards, since Jenna needed to go back to rest, stabilize her condition, and contain the spillover effects of the potion, only Lumian and Franca took a four-wheeled, four-seater carriage to Rue Orosai in Quartier de la Cathédrale Commémorative.

Before going to Trocadéro to find the Demoness of Black, they planned to return to their originally rented apartment to see if the Demoness of Black had sought out Franca and left any messages.

As for choosing a rental carriage instead of public transport or the metro, it was because the two Demonesses, even wearing hats and loose clothing, would inevitably encounter some harassment incidents.

Although Franca and Lumian weren't afraid, they felt there was no need to make themselves uncomfortable. They weren't the type of Demonesses who played extremely extreme roles.

Quartier de l'Observatoire and Quartier de la Cathédrale Commémorative were adjacent, so it didn't take long for the two Demonesses to return to Apartment 702 at 9 Rue Orosai and open the door.

Although they had only been gone for a few days, and Franca hadn't even had time to tell the landlord about ending the lease early and not needing the deposit back, when they saw the interior layout and the armchair, they felt as if an era had passed.

Various memories flashed through Franca's mind. At times she felt sweet, at times she couldn't help but silently sigh.

After Lumian concealed himself and hid, Franca entered the room alone, closed the wooden door, and carefully examined every detail of the place, focusing on all items with glass mirror surfaces.

"No messages, no traces, but I feel like someone's been here…" Franca muttered to herself as she withdrew her palm from the full-length mirror in the living room.

She turned around and walked towards the master bedroom.

At that moment, the full-length mirror suddenly became dim, as if it had been placed in a lightless environment.

In this dimness, a figure was quickly outlined.

She wore a black court dress, her black hair neatly coiled up, lightly covered by a hat with a dark veil hanging down. Her indescribably beautiful face was slightly pale, her deep gray eyes misty like smoky rain, emitting a noticeable brightness, naturally exuding a pitiable quality.

This was the Demoness of Black, Clarice!

At this moment, the Demoness of Black's face was expressionless, her deep gray eyes reflecting the tall, soft silhouette of Franca's back.

The corner of her mouth curved up slightly, and a few naturally falling strands of her hair drilled out from the mirror into the outside world, extending silently towards Franca's back as if they had a life of their own.

Franca suddenly received a warning, a warning from her companion.

Without thinking, she actively triggered Mirror Substitution.

The next second, her body was touched by those few strands of black hair. First, it turned into a mirror, then became grayish-white, and fell to the ground with a

thud.

The mirror had become stone.

Almost simultaneously, the Demoness of Black Clarice in the full-length mirror saw a figure leap down from above.

That figure wore a black cloak, with light blue eyes, pale lips, a clean and elegant face, stunningly beautiful features, a cold and calm expression, standing over 1.8 meters tall, body slightly bent, both hands holding a huge iron-black straight sword.

That huge straight sword burned with intense white-blue flames, slamming onto the ground with a bang.

This didn't shatter or pierce the floor, but hit an invisible barrier. As the entire space gently shook, it triggered a fierce fire snake of intense white-blue, rapidly pouncing towards that full-length mirror, igniting the tea table and wooden boards along the way, quickly reducing them to ashes.

Bottle of Fiction!

When the Demoness of Black's hair strands stabbed out from the mirror, Lumian was already prepared to act to save Franca!

He hadn't expected the Demoness of Black to be so direct and decisive in trying to petrify Franca without saying a word, but this didn't hinder him from following his combat instincts and quickly responding.

The Demoness of Black in the full-length mirror still had that pitiable appearance, but her eyes reflecting Lumian's figure suddenly became covered with a layer of grayish-white, cold color.

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Chapter 895 A Brief Battle

Chapter 895 A Brief Battle

The Demoness of Black slightly raised her chin and let out a piercing shriek.

Invisible sound waves instantly caused the mirror to take on a grayish-white, dim color. Along with this, Clarice's hair broke free from its constraints, knocking off her hat and floating upwards. Each strand became thick, as if carved from stone.

This grayish-white spread out from the full-length mirror, causing the intense white-blue fire snake that had rushed to the mirror's front to freeze in place, turning into a statue. It failed to explode the mirror as Lumian had expected, destroying the Demoness of Black's medium for interfering with the interior of the Bottle of Fiction.

The grayish-white created by Clarice continued to spread, like surging tides, quickly engulfing the nearby armchair, sofa set, and cabinets, causing them to lose their luster, take on a grayish-white color, and appear much harder.

This grayish-white "tide" rapidly covered the entire room, enveloping both Lumian and Franca.

Under the constraints of the Bottle of Fiction, facing such a wide-range attack, Mirror Substitution seemed to have lost its effect, because after using a substitute, one would still appear in a petrifying area.

The next second, Lumian and Franca, covered in thick dust-like particles, regressed into grayish-white stone mirrors, but their figures did not appear anywhere within the Bottle of Fiction.

The Bottle of Fiction itself seemed to have undergone petrification, turning into a grayish-white, completely sealed cage.

Seeing this scene, the Demoness of Black in the full-length mirror murmured to herself, "Did they escape?"

The current situation indicated that Lumian, relying on the abilities of a Demoness of Despair, and Franca, using the power of the Ice Amulet, had managed to hide in a mirror just before being petrified, then traversed and escaped.

The current problem was that, given the Demoness of Black's control over the mirror world, she could easily intercept the two in some illusory, dark tunnel, but

she hadn't sensed any movement.

At this moment, the Demoness of Black Clarice received a warning from her spirituality and suddenly turned around, casting her gaze towards the dense, illusory spider web behind her.

In one of those dim, unreal tunnels, Lumian, wearing a black cloak and very tall, held up an exaggeratedly shaped iron-black straight sword with one hand, descending from above to slash at the Demoness of Black.

Escape?

Someone holding the Sword of Courage wouldn't consider this option!

If they were to escape, it would be using the retreat as a feint for advancing by setting a trap!

The intense white-blue flames on the Sword of Courage instantly surged into intense black, like boiling pitch, carrying the violence and madness to destroy all things, spirit and flesh.

Simultaneously, Lumian's naturally hanging left palm imperceptibly pressed towards the Demoness of Black from a distance.

On his wrist, which was like a work of art, he wore a silver-white and black bracelet that looked cheap. His crystal-clear, light blue eyes took on a silver-black hue.

Boom!

The black flames, suppressing intensity and madness, exploded in mid-air. Fierce shock waves carrying countless black fires surged towards the Demoness of Black Clarice.

This ageless Demoness didn't use Petrification to respond. Her body rapidly thinned and shrank, flashing a faint light.

She became a mirror.

Crack! That mirror shattered in the explosion, its spirituality completely exhausted in the black flames.

The Fire of Destruction mixed in the terrifying explosion further engulfed the entire area behind the mirror, extinguishing all signs of life.

But when the Fire of Destruction extinguished and the explosion's aftermath ended, the figure of the Demoness of Black outlined in one corner of the void black area behind the mirror.

She seemed able to control the timing of her return to reality after using Mirror Substitution, avoiding appearing in the fire while the Fire of Destruction was still

burning.

Suddenly, behind the Demoness of Black, a mirror hidden in the darkness appeared. It directly reflected Clarice's figure, and in the mirror was also Lumian, his clean face tinged with a dark hue from the remaining firelight.

Mirror Projection!

As soon as this Lumian appeared, he immediately transformed into quiet, evil black flames, enveloping the Demoness of Black's figure in the mirror.

Only at this moment did the Demoness of Black seem to sense the danger, actively using Mirror Substitution.

But she was still a beat too slow. Her appearance in this corner, in front of this mirror with Lumian's Mirror Projection, wasn't coincidental, but a carefully designed outcome!

Lumian's earlier apparent frontal attack with the Sword of Courage was actually focused on his left palm that wasn't holding the sword.

He wore the Circle of Binding to elevate his ability to Compelling Fate to Sequence 4 level!

And he had just consumed nearly a third of his spirituality to make the fate of where the Demoness of Black would appear after using Mirror Substitution predetermined, making the corresponding tributary become part of the main stream.

Thus, the Demoness of Black "actively" walked into the trap, standing in front of the mirror with Lumian's Mirror Projection.

At the same time, to prevent the Demoness of Black from detecting the danger in time, Lumian had, on one hand, applied anti-divination treatment to that mirror before launching the attack, and on the other hand, deliberately let the Fire of Destruction cover the entire area behind the mirror, making every corner look like there was no ambush—even if there was, it would obviously be destroyed by the Fire of Destruction. But in reality, relying on his Precision ability, he had covertly made some Fire of Destruction bypass the pre-placed mirror.

Under these various schemes, the Demoness of Black failed to use Mirror Substitution before Lumian's Mirror Projection launched the Demoness's curse.

The Demoness of Black's deep gray eyes, seemingly hiding rain and mist, suddenly widened, and quiet, evil black flames burst forth from within her body.

These black flames burned fiercely, quickly igniting the soul of the Demoness of Black Clarice, accompanied by a silent explosion.

Curse plus Cull!

Crack, crack, the figure of the Demoness of Black kept flashing, turning into mirror after mirror.

Those mirrors successively lost their luster, becoming dim, but unable to extinguish the black flames burning the Demoness of Black from the inside out.

After a few seconds, the Demoness of Black Clarice, too weak to use Mirror Substitution, saw Lumian's figure walk up to her.

This beautiful girl wearing a black cloak, making her face appear even fairer, raised the huge straight sword burning with intense white-blue flames.

That iron-black giant sword came down with a thunderous sound, chopping at the Demoness of Black's neck.

Boom!

This pitiable lady was torn to pieces, scattering around in the form of corpse pieces carrying black flames.

Franca's figure returned from another void dark tunnel, looking at the large number of corpse pieces on the ground, and said with a stunned expression, "Is it resolved just like that?"

This was the Demoness of Black, a Demoness titled by color!

Previously, Franca had only hoped that Lumian could briefly suppress the Demoness of Black, not giving Clarice a chance to interfere with her action of escaping through the mirror world. If she successfully escaped, it would be much easier for Lumian, as a Sequence 4 demigod, to disengage from the battle afterwards.

Of course, Franca would inevitably hope to find an opportunity to use the Certain Death effect of the Inevitable Gun to accomplish the feat of slaying a demigod. If that failed, she could still use Sure Hit plus Impregnating Bullet to give Lumian a chance to destroy the enemy.

Lumian didn't put away the Sword of Courage, staring at the still-burning corpse pieces, and said carefully, "She showed Sequence 3 level in some abilities, but overall seemed stiff and inexperienced. Not only did she not seem like an experienced Demoness of Unaging, but she also seemed a bit weaker than a normal Demoness of Despair. She didn't even notice when I was placing mirrors while invisible…"

Before Lumian finished speaking, as the Demoness's black flames finished burning, those corpse pieces began to fade, gradually dissolving, as if returning to formlessness.

"Not the normal Demoness of Black." Franca quickly made a judgment.

"This also means we have no spoils," Lumian laughed, saying to Franca who had already used up the last Mirror Traversal ability of the Ice Amulet, "Let's return to the real world first, and I'll come back later to check what's left in the end."

Franca understood that Lumian was worried that the abnormal state of the Demoness of Black might lead to a corpse transformation or bring other accidents. If only he came to check, it would be much safer.

Without being reckless, Franca pressed her hand behind the mirror, leaving this area and returning with Lumian to the living room of apartment 702.

Everything here had turned to stone, and with the removal of the Bottle of Fiction, grayish-white powder fell like rain.

Franca covered her mouth and nose, muttering, "This is severe pollution."

She reached into the Traveler's Bag, intending to take out the remaining verl d'or and leave it here as compensation for the damaged furniture.

At this moment, Lumian suddenly had a premonition. His figure disappeared in an instant, melting into the shadows, hiding in the bedroom where Jenna had originally lived.

The next second, Franca also sensed something with her spirituality, casting her gaze towards the glass window that had been protected by the Bottle of Fiction and had not yet petrified.

The left part of the double-opening glass window suddenly darkened, quickly outlining a figure as if reflecting an image on water.

That figure wore a black, elegant court dress, with black hair coiled up, wearing a hat with a dark veil hanging down. Her face was indescribably beautiful, her deep gray eyes bright but revealing undisguisable sorrow, her red lips slightly curved, her chin beautifully arched. Not only men but also women who saw her would instinctively feel pity.

Demoness of Black!

Demoness of Black Clarice!

At this moment, Franca was a bit stunned.

Did the Demoness of Black get reanimated?

No, even if it was a reanimation, it should have appeared on the full-length mirror in the living room!

If it isn't reanimation, who is this now, and who was that earlier?

As Franca's mind instantly tensed, the Demoness of Black on the glass window gently nodded and asked in a soft voice, "What exactly happened a few days ago that made you only return now?"

This attitude… it's very amiable… Franca, who had initially thought of drawing her gun and attacking, suddenly felt confused.

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Chapter 896 Charm

Chapter 896 Charm

Seeing that the Demoness of Black had no immediate intention to attack her, and didn't seem to be secretly releasing Plague, Franca steadied herself and began reciting her pre-rehearsed words, "That day, Lumian suddenly said that the Rose School of Thought had brought a very important item to Trier, which could potentially cause chaos and affect us, so we needed to quickly move to another safe house…"

This time, Franca pushed all the problems and abnormalities onto Lumian, saying she didn't know why this lover she met through the Iron and Blood Cross Order was hiding so many secrets. Despite not being very powerful, he seemed to have a very high status, to the extent that after a dazzling light suddenly burst in the sky over Trier, it attracted the attack of two bestowed demigods.

Franca truthfully recounted her role in the subsequent battle, only omitting Jenna's abilities and Anthony's revolver. Finally, she said, "At the most critical moment, Lumian came back. He had actually become a Demoness of Despair and quickly killed Higdon, then dealt with Voisin Sanson."

"And then?" the Demoness of Black in the glass window asked.

"She left," Franca answered simply, without further explanation.

She originally felt that although her description was reasonably fabricated, as someone who wasn't a descendant of the Demoness family, with an origin that only seemed clear, having long shared a bed with someone carrying many secrets and special qualities, experiencing many things together, was inherently suspicious. Who could guarantee she hadn't developed some issues because of this?

After the brief battle earlier, she had completely lost confidence in her ability to deceive the Demoness of Black, and was merely giving her a reason to pretend.

"Lumian Lee indeed has quite a few issues. Once exposed, he certainly wouldn't dare stay here anymore," the Demoness of Black said in a very calm tone.

Then, she chuckled softly. "The only pity is that you've lost the most valiant lover below demigod level. The few times I came to look, you were always enjoying yourself immensely, it was enviable."

"…" Franca was stunned for a moment, instinctively cursing in her heart, Dammit! When did she see that? Wasn't there a Bottle of Fiction?

Thinking about the Demoness of Black seeing her in that state, her face nearly turned green.

She carefully recalled and realized this couldn't really be blamed on Lumian, it was all her own doing—after the first two or three times, she had gotten used to it and found an entertaining point, which was to tease and Charm Lumian until he became urgent, to the point where even the Ascetic couldn't remind him to create the Bottle of Fiction.

What is this called? It's called bringing a calamity upon oneself! I hope the Demoness of Black hadn't seen what I did later to digest the Affliction potion… I hope… Mr. Fool, please protect your devout believer from social death! Franca laughed dryly. "Indeed, he was much more impressive than I had anticipated, but I don't want to mention him anymore. No, her. This bastard not only kept so many secrets from me, but also seduced my other lover Jenna, cuckolding me. I've even digested half of the Affliction potion because of this."

She was laying the groundwork for her rapid digestion of the Affliction potion.

Of course, as said before, giving the Demoness of Black a reason to keep pretending.

"There was such a thing?" The Demoness of Black's face, white to the point of slight transparency, revealed a slight smile, as if she had long guessed that a Sequence 5 Beyonder of the manly pathway like Lumian Lee, frequently in contact with Franca's female lover, would inevitably have a day when he couldn't resist.

"Yes." Franca dug up her true feelings from that time and gritted her teeth.

"You didn't cut off his thing, or force-feed him a potion from the Demoness pathway?" The Demoness of Black relaxed her expression, rarely making a joke. "Well, his sequence is too high, you couldn't make him advance to become a Demoness of Despair.

"Among my lovers, if any male lover is destined to become a Demoness, I don't mind him sleeping with my female lovers, since he'll lose it sooner or later and become a female lover. If I hadn't originally planned for him to walk the Demoness pathway, I would have let him know what pain really is."

You real Demonesses sure play a perverted game… Franca inwardly criticized before saying, "I initially had thoughts of revenge, but later gave up. As an adult, I don't make choices—I take everything!"

At this point, Franca deliberately hesitated. "Moreover, I sensed some issues at the time. He seemed to have a false high status, and torturing him would make my Affliction potion digest rapidly, but before I could probe the real reason,

everything exploded."

The Demoness of Black nodded slightly, looking at Franca with an appreciative gaze for two seconds. "No wonder you played that kind of game. It's very interesting, very suitable for a Demoness."

"…" Franca's toes were already constantly scratching the ground inside her boots.

"However, your endurance isn't too good," the Demoness of Black said in an instructive tone.

Franca smiled sheepishly and said, "I only made him endure, not myself…"

"Endurance is also a form of pain. This would allow you to digest the potion from another aspect," the Demoness of Black said seriously, suppressing the smile on her face.

"That's true…" Franca blinked her eyes.

Why didn't I think of that at the time? Otherwise, I would have completely digested the Affliction potion by now!

Ah, I was too focused on having fun!

But Beyonders can't think about "acting" every moment, right? One needs to learn to relax, to learn to use pure entertainment to relieve mental pressure and accumulated tendencies towards losing control!

Franca really didn't want to continue this embarrassing topic, so she took the initiative to say, "But I'll be able to completely digest the Affliction potion in at most two or three weeks."

She had recently been recalling previously learned knowledge, purchasing general-purpose textbooks, and trying to create exam papers for Ludwig.

She believed that just once would be enough to achieve her goal.

This would only take a few days.

The Demoness of Black didn't mention anything about subsequent advancement, which Franca didn't find strange—her current self was highly suspicious, and if the Demoness of Black were to promise to provide the formula and ingredients for the Demoness of Despair, it would mean that the subsequent arrangements would inevitably involve very dangerous traps.

What a situation this is… I know I'm lying, the Demoness of Black knows I'm lying, and I also know that the Demoness of Black knows I'm lying… Franca sighed inwardly, and according to the Demoness of Black's questions, she detailed Lumian's appearance and abilities after he became a Demoness of Despair.

The Demoness of Black listened quietly, then suddenly walked out of the glass window into the grayish-white dominated living room.

Seeing this, alarm bells immediately rang in Franca's heart.

The current situation was clearly the result of Petrification, an ability unique to high-ranking members of the Demoness pathway, yet the Demoness of Black hadn't asked a single question about what had happened!

The Demoness of Black looked at Franca, her lips gently blossoming into a smile that seemed to cast a glow over the stone room.

Franca found herself uncontrollably drawn in, completely unable to look away.

The Demoness of Black extended her right hand and said in a gentle voice, "You only have one lover left now, but you can become my lover."

Franca suddenly felt that the Demoness of Black was filled with a sacred aura, making her want to protect and also ravish her.

Then, a watery gleam appeared in the Demoness of Black's eyes, taking on a soft and sorrowful quality that made Franca want to merge with her out of pity.

The Demoness of Black walked step by step towards Franca, her right hand still extended, like a queen waiting for her knight to kiss it.

Franca was suddenly overwhelmed by a strong desire to conquer.

In this way, the Demoness of Black continuously changed her aura, as if searching for the one that would most captivate Franca.

Franca's breathing had already become belabored, and she instinctively blurted out, "No need."

This sentence was like a spell, instantly dispelling the current romantic atmosphere. The Demoness of Black returned to her original appearance, stopping just two steps away from Franca.

"Give me a reason," the Demoness of Black asked very calmly, showing no signs of disappointment or anger.

Franca's cheeks had become flushed at some point, her body trembling slightly, as if that refusal had used up all her strength.

Her mind raced, quickly finding a very good reason.

"Madame, you said that endurance is also a form of pain. I want to take the opportunity of losing a lover to practice abstinence for a while, to accelerate the complete digestion of the Affliction potion."

A faint smile reappeared on the Demoness of Black's face.

"Your willpower is stronger than I expected. Although I wasn't using my full Charm on you just now, the fact that you could still refuse my proposal without me deliberately suppressing the Charm shows that your willpower is among the best among Sequence 5 Beyonders."

Is that so… What was I thinking of that made me refuse such a great temptation… Franca recalled, her expression changing slightly.

At that moment, she had thought of Jenna, and also of Lumian.

This both surprised and didn't surprise her.

The lack of surprise referred to thinking of Jenna at the critical moment of being Charmed, while the surprise was that she had also thought of Lumian!

The Demoness of Black looked around and said, "I'll wait for you to completely digest the Affliction potion. During this time, I have a task for you. Make contact with the core members of the Emperor Party. You should have heard the voice saying 'Your emperor has returned' that day. Those fantasists who worship Roselle and want to restore the empire seem to have new ideas because of this. Perhaps we can use them to do something.

"The specific situation will be told to you by Niceea. She was originally a spy employed by the government, specifically monitoring the Emperor Party. She has just become a Witch not long ago.

"This is her contact information…

"If you want to obtain the formula and ingredients for the Demoness of Despair from me, you need to make good contributions to the sect."

Franca took the paper handed over by the Demoness of Black and "sincerely" responded, "Yes, Madame Clarice."

The Demoness of Black didn't say anything more. Layers of dark spaces appeared in her eyes.

Her figure then disappeared from the room. She hadn't mentioned a single word about the complete grayish-white state of the scene.

Not long after, Lumian walked out of Jenna's bedroom, grabbed Franca's arm, and entered the full-length mirror in the living room.

The corpse pieces of the Demoness of Black in the area behind the mirror had completely disappeared.

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Chapter 897 The Demoness of Black's Peculiarity

Chapter 897 The Demoness of Black's Peculiarity

Lumian didn't rely entirely on his spirituality, but carefully searched the area behind the mirror, finding nothing.

"Could this have been the Demoness of Black's Mirror Person?" Franca asked doubtfully.

"The Demoness of Black's Mirror Person shouldn't be this weak." Lumian shook his head.

The two tried using Magic Mirror Divination, but received no effective revelation.

"Should we try asking the one with the most accurate divination results?" Franca suggested, barely concealing her fear and aversion.

After pondering for a moment, Lumian said, "Let's wait until we've consulted Madam Magician and the others before considering that option."

Perhaps Madam Magician could learn from the spirit world what exactly the dead Demoness of Black was.

Franca sighed in relief, turning her gaze to the mirror exit, saying with lingering fear, "Just now, the Demoness of Black completely ignoring the petrified state of the room nearly scared me to death. Such a glaring anomaly was right in front of her eyes, yet she acted as if she were blind. She could have at least pretended to notice!"

Even though I knew the reason I gave wouldn't convince you, I still acted professionally until the end, didn't I?

Lumian pondered for a moment before saying, "Perhaps she really didn't notice."

"Wh— You're even better at telling horror stories than I am!" Franca shuddered.

"It's possible that the death of this Demoness of Black will lead to a partial loss of sensory or spiritual perception in the real Demoness of Black, making her unable to perceive corresponding signs for a short time," Lumian speculated thoughtfully.

Franca nodded pensively. "So you're saying the Demoness of Black you killed was a part of the real Demoness of Black, split off for unknown reasons?"

"If we could master all the mystical knowledge related to the Demoness of Unaging, we should be able to find the answer to this question," Lumian affirmed.

"Not necessarily," Franca refuted, her thoughts jumping as usual. "Maybe this isn't a characteristic of the Demoness of Unaging, but rather a peculiarity of the Demoness of Black herself. Didn't you say her position and role in the Demoness Sect don't quite match her Sequence?"

"That's a possibility," Lumian agreed with Franca's statement. "Whether it's you, or me and Jenna, if we want to go further on the Demoness pathway in the future, these secrets are something we must understand and master. This is also why we can't bypass the Demoness Sect and must interact with them."

But I want to switch to Hunter in the future… Well, Sequence 4 has to be Demoness of Despair, and maybe by Sequence 3 I can leave the Demoness Sect. But the Demoness of Unaging sounds very appealing—eternally youthful, hard to kill, skilled at resurrection, basically both tenacious and long-lived, without aging… Switch pathways at Sequence 2? But becoming an Angel is certainly very difficult, I only know of Madam Magician among the Angels in the Major Arcana… Franca hesitated and struggled internally.

She glanced at Lumian, suddenly grinning and saying, "I resisted the Demoness of Black's Charm just now!"

Her eyebrows and eyes seemed to be saying "Praise me quickly".

Lumian glanced at her. "I remember when I first met you, you were mature, dashing, charming, and had determination. You were a reliable older sister. But now…"

"No, a reliable older brother," Franca instinctively retorted. "Everyone has different facets. Can you act the same way with strangers as you do with brothers you can entrust your life to? Can you handle daily trivial matters in the same style as sudden crises? That would be exhausting."

She became smug again. "That was a Sequence 3 Demoness of Unaging. Although she didn't directly use Charm, just based on her beauty, the innate allure of a high-sequence Demoness, and her constantly changing aura, not many men could refuse her. But I did it!"

Lumian walked towards the dark exit leading back to the living room, casually saying, "Being able to refuse is a good thing. Although becoming the Demoness of Black's lover would indeed allow you to enjoy the body of a High-Sequence Demoness and the pleasure she brings, and gradually gain her true trust, it would also make you gradually become addicted, ultimately unable to extricate yourself, becoming twisted and corrupted, abandoning everything you originally valued."

"Right," Franca responded instinctively, then grabbed her ponytail and said, "That's not the point! Do you know why I was able to refuse the Demoness of Black's proposal?"

"You thought of Jenna at that moment?" Lumian pondered briefly.

Franca nodded with satisfaction, speaking in a tone that suggested her bro understood her best, "That's right!"

Lumian didn't ask for details and continued forward, preparing to return to the real world.

At this moment, Franca, both struck by inspiration and suddenly impulsive, added, "I also thought of you…"

As soon as the words left her mouth, the Demoness of Affliction froze, as if struck by lightning.

Dammit, why did I say that out loud?

Franca instantly wanted to dig a hole and crawl into it. At the same time, she quickly examined her previous state to determine if she had been manipulated or if it was truly a moment of impulse.

Seeing Lumian stop in his tracks, his expression becoming somewhat complicated, Franca finally confirmed that it was her spirituality's inspiration that made her impulsive, making her try this.

Just as Jenna had said before, Lumian needed to clearly know that he as a person was still valued, liked, and needed.

Since I've already said it, I might as well continue! Franca looked at the dazed Lumian, deliberately using a stubborn tone. "I don't know why I thought of you at that moment either. I thought we only had a purely physical relationship. Maybe it's because you were watching from the guest room."

This made Lumian instinctively scoff, as if wanting to refute.

He didn't say similar words, instead asking in a slightly lower voice, "What did you think about me?"

Dammit, you're really asking? Bro, who could say those things out loud!? While Franca was inwardly cursing, she smiled and looked Lumian up and down.

"I don't know why, but I feel like you've become even more beautiful after coming into contact with the Sealed Artifact formed by Omebella's remains. You can even rival the Sequence 3 Demoness of Black now. Well, at least in one of her auras."

Normally, beauty and prettiness couldn't be quantified and compared, but in the Demoness pathway, they could. Higher Sequences would have more feminine

charm than lower Sequences, and were generally more beautiful, unless the lower Sequence Demoness was originally very attractive or improved her appearance through other means, such as using the Lie earring or coming into contact with the extreme corruption of beauty. Lumian satisfied both conditions.

Without waiting for Lumian to respond, Franca deliberately sighed, "At that time, I should have recalled you, whose charm could rival the Demoness of Black, but strangely, I remembered the initial you who always liked to act tough, like a little brother. Maybe I didn't want to perform an improper act in front of a bro."

After a few seconds, Lumian glanced at Franca. "Perhaps Jenna and I have also become your anchors."

Hey, don't say it so seriously and textbook-like… Franca grumbled, then asked, "The Demoness of Black asked me to contact the core members of the Emperor Party. Could there be any hidden risks?"

"I thought she would make me deal with the special mirror world-related… uh, she doesn't seem to have withdrawn those tasks from earlier investigations of the Mirror People."

"The Emperor Party's new scheme might be related to the special mirror world," Lumian said in a flat tone.

"Ah?" Franca looked puzzled.

How are these connected?

Lumian explained simply, "Have you forgotten who the leader of the Mirror People is?"

"The mirror Emperor Roselle… the Emperor Party… I understand now!" Franca suddenly realized.

She immediately looked Lumian up and down. "Why do I feel like you've become smarter?"

"This is the result of blending the Demoness and Hunter pathways," Lumian said with a slight smirk. "Before, I used the Conspirer's ability to gather clues, study details, and deduce conclusions. Now, I first get some inspiration, come up with a few ideas, and then rely on Conspirer to analyze possibilities. This saves a lot of time. Just now, when the Demoness of Black mentioned the Emperor Party believing in Emperor Roselle and wanting to restore the empire, I naturally associated it with the mirror Roselle, and then connected the two."

"You're making me want to switch pathways…" Franca muttered as she followed Lumian back to the still grayish-white Apartment 702.

She took out 300 verl d'or from the Traveler's Bag and placed them under a small "stone".

This was compensation for the landlord.

After doing this, Franca looked back at the full-length mirror with a slight grayish tint and said in a disappointed tone,

"The Mirror Traversal ability of the Ice Amulet has been used up, and the Demoness of Black didn't give me another one…"

"You'll have a new one soon, although it can only be used about five or six times," Lumian said seemingly casually.

"What?" Franca looked at her companion in confusion. "Where is the new charm coming from?"

Lumian pointed at himself. "From me. Have you forgotten that I'm a Demoness of Despair and can make similar charms by praying to myself?"

"Oh, right," Franca was a bit captivated by Lumian's tone and expression just now.

Who could resist such a beautiful girl saying such things and making such gestures!

As Lumian opened the door to leave, Franca suddenly realized.

This guy's mood seems to have improved a bit; he can even occasionally answer my questions in a relatively light tone!

Hehe… Franca quickly caught up, her steps feeling light and airy.

…

At night, in Underground Trier, in a cavern of a certain quarry.

Lumian and Ludwig watched as Anthony successfully summoned a human-headed bird demon in the name of Mr. Fool, but failed to gain its acknowledgment and successfully sign a contract.

The human-headed bird demon, a creature from the spirit world, was part of the advancement ritual for Sequence 5 Dreamwalker of the Spectator pathway.

"If you had summoned it through normal means, I could force it to sign a contract with you," Lumian casually remarked as he saw Anthony dissolve the wall of spirituality and walk out.

But now it was summoned in the name of Mr. Fool, and both parties of the ritual were communicating in a peaceful state.

Anthony agreed with a nod.

"But it won't respond to normal summoning methods.

"I plan to pray to Mr. Fool again next month, hoping to receive the protection of his Angel. This is another method provided by Madam Justice, but such prayers should preferably be made after some time has passed."

"Next month, huh… In a few more days, we should be entering Mr. Fool's dream. Having a Dreamwalker would be much better…" Lumian's eyes shifted slightly as he turned his head to look at Ludwig beside him and asked, "Are there any ingredients that can help Anthony stay lucid in the dream? Even if it's just for a short time."

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Chapter 898 Selecting "Ingredients"

Chapter 898 Selecting "Ingredients"

Ludwig, dressed in children's formal wear, looked at the freshly cleaned "altar" and licked his lips somewhat regretfully, saying, "If we had caught that bird with a human head just now and stewed it together with a fat duck, we could have gained the ability to control our fear emotions in dreams, possibly gaining lucidity through fear…

"Additionally…"

The seven or eight-year-old boy began counting on his fingers, one by one.

"The gray beast from Planet Darbilla, cooked by roasting, can prevent one from getting lost in most dreams for seven days…

"The Black Dream Tapir, a spirit world creature that feeds on joy, happiness, excitement, desire, and other emotions in human dreams. Using its residual dust to make a cocktail can prevent the drinker from being deceived by the beauty of dreams, sinking into them, and refusing to wake up. At the same time, each time you drink that wine, you can clearly distinguish between reality and dreams for the next ten days…

"The King of Nightmares, an Angel-level creature that rules Planet Four Snake in the Y star system. Eating its gallbladder directly can permanently gain the trait of dream lucidity…

"…"

As Ludwig spoke, he grew hungrier and couldn't help but ask his now-female godfather for a few sandwich cookies to fill his stomach.

After he finished listing the ingredients he could currently remember, Anthony pondered and said, "Perhaps I've encountered a Black Dream Tapir before."

Seeing Lumian look at him, Anthony carefully said, "I met a patient at the psychiatric clinic a while ago. He had been having nightmares for three consecutive weeks, was mentally drained, emotionally numb, and very pessimistic.

"I tried regular psychological treatment on him, and also attempted to solve the problem using Beyonder abilities like Hypnosis, but these only prevented him

from having nightmares for two or three days before reverting back to his original state.

"I couldn't figure out why it failed before, but now I suspect he might have been targeted by a Black Dream Tapir."

"Psychiatric clinic?" Lumian nodded while casually asking.

Anthony briefly explained, "To join the Psychology Alchemists, one needs to fully integrate into the circle of psychiatrists. I'm now officially a practicing physician at a psychiatric clinic."

Lumian made an affirmative sound and thoughtfully said, "The higher the Sequence of new members, the less likely they are to be trusted by those secret organizations. Sequences 9 to 7 are still okay, within the realm of wild Beyonders that ordinary people have a chance to reach. Sequence 6 is barely acceptable, but Sequence 5 involves rituals. Very few purely wild Beyonders can reach this level. Aren't you worried that becoming a Dreamwalker now will affect your subsequent joining of the Psychology Alchemists?"

Lumian made an affirmative sound and thoughtfully said, "The higher the Sequence of new members, the less likely they are to be trusted by those secret organizations. Sequences 9 to 7 are still okay, within the realm of wild Beyonders that ordinary people have a chance to reach. Sequence 6 is barely acceptable, but Sequence 5 involves rituals. Very few purely wild Beyonders can reach this level. Aren't you worried that becoming a Dreamwalker now will affect your subsequent joining of the Psychology Alchemists?"

Anthony smiled peacefully. "I bought the Dreamwalker potion formula and corresponding ingredients in batches from a member of the Psychology Alchemists. Madam Justice mainly provided financial rewards."

"I see…" Lumian turned to ask Ludwig, "What level of power does a Black Dream Tapir have approximately?"

"The strong ones have weak godhood, while the weak ones are equivalent to Sequence 7," Ludwig said with an expectant look.

"Going to the spirit world to find harpies or Black Dream Tapirs is not something we can accomplish, unless we ask Madam Magician or the Angel of the Holy Spirit who manages the spirit world on behalf of Mr. Fool for help," Lumian said to Anthony. "Do you have a way for me to enter that patient's dream? I want to confirm if it's a Black Dream Tapir and if there's a chance to capture it."

"I bought two dream entry charms from the Psychology Alchemists, and Madam Justice also gave me one," Anthony answered truthfully.

Lumian smiled, pulling up his cloak to cover his face. "Then let's 'visit' that patient tonight."

Anthony suppressed the disappointment of having that extremely beautiful face hidden, nodded, and followed behind Lumian, who was holding Ludwig's hand, as they headed towards the surface.

After walking several dozen meters, Ludwig turned his head to look at Lumian and said, "Mother…"

He simply felt that since his godfather had become female, the address should be changed.

Mother… Lumian's heart skipped a beat, and his voice became stern.

"It's better you keep calling me godfather."

"Yes, Godfather," Ludwig readily agreed. "I've been having some bad premonitions lately."

"Bad premonitions?" Lumian asked as if pondering, "About yourself, or all of us?"

Ludwig answered quite honestly, "About myself."

Lumian nodded slightly and chuckled. "I think I know what it is. It's not a big problem, just endure it and it will pass.

"When the time comes, you'll have the opportunity to accumulate contributions to exchange for different parts of a demigod blessed's corpse."

Ludwig's eyes immediately lit up, forgetting that his premonition was leaning towards bad. "Alright, Godfather!"

…

In Quartier de la Maison d'Opéra, on Rue du Chapeau Noir, inside an apartment with drawn curtains.

Niceya, nearly 1.7 meters tall, stood in front of a full-length mirror, gazing at her reflection.

My face is fair and clean, my brown hair naturally wavy and hanging loose, my brown eyes deep yet clear, my lips red and moist, slightly parted to reveal two rows of white teeth. My figure is curvy, neither too tall nor too short, just right…

What an enchanting young lady.

Niceea gazed at herself in fascination, her right hand falling to her rosy lips, then slowly moving down towards her prominent chest.

She hadn't expected that the Beyonder power promised by that Demoness would be obtained in this way. When she was immersed in and proud of the various abilities brought by the Assassin potion, committing numerous crimes, her fate

was already sealed.

She was forced to drink the Witch potion, becoming a woman, which strongly conflicted with and opposed her male identity of over twenty years.

Now she seemed to be split into two people: one angry, in pain, wanting to take revenge on those Demonesses and this world; the other conquered by her charming beauty, flawless figure, and a happiness different from before, falling in love with her current self, even wanting to drink higher Sequence potions to make herself more perfect and charming.

Suddenly, following her spiritual intuition, Niceea lowered her hand from her chest and abruptly turned around, looking towards an armchair near the window.

There was someone there, who hadn't been there before.

The person had their arms resting on both armrests, body comfortably leaning against the chair back. A faintly visible ponytail of flaxen-colored long hair, brown eyebrows flying into the temples bringing both heroic beauty and seeming to pierce into the hearts of all onlookers, while those seemingly clear and tranquil lake-colored eyes held depths, as if hiding many emotions and thoughts, making one want to use all their passion to explore.

These features, along with the high and delicate nose, moist and rosy lips, smooth and slender neck, and the figure that made the lace flower shirt bulge, suddenly gave Niceea an urge to submit and kiss the back of the other's hand.

So beautiful… As beautiful as the few Demonesses I've seen before, but with a different aura, a more attractive aura and facial details… Niceea greedily looked at the beauty before her, surprisingly not questioning who the other was, nor making any defensive or attacking moves.

Is this what a newly advanced Witch is like… Franca, sitting in the armchair, silently shook her head.

She had already sneaked into this room since Niceea started admiring her mirror image, but Niceea was so indulged in her own beauty that she completely failed to notice, even wanting to perform an intense act.

Back then, when Franca drank the Witch potion, she was also stunned by her own beauty, feeling it was the anima in her heart, the woman she had always dreamed of. Fortunately, her personality was very cheerful, and being a transmigrator who had already switched bodies once, she didn't reject her current female body or consider it as another person. So she was only a bit narcissistic, not to the extent of truly falling in love with her female self.

After getting busy with the Tarot Club's tasks and meeting Jenna and Lumian, Franca's issues in this aspect became increasingly faint. However, being so beautiful, how could she not admire herself?

Although she was sitting and Niceea was standing, Franca smiled with a condescending attitude.

"I don't know if the Demoness of Black has told you, but for a long time to come, you will be my subordinate."

"Madame Clarice mentioned it. You must be Madame Franca?" Niceea's gaze was still roaming over Franca's body, with an urge to tear off the other's clothes and beg for pleasure, but she looked at her own chest and felt a wave of sadness.

She no longer had that ability now…

"Your vigilance is not high enough. If I were an enemy, you would have died several times already," Franca said, her red lips parting slightly. "Mirror Substitution is very important, but you can't rely on it completely."

Niceea was first startled, then broke out in a cold sweat. "Yes, Madame Franca."

Franca showed a slight smile, making Niceea's eyes light up.

"Give me the information on the core members of the Emperor Party."

Niceea nodded instinctively. "Understood."

She quickly walked towards the safe in the room.

…

In the administrative district, on Rue Lviv.

Wearing cotton pajamas and sleep pants, Kewell held a glass of red wine, sitting on the edge of the bed, reluctant to lie down and sleep for a long time.

He knew it would be the beginning of another long torment and endless pain.

Finally, he couldn't resist fatigue and sleepiness. After drinking that glass of red wine, he fell into a deep sleep.

In the hazy dream, Kewell was running, terrified to the point of near collapse, with a huge monster chasing him from behind.

Ahead was a cliff, and he didn't have time to stop, falling directly off it.

If it were a normal dream, Kewell would definitely wake up at this moment due to the free fall or directly switch scenes, but he didn't now. He crashed to the ground with a bang, seeing his body shattered into pieces everywhere in indescribable pain.

He let out a shrill scream.

At this moment, a bear-like shadow walked out of the darkness and began to lick the brain matter that had splattered out of Kewell, causing him to freeze, feeling even more pain and fear.

Suddenly, he saw the crimson moon rise in the sky, and a slender figure carrying a huge iron-black straight sword descended from the heavens.

The figure's hood was flipped up, black long hair illuminated by the crimson moon as if in a dream, seeming to pierce directly into the moon.

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Chapter 899 Hunting in Dreams

Chapter 899 Hunting in Dreams

When Lumian saw the bear-like shadow, he immediately confirmed it was a Black Dream Tapir based on his spiritual intuition.

He instantly drew the Sword of Courage, and under the illumination of the crimson moon in the dream, jumped down from the cliff top. The hood attached to his cloak flipped up, revealing black long hair, delicate features, and light blue yet deep eyes.

Boom!

Intense white-blue flames pinned the black bear-like shadow to the ground, blasting it into pieces.

Those shadow fragments quickly scattered and recombined into the shape of a tapir in the distance.

This wasn't a real dream. Most damage couldn't be reflected on the physical body, so it couldn't cause direct death, at most causing mental damage and turning one into a vegetable!

The bear-like Black Dream Tapir turned towards Lumian and let out a low growl.

With this growl, the scenery around Lumian changed, transforming from the primitive forest at the bottom of the cliff to Cordu under blue skies and white clouds, near green grasslands.

Lumian returned to Ol' Tavern, with a glass of absinthe floating with a dreamlike green color in front of him, surrounded by many Guillaumes and Pierres.

They were telling crude jokes and slandering people from other villages.

The familiar scent of alcohol pierced Lumian's nostrils. Outside the tavern window, Aurore's house was magically reflected, with a figure in a light blue dress and thick golden hair sitting on the roof, hugging her knees and gazing at the sky.

One of the Black Dream Tapir's abilities was to use the happy, joyful, and pleasant emotions it had absorbed to trap its target in the most nostalgic and beautiful scene, making it difficult to break free.

Seeing the female figure holding the iron-black giant sword freeze, the Black Dream Tapir ran over on all fours.

It wanted to devour this entire scene and all the positive emotions the other person generated from it.

At this moment, it felt something burning behind it and instinctively turned around.

It saw another Lumian, with invisible flames of anger burning in his eyes and intense black flames covering his sword.

The Lumian indulging in memories of Cordu quickly dissipated, leaving only a mirror.

Lumian raised the Sword of Courage burning with the Flames of Destruction, cleaving the Black Dream Tapir in two from top to bottom.

The more he longed for the beautiful life in Cordu, knowing it could never return, the more agitated and pained he felt, with anger surging!

In a slight explosion, black flames suppressing madness and violence clung to the two halves of the Black Dream Tapir's shadow, continuously burning them, making them noticeably fainter.

The Black Dream Tapir's shadow rejoined dozens of meters away, but was much weaker than before. Lumian's Flames of Destruction seemed to have truly damaged the part of its consciousness that had penetrated this dream.

Fear appeared in the eyes of this spirit world creature. It suddenly stood upright, its dark eyes tinged with blood-red.

It wanted to use the dream to transform into one of the target's most feared and terrifying forms, thereby intimidating the opponent and creating an opportunity for its consciousness to escape the dream and successfully return to the spirit world.

In the blink of an eye, the Black Dream Tapir's body swelled to an abnormal size, emanating an extremely insane, cruel, bloody, and violent aura.

It also created nearly invisible flames.

In the next second, the Black Dream Tapir itself let out an extremely terrified and agonized scream.

It was ignited by the invisible fire it had created, and its body was filled with the terrifying aura it had imitated, almost losing itself.

Seeing this scene, even Lumian was stunned for a moment, then curved his lips into a smile and said softly, "It's not so easy to imitate an image that can make me fear and dread."

"You think you can imitate the Blood Emperor?"

Imitating a true god inevitably means suffering backlash!

The Black Dream Tapir was already rolling in agony in the dream, unable to extinguish the invisible flames burning it.

It struggled extremely hard to detach from the dream. Lumian didn't stop it, but instead activated the black mark on his right shoulder and followed it to the spirit world.

The dream's owner, Kewell, in the form of dismembered corpse pieces, saw the girl who descended like the crimson moon falling twice slash the bear-like shadow monster and set it completely ablaze. His heart gradually became less fearful and afraid.

He stared blankly at that elegant and clean profile, at those slightly pursed light red lips, at the bright and beautiful face so different from the giant sword she wielded, feeling as if he were dreaming.

No, this really was a dream.

Lumian chased to a certain place in the spirit world and saw the Black Dream Tapir's true form already burning itself. Its agonized wails made the strange creatures around choose to stay away.

Lumian watched quietly and flicked a black flame bound with agitation and intensity towards it, letting it fall onto the Black Dream Tapir's body.

In just a few seconds, the spirit world creature burned to ashes, turning into a tiny amount of dark black powder.

Lumian reached out his palm and caught this powder.

…

In the apartment Lumian had rented for Lugano and Ludwig in Quartier de l'Observatoire.

The little boy dressed in children's formal wear with a small bow tie poured nearly 100 milliliters of Lanti Proof into a glass, then added the Black Dream Tapir's powder, lemon juice, ice cubes, a type of kilju, and other ingredients.

In the end, that full glass of strong liquor had a golden base, with green and black intertwining colors on top, looking quite beautiful.

"Wow, that drink looks very tempting," Franca exclaimed with an expectant look.

She sat very close to Lumian, while Jenna was on Lumian's other side.

Ludwig suddenly picked up that glass of "cocktail" and hid it behind his back.

He said very firmly, "There's only enough for two people to drink!"

"You and Anthony drink it." Lumian made the decision directly.

While Franca felt slightly disappointed, Ludwig beamed with joy. He took another glass and poured nearly half of the "cocktail" into it, handing it to Anthony.

"This cocktail is called 'The Color of Dreams'.

"It takes effect one minute after drinking."

After Anthony took The Color of Dreams, Ludwig began gulping down the portion in his hand.

Franca deliberately said, "Isn't it not so good for someone so young to drink hard liquor? He should be properly educated."

She had already prepared her test papers, just waiting for Anthony to finish advancing to "test" Ludwig.

As Ludwig inexplicably shuddered, Anthony adjusted his state and drank that glass of The Color of Dreams.

It was both bitter and sweet, both strong and mild, both igniting the esophagus, mouth, and stomach, while bringing an intoxicating feeling.

This was a dreamscape.

While waiting for "The Color of Dreams" to take effect, Anthony began preparing the potion.

Franca took the opportunity to say to Lumian and Jenna, "The leader of the Emperor Party is a man called Louis. He claims to have blood from the Gustav family and to be a descendant of Emperor Roselle.

"According to Niceea's intelligence, some core members of the Emperor Party feel that on that day, after the Vortex incident, Louis Gustav became somewhat strange, more mysterious and more majestic.

"He's secretly planning something, and only a very few of his confidants in the entire Emperor Party know what it is.

"Niceea has a strong desire to express herself and take revenge on society. She volunteered to make contact with one of Louis Gustav's confidants. I plan to ask 007's side to cooperate and create an opportunity for her…"

Louis was as common a name in Trier and Intis as Pierre, Guillaume, and others.

Lumian nodded slightly, but before he could say anything, Anthony had finished preparing the potion and drank the dark liquid speckled with grayish-white light.

The taste of Dreamwalker was very similar to The Color of Dreams, both complex and chaotic, containing many elements.

Lumian and the others stopped talking, focusing intently on Anthony to guard against any accidents.

They saw their teammate's face sometimes covered with grayish-white scales, sometimes becoming bloodless, as if his soul had left his body, while his eyes were empty and lifeless, having lost self-awareness.

After a while, Anthony's eyes first became dark, then lit up with light.

"It succeeded," Anthony said, showing rare outward emotion. "That feeling of looking down on the world, on everyone's dreams, is truly addictive. I almost didn't want to wake up."

After this exclamation, he composed himself and briefly described the abilities brought by the Dreamwalker potion.

"I can directly see the appearance of the spirit world, see the sea of collective subconscious, and can 'guide' the target step by step to reveal their inner secrets through changes in dreams…

"I can also gradually influence the target by 'modifying' dreams, making them do things they wouldn't normally do. This is equivalent to a gentler, more hidden form of Hypnosis that's less likely to be detected by higher-level targets, but it takes quite a long time to complete…

"Now I can directly enter dreams, hide in dreams, and jump from one dream to another, but the distance between two dreams can't exceed 500 meters…"

"A form of teleportation whose use is limited by environment and distance," Lumian commented briefly.

Anthony agreed with a nod."It's called 'Dream Traversal', and for me, the spirituality consumption is very small."

Lumian smiled and stood up, saying, "Now, every member of our team is at Sequence 5 or above."

…

A few days later, Anthony was working normally at Green Tree Clinic.

Near noon, a nurse brought in a patient.

It was Kewell, the young man aspiring to enter politics, currently serving as a staff member in the National Convention.

"Dr. Reid, I've been much better recently. I haven't had nightmares for several days," Kewell said happily to Anthony.

He still trusted Anthony quite a bit, after all, this psychiatrist had indeed improved his condition before.

"This is your own victory. You've passed through that stage," Anthony congratulated him without showing any abnormality.

Kewell touched his golden sideburns and hesitated before saying, "My condition improved four days ago. That night, I was having a nightmare again, but in the dream, a young girl descended under the illumination of a huge red moon and saved me.

"Sh-she was the most beautiful and charismatic girl I've ever seen, but my memory of that dream is becoming increasingly blurry. Mr. Reid, can you find a way for me to remember her permanently, to not forget her? Or let me draw her? Maybe there's a girl as beautiful as her in reality…"

Anthony looked at Kewell and said carefully, "I'm sorry, but I can't help you with this. Indulging in dreams will lead you to another extreme. As your psychiatrist, I can't push you towards an abyss. I must tell you, that's an illusion you can't reach."

Kewell was silent for a while, then let out a sigh of extreme disappointment. "Alright."

…

Quartier de l'Observatoire, Rue de la Gauche.

Alone in the apartment, Lumian stood by the window, pondering what he needed to do recently.

The treasure vault of the Blue Avenger… But Mr. Hanged Man only agreed to let me explore once…

Go to Bansy Harbor to find that potentially problematic place, use the corpse wax candle…

Just as Lumian thought of this, he instinctively half-turned his body and saw Madam Magician appear with starlight.

This Major Arcana card holder said with a smile, "Your reward should be ready to collect today. I'll take you to a place."

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Chapter 900 History

Chapter 900 History

Outside an abandoned ancient castle.

Madam Magician waited with Lumian for a while, then following the guidance of spirituality, took a step and arrived at a place inside, stopping in front of a vermilion door.

Knock knock knock, knock knock knock, knock knock knock. The Major Arcana card holder knocked three times in succession.

After a few seconds, a relaxed voice came from inside, "Enter, please."

With these words, the vermilion door slowly opened inward.

Lumian immediately saw heavy curtains, with sunlight struggling to shine through the gaps, bringing golden light that revealed floating dust to parts of the room.

On the other side, unaffected by sunlight, a black coffin was quietly placed instead of a common bed.

Opposite the coffin, near the sunlight, the desk was piled with letters.

At this moment, a man wearing loose pajamas was sitting in front of the desk, having just put down a fountain pen with a gold nib and black barrel, and folded a paper filled with words.

The man stood up, walked towards the door, with his back to the sunlight.

Lumian, having gained dark vision through the Demoness pathway, clearly saw the man's appearance: about 40 years old, average build, bronze skin, clean-shaven, black hair and brown eyes, soft features, with an indescribable sense of world-weariness in his eyes, and a small black mole below his right ear that was only visible upon close inspection…

"Good afternoon, Mr. Azik," Madam Magician greeted the gentleman respectfully.

Lumian also said similar words.

They spoke in ancient Feysac.

The middle-aged man called Azik suddenly seemed dazed for a moment, as if instantly receiving a large amount of information from the spirit world and His own subconscious.

He nodded and said in a gentle voice, "Thank you for your help, allowing me to wake up early and my soul to be healed to some extent."

"It was mainly this young friend who made the contribution." Madam Magician pointed to Lumian beside her.

She then introduced to Lumian, "This is Mr. Azik Eggers, the son of the Death from the Fourth Epoch, and former Consul of the Balam Empire."

Son of Death, former Death Consul of the Balam Empire… Lumian suddenly recalled part of the content from the Fool's Church canon: The Angel of Death has followed our Lord for the longest period of time and is the consul of the Underworld…

Could this be the Angel of Death beside Mr. Fool's divine throne? Lumian greeted him again.

"A Demoness." Azik glanced at Lumian and nodded slightly, "You have the aura of the source of the River Styx."

The Angel of Death refers to the river connecting two worlds as the source of the River Styx? Lumian was stunned for a moment and said, "That's the seal of the Underworld Daoist."

"Underworld Daoist…" Azik muttered softly, as if He had never heard of this existence.

Madam Magician smiled and changed the subject. "Mr. Azik, we came to visit you today mainly to inquire about some matters."

Azik looked at the corridor outside. "Let's take a walk around the castle, talk as we go. This is an important memory from a period of my life."

"Alright." Madam Magician made way.

Lumian and she followed behind Mr. Azik, who was presumably the Angel of Death, through the corridor, along the stairs, step by step upwards.

Along the way, ancient wall lamps embedded in the walls lit up one after another, burning with a cold and pale-white flame.

Lumian saw oil paintings hanging on both sides of the corridor, some of Azik Himself, but with more lively expressions, even smiling, and some of beautiful ladies with their hair tied up and children playing with wild deer.

Azik's gaze slowly swept over these paintings, occasionally lingering. After quite a while, He asked Madam Magician and Lumian, "What do you want to ask?"

Madam Magician, wearing a purplish magician's robe today, asked straightforwardly, "Mr. Azik, do you know why the Primordial Demoness sought cooperation with your father, the Death of the Fourth Epoch, after the War of the Four Emperors? Did you notice any problems with the Primordial Demoness?"

Hearing this question, Lumian was stunned for a moment, then realized. Indeed, who better to ask than someone who personally experienced those events of the late Fourth Epoch?

He is indeed an ancient Angel who has lived for over a thousand years…

Madam Magician should be about the same, but my spiritual intuition tells me she's still quite young…

Azik recalled for a few seconds and said, "There was a gap of over a hundred years between the end of the War of the Four Emperors and the beginning of the Pale Disaster. The Primordial Demoness's arrival was probably in the middle of this period. We don't know exactly what She discussed with my father; I only know that She declared to us Her intention to avenge the Blood Emperor, to make all seven gods of the Northern Continent perish, and to bring the Blood Emperor's deity corpse back to the surface from Underground Trier."

Is this true love? Despite it being two against seven, She wanted to avenge the Blood Emperor…

No, if the Primordial Demoness had achieved Her goal then, it would have meant that the special mirror world would no longer be sealed, able to reveal all its problems, but the current Demoness Sect doesn't seem to have such ideas, and even intends to nail the coffin lid more firmly, not letting those Mirror People achieve their goals…

Also, was it really not the Emperor of the Underworld, that Death, who delivered the final blow to the Blood Emperor? The Uniqueness of the Red Priest fell into the hands of Death, and there's also something like the Samaritan Women's Spring under Trier… Lumian was filled with strong doubts, but didn't interrupt Mr. Azik's narration.

Azik said, "Without a doubt, the Primordial Demoness is the most charming woman in this world. Every living being who sees Her will inevitably be fascinated by Her, including me, my brothers and sisters, and even the undead in the Underworld. Even our father was inevitably attracted to some degree."

"Even the undead are attracted to the Primordial Demoness? This is already a charm at the level of concepts and authorities…" Madam Magician sighed and asked, "Was your father, the Death of the Fourth Epoch, bewitched by the Primordial Demoness when he finally decided to forcibly accommodate the Uniqueness of the Red Priest?"

Lumian had gained some understanding of the connection between Death and the Uniqueness of the Red Priest when reading the 0-01 sealing information, but this was the first time he clearly encountered the essence of the matter.

As thoughts raced through His mind, Azik shook His head slightly and said, "The Primordial Demoness's instigation should be one of the reasons, but I don't think it was the main one, otherwise my father wouldn't have waited decades to do that."

Madam Magician made a terse sound and repeated her previous question, "Did you notice anything unusual about the Primordial Demoness?"

Azik passed by an oil painting, lightly running His finger over it. "Every time I encountered the Primordial Demoness, I would lose my senses. How could I possibly notice any problems with Her?

"If there was anything unusual, it was that on a few occasions, Her charm was a bit weaker than normal. That should have been Her deliberately restraining Her charm."

As a Demoness, Lumian knew that a Demoness naturally emanating charm and deliberately restraining charm would indeed present two different states, but after experiencing the false Demoness of Black incident, he suspected there might be other possibilities.

Madam Magician thought for a moment and changed the subject. "Mr. Azik, do you know about the body of the Phoenix Ancestor in the depths of the Underworld?"

Azik turned His head to look at the two women.

"My father thought it would be a waste to just destroy the body of an ancient god like that. He believed it could serve a more important purpose, such as helping my father better and more completely control the Underworld, or enabling Him, as Death, to possess stronger power.

"Those in the death domain will never reject powerful corpses that can be controlled by themselves."

Before Madam Magician could ask further, Mr. Azik added, "My father also mentioned that the body of the Phoenix Ancestor, this ancient god, held some secrets."

"Secrets?" Madam Magician asked curiously.

Azik paced forward and said, "He never told me the specifics, only that the story of the Ancient Sun God killing the Phoenix Ancestor at the end of the Second Epoch was false. Well, more accurately, the process was correct, but the result was wrong. The Phoenix Ancestor was only severely wounded by the Ancient Sun God, not dying on the spot. She escaped to the Southern Continent and went into hiding."

"Yes, if the Phoenix Ancestor was truly killed by the Ancient Sun God, that divine corpse wouldn't likely have been obtained by Death and appeared in the Underworld, unless it was His arrangements again." Madam Magician expressed agreement.

Azik continued, "Similarly, the Giant King Aurmir didn't perish on the spot either, supposedly escaping and managing to pass on his power to his eldest son, the later God of Combat, Badheil, before dying."

Is there any connection to the Omebella matter? Hmm, the two ancient gods who weren't killed on the spot by the Ancient Sun God seem to be related to Omebella —one's corpse is laying eggs, currently incubating Omebella, while the other is Omebella's husband… Lumian glanced at Madam Magician, and after obtaining her consent, asked, "Mr. Azik, what is the relationship between the Phoenix Ancestor and the Goddess of Harvest Omebella?"

Azik shook His head.

"I was born in the Fourth Epoch. All I know about the history of the Second Epoch is what my father occasionally mentioned."

Saying this, He smiled at Lumian and said, "Speaking of which, I should give you some reward."

As He gently raised His right hand, a large number of white bones gushed out from the ground, forming a giant skeleton.

The skeleton respectfully handed a shiny Loen gold pound to Mr. Azik.

Azik took the gold coin and presented it to Lumian. "Is this acceptable as a reward?"

"Thank you," Lumian said sincerely, accepting the lucky coin that bore Mr. Fool's aura.

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